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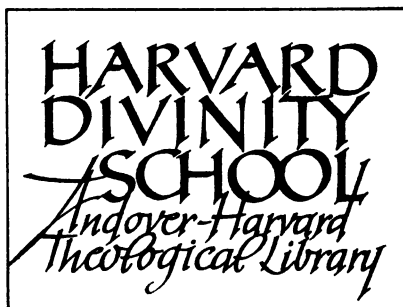
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Rev. Charles Hutchins

OF CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS

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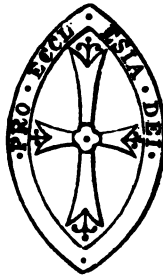


HYMNS

FOR THE

CHILDREN OF THE CHURCH.

WITH ACCOMPANYING TUNES.



First Edition.

"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise."

LONDON :

PUBLISHED BY THE

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PREFACE.

Rev. R. R. Chope ; Canon F. A. J. Hervey ; Rev. C. P. Bardsley for tunes by Rev. Canon Bardsley ; Mr. Arthur H. Brown ; Rev. E. S. Carter ; Messrs. W. Clowes and Son ; Mr. Croft Hemmons ; The Editor of Tune Book used at St. Alban's, Holborn ; The Church of England Temperance Society ; The Editor of Church Bells ; Mr. Burnham Horner ; F. Iliffe, Mus. Doc. Oxon ; Rev. E. B. Layard ; Rev. G. M. Mason, M.A. for the use of seven copyright tunes from Church Militant Hymns (Mowbray) ; Messrs. Morgan and Scott ; Mr. R. S. Newman ; Messrs. James Nisbet and Co. ; Proprietors of Hymns A. and M. ; Mr. H. A. Prothero ; Mr. T. Lea Southgate ; Mr. J. Walch ; and to Rev. F. G. Wesley for Aurelia by the late Dr. S. S. Wesley.

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It is our privilege through the medium of this Preface to express our sincere gratitude to Mr. Henry Smith, Organist at the Children's Eucharist, St. Augustine's, Kilburn, for his untiring energy during the last three years in behalf of this work. We cannot but feel that without his kind, painstaking aid and suggestions we could not have carried it through.

Lastly, we cannot close without recording what we owe to the revered Foundress of the Church Extension Association for her invaluable work in preparing materials for this book. She not only compiled and collated the "Hymns for the Children of the Church," but in the midst of her constant, unwearyed labours, found time to form the nucleus of the collection of tunes which has now been completed by other hands.

Easter, 1907.

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TO

HYMNS - FOR THE CHILDREN OF THE CHURCH.

Tunes marked (*) have been written for this book, or are now published for the first time. They are Copyright, and must not be reprinted without the Composers' permission. Many of the old tunes have been reharmonized, and in some cases rearranged. These arrangements and harmonies are also copyright.

FIRST LINE OF HYMN.	No.	NAME OF TUNE AND MEASURE.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE.
Above the waves of earthly strife	299	*Above the waves. P.M.	J. M. Bentley, Mus. Doc.
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All across the sandy desert	23	All across the sandy desert 87 10 lines	Old Melody.
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All last night when men were sleeping	49	*All last night. P.M.	J. M. Bentley, Mus. Doc.
All things bright and beautiful	225	*All things bright. 7 6 7 6 D.	W. Young.
And now the daily work is o'er	182	S. Werbergh. 8s 6 lines	Rev. J. B. Dykes, 1823-1876.
Angels, shout your Alleluias	70	S. Alban's (268). 8 7 8 7 D.	S. Alban's, Holborn, Tune Book.
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Another feast to hallow	99	Hartest. 7 6 7 6 D.	Arthur Henry Brown.
Another year has now begun	20	*Hearts and voices. L.M.	Harold B. Osmond, F.R.C.O.
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A sinful child is drawing near	141	Owen (37). C.M.	Rev. Richard Owen.
As St. Joseph lay asleep	113	Romford. 7 5 7 5 7 7	Arthur Henry Brown.
As we tread life's pilgrim journey	280	*Norwood. 8 7 8 7 D.	H. Harford Battley.
At Thy cradle, Blessed Saviour	30	Children's Offerings. 8 7 8 7 D.	American.
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Before Thine Altar, Saviour dear	140	Congleton. C.M.	Arthur Henry Brown.
Behold the Lamb of God	146	Ecce Agnus. P.M.	Rev. J. B. Dykes, 1823-1876.
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Beside the Cross of Jesus	55	*Beside the Cross. 7 6 7 6	Mrs. Strickland.
Blessed are the pure in heart	290	S. Cross. P.M.	H. Harford Battley.
Bright are the golden fields	327	*Leysters. 6 6 6 4	Rev. G. C. E. Ryley, Mus. Bac.
Brightest and best of the sons of the morning	24	Epiphany Hymn. 11 10 11 10	Rev. J. F. Thrupp, 1848.
Brightly gleams our banner	342	*Applethwaite 6 5 12 lines	C. H. Lloyd, Mus. Doc.
Bright Heaven is the prize	298	*Hove. P.M.	Geo. H. Westbury.
Bright was the morn with many a sunlit gem	18	Bright was the morn. 10 10 10 10	Orlando Gibbons, 1583-1625.
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By water and the Holy Ghost	123	Belmont. C.M.	Old Melody.
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Christ is risen, O wondrous tidings	69	Edstaston. 8 7 8 7 D.	Rev. G. C. E. Ryley, Mus. Bac.
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Christ who once amongst us	213	Pastor Bonus. 6 5 6 5 D.	Sir J. Stainer, Mus. Doc., 1840-1901.
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Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire	93	Veni Creator. L.M.	T. Attwood, 1765-1838.
Come, Holy Spirit, come	96	Carlisle. S.M.	C. Lockhart, 1744-1814.
Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove	234	Wareham. L.M.	W. Knapp, 1698-1768.
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Come let us join our songs to praise	138	*Come let us join. P.M.	Henry Smith.
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Come, O Creator Spirit	235	Jerusalem. 7 6 7 6	Rev. J. B. Dykes, 1823-1876.
Come ye angels bright from Heaven	9	*Come ye angels. 8 7 12 lines	E. A.
Creator Spirit, Holy Guest	233	Brookfield. L.M.	T. B. Southgate.

FIRST LINE OF HYMN.	No.	NAME OF TUNE AND MEASURE.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE.
Daily, daily, sing the praises Dark, O Lord, the world would be Dark rising in the distant sky Dear Lord in school to-day Dear Saviour, Who hast called us Do no sinful action Do not quarrel, do not chide Dread hours that slowly rolled	294 186 264 178 223 226 224 48	*Daily, daily sing the praises. 8787 D. Moreton. 7777 Aquila. D.L.M. *A school prayer. 6666 *Oakhill. 7676 D. *Sturry. 6565 S. John. 767677 *Dread hours. 66861010	Rev. R. Owen. Arthur Henry Brown. Rev. L. J. T. Darwall. Henry Smith. W. Young. H. Harford Battley. Rev. R. Cecil, 1748-1810. Alfred Redhead.
Early with blush of dawn Evening shadows deepen Ever should we raise our eyes Every morning the red sun	78 188 107 302	*Story of Resurrection. 6464 Evening shadows. P.M. Ever should we raise. 7s 6 lines *Every morning the red sun. 757577	J. M. Bentley, Mus. Doc. German. Old Melody. W. Young.
Faithful Christians, come and see Faithful Shepherd, feed me	306 237	*S. Wilfrid. P.M. S. Alban's (239). 6565	Rev. Leicester Darwall, 1813-1897. S. Alban's, Holborn, Tune Book.
Faithful Shepherd of Thine own	156	{ Part 1. } { Part 2. } 7776 { Part 3. }	{ 1. George Westbury. 2. Arthur Henry Brown. 3. Rev. R. Owen.
Faith of our fathers, living still	201	{ 1. *Faith of our fathers. } 8s 6 lines { 2. S. Alban's (301). }	{ 1. C. H. Lloyd, Mus. Doc. 2. S. Alban's, Holborn, Tune Book.
Far away beyond earth's sadness Far away beyond the clouds Far o'er the Lake of Galilee Father, all-loving and all-good Father, let honour here be done Father of Lights, our Father good Father, we consecrate to Thee Father, Who dost Thy children feed Fierce was the wild billow For all the mercies of the day For thirty-three sad years From Egypt's bondage come From the Fold of Jesus	304 270 218 331 176 256 177 154 254 190 52 255 240	*Harbury. 87877777 Lewes. 7s 6 lines Oxford. 886886 *Father of all. 8989 *Thanet. C.M. *West Hill. 8s 6 lines *S. Mark. C.M. Father Who dost Thy children feed. *Mendip. 6464 D. } 868688 Howden. 886886 *Holy Cross. 10101010 *Exodus. 668647 *Longhope. 6512 lines	C. Aston. (Old Melody (adapted)). W. Boyce, Mus. Doc., 1710-1779. J. M. Bentley, Mus. Doc. Harold B. Osmond, F.R.C.O. Charles Shelford. Charles Shelford. Lutheran. Henry Smith. Arthur H. Brown. Alfred Redhead. Rev. Ed. L. Hopkins. Rev. G. C. E. Ryley, Mus. Bac.
Gather them in, gather them in Gentle Saviour, meek and mild Give heed, my heart, lift up thine eyes Glad I am to think my Angel God be with us—tender Father God bless the Church of England God bless our school God has given us one more day God has said, "For ever blessed" God of mercy and compassion God the Father, Who didst make me God, when He made this world Golden harps are sounding Gracious words of thee are spoken	328 222 21 119 251 200 309 181 252 35 37 380 79 202	*Harvest Home of the Angels. L.M. Gentle Saviour. 7s 6 lines Give heed, my heart. L.M. S. Jude. 8787 God be with us. 8787 *The Church of England. 7612 lines *God bless our school. 48884 Dix. 7s 6 lines *Blean. 878747 Augsberg. 8787 D. S. Austen. 8787 D. *God, when He made this world. D.C.M. Hermas. 6512 lines S. Asaph. 8787 D.	Henry Smith. Old Melody. Rev. G. C. E. Ryley, Mus. Bac. Sir J. Barnby, 1833-1896. German. Alfred Redhead. W. Young. Kocker. Rev. G. C. E. Ryley, Mus. Bac. German. Moravian. Alfred Redhead. F. R. Havergal, 1830-1879. W. S. Bambridge.
Hail, the Star of Jesus	22	{ 1. Upton Pvon. 2. *Hail the Star. } 6565	{ 1. Canon F. A. J. Hervey. 2. E. H. E. A.
Happy bells are making	164	Lyndhurst. 6565 D.	
Hark, hark, my soul, Angelic songs are swelling	122	{ 1. Pilgrims. 2. Pilgrims of the } 11101110911 night.	{ 1. Henry Smart, 1812-1879. 2. Old Melody.
Hark, ten thousand harps and voices Hark, the herald angels sing Haste, haste, our King is calling Hear Thy children, gentle Jesus Hear Thy children, gentle Saviour He comes, He comes, the Holy One He is coming, He is coming Here in Thy presence dread and sweet Holy Father, hear Thine own Holy Father, through the night Holy Ghost, come down upon Thy children	84 11 285 46 185 92 5 134 105 171 95	Harps and Voices. 878777 Christmas Hymn. 7s 10 lines *Herne. P.M. S. Mabyn. 8787 S. Mabyn. 8787 Berlin. C.M. *Woofferton. P.M. S. Alban's (210). 886886 Richmond. 7776 *Astwick. 777788 S. Bartholomew. P.M.	German. Mendelssohn. H. Harford Battley. Arthur H. Brown. Arthur H. Brown. German. Rev. G. C. E. Ryley, Mus. Bac. From S. Alban's, Holborn, Tune Book Canon F. A. J. Hervey. Charles Shelford
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord Holy Jesus, I have crowned Thee Holy Spirit, bless Thy children	102 45 94	Hiller. 7s 6 lines. S. Alban's (276). 8787 Vesper. 878777	Rev. E. B. Layard. German. S. Alban's, Holborn, Tune Book. Sir J. Stevenson, 1701-1833

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Home Eternal, Home Divine	346	*S. Agatha. 7 6 7 6 d.	Henry Smith.
Howannah, they were singing	4	Autumn. 7 6 7 6	Frederick Iliffe, Mus. Doc.
How shall I answer to my God	275	How shall I answer. 8 6 8 6 8 8 6	Moravian.
Hush, she is only sleeping	339	*Chilham. P.M.	H. Harford Battley.
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I lay my sins on Jesus	274	*Oakhill. 7 6 7 6 d.	W. Young.
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Let no tears to-day be shed	335	Holy Innocents. 7 7 and Alleluia	Arthur H. Brown.
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FIRST LINE OF HYMN.	NO.	NAME OF TUNE AND MEASURE.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE.
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Lord, Thou callest to perfection	318	S. Sergius. 6 5 6 5	Arthur H. Brown.
Lord, to serve Thee is most sweet	243	Harts. 7 7 7 7	B. Milgrove, 1731-1810.
Lord, we bless Thy Holy Name	175	S. Alban's (118). 8 7 8 7	S. Alban's, Holborn, Tune Book.
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O Christ, the eternal Son of God	50	Coventry. c.m.	S. Howard, Mus. Doc., 1710-1782.
O Christ, the Prince of Glory	210	Hartest. 7 6 7 6 d.	Arthur H. Brown.
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O Jesus, God and Man	248	Swabia. p.m.	Henry Smith.
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O Lord of Life by Whom we live	338	*O Lord Jesus, Lamb of God. 7 6 7 6 d.	Rev. Edward L. Hopkins.
O may we feel how great God is	90	*Stretham. 8 6 8 6 8 8	Ch. Shelford.
On Ascension Day we raise	206	*Evenley. c.m.	P. Weimer, c. 1780.
Once in Bethlehem of Judah	14	Weimer. 7 7 7 7	American.
Once more the Church our Mother	32	Once in Bethlehem. 8 7 8 7 7 7 6	German.
On the Blessed Sunday	158	S. Mary Magdalene. 7 6 7 6	{ 1. C. H. Lloyd, Mus. Doc.
On the Cross the Saviour see	56	{ 1. *Appelthwaite. } 6 5 12 lines	{ 2.
On the goods that are not thine	227	{ 2. Sunday. } 6 5 6 5 d.	German.
On the Resurrection morning	76	On the Cross. 7 7 7 5	G. Copland.
Onward, Christian soldiers	341	*On the goods. 7 8 7 8	{ 1. A. H. Brown.
On wings of living light	63	{ 1. Finchingfield. }	{ 2. E. H. Turpin.
O Saviour, set our minds	167	{ 2. Mansfield. } 8 7 8 8 3	T. Worsley Staniforth.
O Saviour, Thou art present	166	Wharnccliffe. 6 5 12 lines	Rev. J. Darwall, 1732-1789.
O Sunday is a joyful day	162	Darwall's 148. 6 6 6 6 8 8	Arthur H. Brown.
Our happiest day is quickly past	305	Holy Rood. s.m.	Arthur H. Brown.
Our hearts and voices let us raise	323	Holy Church. 7 6 7 6 d.	T. Clarke, Mus. Doc., 1775-1859.
Our life was lonely, sad and poor	321	Crediton. c.m.	{ 1. T. W. Staniforth.
		{ 1. *Westbourne. }	{ 2. Rev. Ed. L. Hopkins.
		{ 2. Monxton. } l.m.	Rev. L. J. T. Darwall.
		*Bethlehem. l.m.	Rossini.
		Come to Me. c.m.	

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O welcome happy day	77	Easter Carol. s.m.	Henry Smith.
O what light and glory	111	S. Alban's (330). 6 6 6 6	S. Alban's, Holborn, Tune Book.
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Praise our God Eternal	345	Hinderclay. 6 5 6 5 d.	Arthur H. Brown.
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The darkness now is over	170	Casterton. 6 6 8 6 8 8	Haydn.
The daylight fades	183	Throna. 7 6 7 6	F. A. Cellier.
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The holy season comes again	31	*Hamilton. 6 4 6 4 d.	Rev. G. O. E. Ryley, Mus. Bac.
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There is no Name so sweet on earth	209	Belgrave. c.m.	W. Horsley, 1774-1858.
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FIRST LINE OF HYMN.	NO.	NAME OF TUNE AND MEASURE.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE.
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This is the feast day of our King	71	Stevenson. d.c.m.	Sir J. Stevenson, 1761-1833.
Those eternal bowers	303	S. Geneviève. 6 5 6 5 d.	Arthur H. Brown.
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Uplift the blood-red banner	312	Nobiscum Deus. 7 6 7 6 d.	Ch. Vincent, Mus. Doc.
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Upon the hill of Calvary	53	S. Matthew. d.c.m.	W. Croft, Mus. Doc. 1677-1727.
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We come to Thee, O Father	132	Greenland. 7 6 7 6 d.	Old Melody.
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We love Thy blessed Church, O Lord	311	Elmdon. c.m.	Arthur H. Brown.
We love Thy Church, O Lord	196	Epsom. s.m.	W. Turner, Mus. Doc., 1652-1740.
We love to raise our voices high	268	*Christmas Hymn. d.c.m.	Rev. J. Darwall, 1732-1789.
We march, we march to victory	343	Doddington. P.M.	Arthur H. Brown.
We're God's dear children, heirs of Hea-	221	*S. Benet. d.c.m.	H. Harford Battley.
We should not be afraid at night [ven]	194	*Knighton. 8 6 8 6 8 8	Rev. G. C. E. Ryley, Mus. Bac.
We worship Thee, Lord Jesus	145	*Children's Worship. 7 6 7 6	Henry Smith.
What do the holy angels see	121	Wells. 8s 6 lines	Bortnianski, 1752-1825.
What is that sweet song of triumph	337	*Woodlands. 8 7 8 7 7 6 7 6	C. Aston.
What mortal tongue can sing thy praise	109	Stevenson. d.c.m.	Sir J. Stevenson, 1761-1833.
When by Thine Altar, Lord, I kneel	151	When by Thine Altar. d.c.m.	H. S. Irons.
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When Jesus Christ lived here	259	*When Jesus Christ. 8 7 8 7 6 6 8 7	W. Young.
When Jesus Christ our Lord	98	Adoration. 6 6 6 6 8 8	Old Melody.
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When my bad companions	242	*Guardian Angels. 6 5 6 5	Duncan Cumming.
When of old the Jewish mothers	262	When of old. 8 7 8 7 4 7	John Hullah, 1812-1884.
When on our infant brow was signed	283	*Harbledown. 8 8 8 8 8 6 8 6	H. Harford Battley.
When the loving Shepherd	150	S. Ethelburga. 6 5 6 5 d.	A. E. Tozer.
When to the Holy City	39	S. Simon. 7 6 7 6 d.	J. Cruger, 1598-1662.
While shepherds watched their flocks by night	12	{ 1. *While shepherds watched } c.m. { 2. Winchester Old. }	{ 1. Rev. R. Owen. 2. Old Melody.
Who comest to Me, I will no wise cast out	152	Vox discipuli. 10s 6 lines	Rev. L. J. T. Darwall.
Why need the Lord's disciples fear	66	*Keele. P.M.	Harold B. Osmond, F.R.C.O.
Within a manger bare He lay	28	*Within a manger. P.M.	Alfred Redhead.
Within the upper room	101	*Descent of the Holy Ghost. 6 4 6 4	Alfred Redhead.
Within Thy Holy Temple	137	S. Thomas. 7 6 7 6	G. Farnaby, c. 1598.
Work, for the time is flying	244	*Camelford. 7 6 7 6	Harold B. Osmond, F.R.C.O.
You children of the Heavenly King	319	*You children of the Heavenly King P.M.	Ch. Vincent, Mus. Doc.

Advent.

1 "JESU, THOU ART COMING." 6.5.6.5.

R. GRAY.



JESUS, Thou art coming
In humility,
Soon within the manger,
We shall worship Thee.

We shall hear the angels
Singing in the sky,
"Glory, praise, and honour
To our GOD on high."

Teach us to adore Thee
With the angels bright,
Coming in the stillness
Of the Christmas night.

Holy Infant Saviour,
Make our hearts Thine own,
Ere we shall behold Thee
On Thy Judgment Throne.

Fearful unto sinners
Is that Day of Doom,
Yet Thy Church is crying,
"Come, LORD JESUS, come."

Come to crown the faithful,
Come to end all strife,
Give us joy for sadness,
Peace and endless life.

Come, that earth and heaven
Evermore may be
Filled with happy people,
Loving, praising Thee. Amen.

Advent.

2 ST. CECILIA. 8.7.8.7.

ARTHUR HENRY BROWN.



[Alternative Tune No. 133.]

JESU ! JESU ! Thou art coming,
For Thy children to be born ;
Coming as a helpless infant
On the blessed Christmas morn.

JESU ! JESU ! we shall see Thee
In the manger cold and bare,
With Thy Holy Virgin Mother
And St. Joseph watching there.

We shall hear the angels singing,
"Glory be to GOD on high,"
See the radiant light from heaven
Shining in the midnight sky.

JESU ! JESU ! we shall see Thee
Coming as a King to reign,
On the Throne of Judgment seated,
Saints and angels in Thy train.

JESU ! JESU ! we beseech Thee,
Teach us so to live to Thee,
That we gladly hail Thy coming
In Thy glorious Majesty.

Faithful, pure, obedient make us ;
At that dread day may we stand
With the flock Thy Blood has purchased,
Robed in white, at Thy Right Hand.
Amen.

Advent.

3 ST. HILARY. 8.7.8.7. D.

GANTHER.

LIGHT is breaking ! dead are waking !
 CHRIST is coming in the sky !
 Not reclining, weak and pining,
 In a manger doth He lie ;
 But victorious, shining, glorious,
 To the hands that pierced Him known ;
 Time completed, He is seated
 On the awful Judgment Throne.

Go to meet Him, shout and greet Him,
 Ye who lived upon His breath !
 Martyrs holy, Virgins lowly,
 Lived the life and died the death ;

Noise of reaping, noise of weeping,
 All unmoved alike ye hear ;
 No relenting, no repenting,
 Ye have nothing now to fear.

Worlds are crashing, at the flashing
 Of the Judge's awful Face ;
 But how tender in His splendour
 To the souls who sought His grace !
 All men wonder—Voice of thunder,
 Eyes like stars, and yet so sweet ;
 He is blessing, they are pressing,
 Falling at His pierced Feet. Amen.

Advent.

4 AUTUMN. 7.6.7.6.

FREDERICK ILIFFE.



HOSANNA, they were singing,
When JESUS lived below,
Those little Jewish children
Who loved the Saviour so.

Hosanna, now through Advent
With loving hearts we sing,
For JESUS CHRIST is coming
To be His children's King.

Hosanna! Blessed Saviour,
Come in our hearts to dwell,
And let our lives and voices
Thy praise and glory tell.

For we who sing Hosanna,
Must like our Saviour be,
In gentleness and meekness,
In love and purity.

Hosanna! let this welcome
Ring out from every heart:
Draw nigh to us, O JESUS,
And nevermore depart.

So when we see Thee coming
With angels in the sky,
Hosanna, LORD, Hosanna!
Shall be Thy children's cry.
Amen.

Advent.

5 WOOFFERTON. 8.6.7.5.7.7.6.5.

G. C. E. RYLEY.

HE is coming, He is coming,
No longer in weakness,
To be laid in a manger
Despised and unknown;
But all Saints shall adore Him,
All the dead stand before Him,
And legions of angels
Surround His dread Throne.

He is coming, He is coming,
To banish oppression;
All the sorrow and sighing
Shall flee far away;

And the Church then victorious,
Without spot, and glorious,
With joy and with singing
Shall hail the great Day.

He is coming, He is coming,
And "Lo, He comes quickly,"
At an hour when ye think not
The trumpet shall ring.

Saviour, come, long expected!
Saviour, come, long rejected!
And bless all the servants
That watch for their King. Amen.

Advent.

6 S. JUDE. 8.7.8.7.

SIR J. BARNBY.



[Alternative Tune No. 247.]

OH ! how wondrous seemed the tidings
To that holy Maiden mild,
"Thou shalt bear the Word Incarnate,
GOD Himself shall be thy Child."

How this blessed thought possessed her
'Mid her daily duties here,
"CHRIST my LORD to me is coming,
He will call me 'Mother dear !'"

JESUS ! Who a Babe wast cradled
On Thy Virgin Mother's breast,
Cleanse our hearts to be a refuge,
Where our LORD may sweetly rest.

May Thy grace in every bosom,
Fully, freely, be outpoured,
That like her we may be watching
For the coming of the LORD.

Not again in pain and weakness,
On the chilly Christmas night,
But in glory we shall see Thee,
With the Saints and Angels bright.

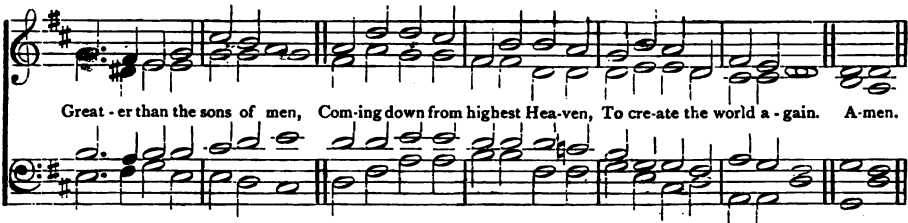
Grant that when the trump of judgment
For the quick and dead shall sound,
We Thy faithful, loving children
May at Thy Right Hand be found.

Amen.

Christmas.

7 STELLA IN ORIENTE. 8.7.8.7. D.

SIR J. STAINER.



PRINCE of Peace, we bow before Thee,
 Son of Mary, all divine ;
 Make us love Thee, we implore Thee,
 Make us truly to be Thine.
 Unto us a Son is given,
 Greater than the sons of men,
 Coming down from highest Heaven,
 To create the world again.

Teach, O teach us, Holy Brother,
 How to conquer every sin,
 How to love and help each other,
 How the prize of life to win.
 Unto us a Son is given, etc.

Thou, unfolding wide the portals
 Of the Kingdom in the skies,

Great Deliv'rer, hast to mortals
 Shewn the land of Paradise.
 Unto us a Son is given, etc.

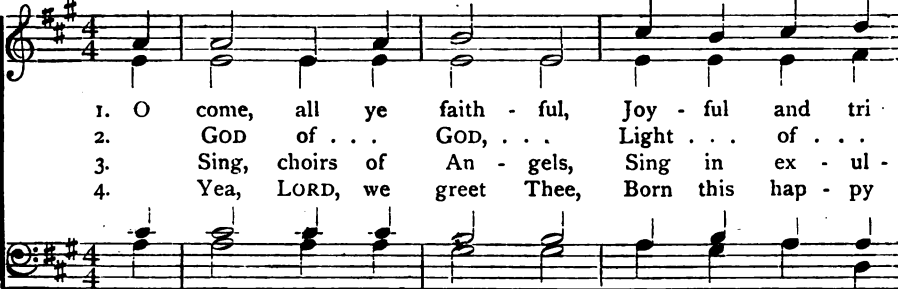
O, by all the deep affection,
 By Thy grief and anguish sore,
 Linking to Thine own perfection
 Our frail flesh for evermore—
 Unto us a Son is given, etc.

By that love above all other,
 By each sorrow borne by Thee,
 Bring us, Saviour, King, and Brother,
 To a blest eternity.
 Unto us a Son is given, etc.
 Amen.

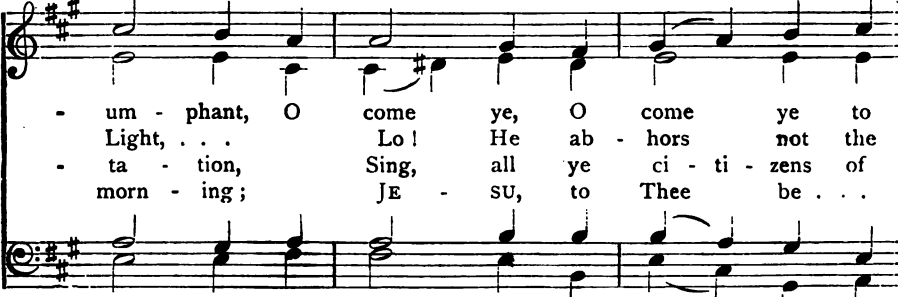
Christmas.

8 ADESTE FIDELES. P.M.

Old Melody.



1. O come, all ye faith - ful, Joy - ful and tri -
 2. GOD of . . . GOD, . . . Light . . . of . . .
 3. Sing, choirs of An - gels, Sing in ex - ul -
 4. Yea, LORD, we greet Thee, Born this hap - py



- um - phant, O come ye, O come ye to
 Light, . . . Lo ! He ab - hors not the
 - ta - tion, Sing, all ye ci - ti - zens of
 morn - ing ; JE - SU, to Thee be . . .



Beth - le - hem ; Come and be - hold Him,
 Vir - gin's womb ; Ve - ry . . . GOD, Be -
 Heaven a - bove ; "Glo - ry to GOD . . .
 glo - - ry given ; Word of the Fa - ther,

Christmas.

p

Born the King of An - gels ;
 - got - ten, not cre - a - ted ;
 In . . . the . . . high - est ;
 Now in flesh ap - pear - ing ;

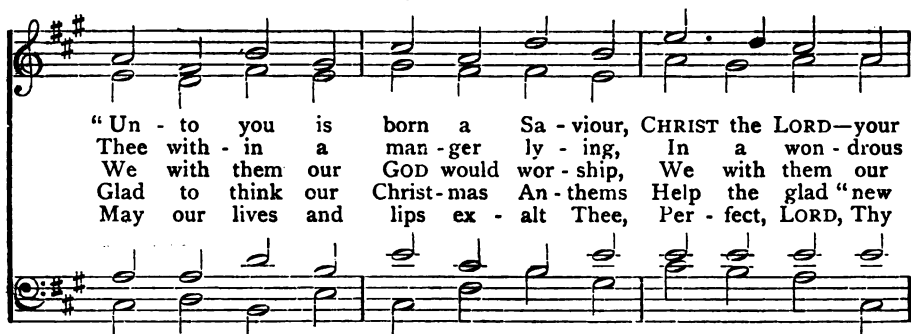
O come, let us a -

cres. *f*

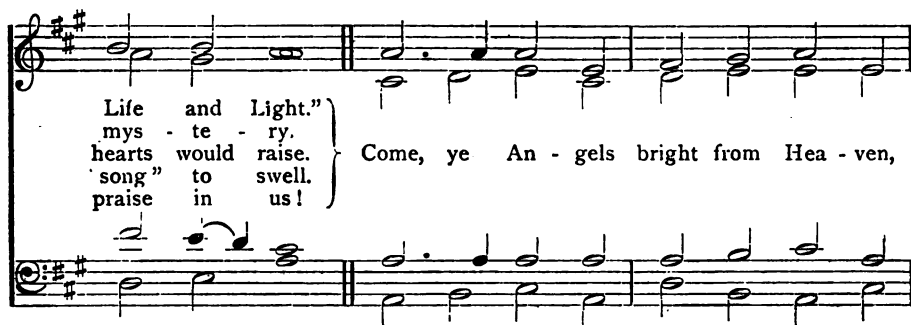
dore Him, O come, let us a - dore Him, O

come, let us a - dore Him, CHRIST the LORD. A - men.

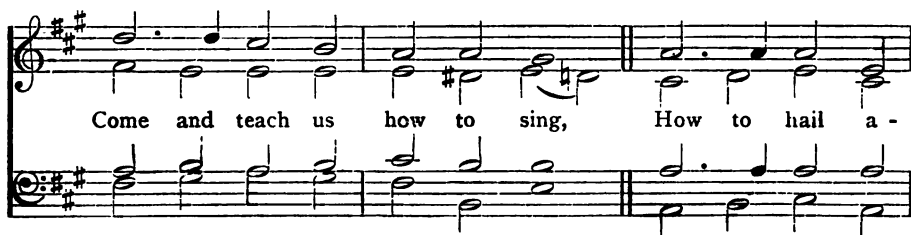
Christmas.



“Un - to you is born a Sa - vour, CHRIST the LORD—your
Thee with - in a man - ger ly - ing, In a won - drous
We with them our GOD would wor - ship, We with them our
Glad to think our Christ - mas An - thems Help the glad “new
May our lives and lips ex - alt Thee, Per - fect, LORD, Thy



Life and Light.”
mys - te - ry.
hearts would raise. Come, ye An - gels bright from Hea - ven,
song” to swell.
praise in us!



Come and teach us how to sing, How to hail a -



- right the Birth - day Of our new - born In - fant King! A - men.

Dal 8 *After last verse.*

Christmas.

10 "SING, O SING." 7s., 6 lines.

American.

Sing, O sing, this
Christ-mas morn, JE-SUS CHRIST to-day is..... born. A-men.

SING, O sing, this Christmas morn,
Unto us a Child is born,
Unto to us a Son is given,
GOD Himself come down from Heaven ;
Sing, O sing, this Christmas morn,
JESUS CHRIST to-day is born.

GOD of GOD, and Light of Light
Comes with mercies infinite ;
Joining by His wondrous plan
Heaven to earth, and GOD to man ;
Sing, O sing, this Christmas morn,
JESUS CHRIST to-day is born.

GOD with us, Emmanuel,
Comes for ever now to dwell ;
He on Adam's fallen race
Sheds the fulness of His grace ;
Sing, O sing, this Christmas morn,
JESUS CHRIST to-day is born.

GOD comes down that man may rise
Up to GOD above the skies ;
He is Son of Man, that we
Sons of GOD in Him may be ;
Sing, O sing, this Christmas morn,
JESUS CHRIST to-day is born.

O renew us, Lord, we pray,
With Thy Spirit day by day ;
That we ever one may be
With the Father and with Thee ;
Sing, O sing, this Christmas morn,
JESUS CHRIST to-day is born. Amen.

Christmas.

11 CHRISTMAS HYMN. 7s., 10 lines.

MENDELSSOHN.

HARMONY. UNISON.

Hark! the her-ald - an - gels sing, Glo - ry to the new-born King. A-men.

HARK! the herald-angels sing,
 Glory to the new-born King,
 Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
 GOD and sinners reconciled.
 Joyful, all ye nations rise,
 Join the triumph of the skies;
 With the Angelic host proclaim,
 "CHRIST is born in Bethlehem."
 Hark! the herald-angels sing,
 Glory to the new-born King.
 CHRIST, by highest Heaven adored,
 CHRIST, the Everlasting LORD,
 Late in time behold Him come,
 Offspring of a Virgin's womb.
 Veiled in flesh the GODHEAD see!

Hail, the Incarnate Deity!
 Pleased as Man with man to dwell,
 JESUS, our Emmanuel.
 Hark! the herald-angels sing,
 Glory to the new-born King.
 Hail, the heaven-born Prince of peace!
 Hail, the Sun of righteousness!
 Light and life to all He brings,
 Risen with healing in His wings.
 Mild He lays His glory by,
 Born that man no more may die,
 Born to raise the sons of earth,
 Born to give them second birth.
 Hark! the herald-angels sing,
 Glory to the new-born King. Amen.

Christmas.

12 "WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED." C.M.
(1st Tune.)

REV. R. OWEN.



WHILE shepherds watched their
flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The Angel of the LORD came down,
And glory shone around.

"Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind ;
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

"To you in David's town this day
Is born of David's line
A Saviour, Who is CHRIST the LORD ;
And this shall be the sign :

"The Heavenly Babe you there shall
find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

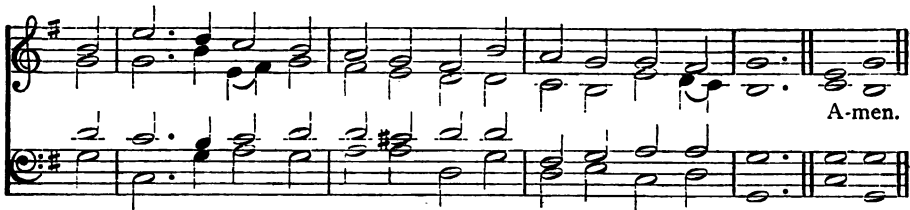
Thus spake the Seraph ; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of Angels praising GOD, who thus
Addressed their joyful song :

"All glory be to GOD on high,
And on the earth be peace ;
Goodwill henceforth from heaven to men
Begin and never cease." Amen.

Christmas.

12 WINCHESTER OLD.* C.M.
(2nd Tune.)

Old Melody.



WHILE shepherds watched their
flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The Angel of the LORD came down,
And glory shone around.

"Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind ;
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

"To you in David's town this day
Is born of David's line
A Saviour, Who is CHRIST the LORD ;
And this shall be the sign :

"The Heavenly Babe you there shall
find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

Thus spake the Seraph ; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of Angels praising GOD, who thus
Addressed their joyful song :

"All glory be to GOD on high,
And on the earth be peace ;
Goodwill henceforth from heaven to men
Begin and never cease." Amen.

* This Tune is arranged to be sung either in two parts (Treble and Alto), three parts (Treble, Alto, and Bass), or in the usual four parts—the harmony of each arrangement being complete in itself.

1)
2

Christmas.

13 "SEE, AMID THE WINTER'S SNOW." 7 7.7.7. D.



Christmas.

SEE, amid the winter's snow,
Born for us on earth below,
See the Lamb of GOD appears,
Promised from eternal years.

Hail, thou ever blessed morn !
Hail, Redemption's happy dawn !
Sing through all Jerusalem,
CHRIST is born in Bethlehem.

Lo, within a manger lies
He Who made the earth and skies ;
He, Who throned in Heaven sublime,
Sits amid the cherubim.

Hail, thou ever blessed morn ! etc.

Say, ye holy shepherds, say,
What your joyful news to-day ?
Wherefore have you left your sheep
On the lonely mountain steep ?

Hail, thou ever blessed morn ! etc.

"As we watched at dead of night,
Lo, we saw a wondrous sight ;
Angels singing peace on earth,
Told us of the Saviour's birth."

Hail, thou ever blessed morn ! etc.

Child of Mary, LORD Divine,
What a tender love was Thine !
Thus to come from highest bliss
Down to such a world as this.

Hail, thou ever blessed morn ! etc.

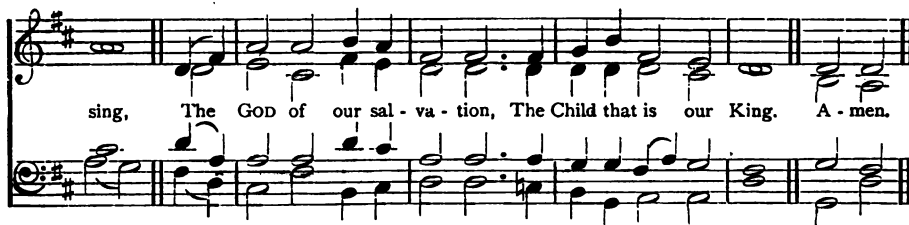
Teach us by Thy lowly birth
To despise the things of earth ;
Teach us to be more like Thee
In Thy meek humility.

Hail, thou ever blessed morn ! etc. Amen.

Christmas.

14 "ONCE IN BETHLEHEM." 8.7.8.7.7.7.6.

American.



ONCE in Bethlehem of Judah,
Far away across the sea,
There was laid a little Baby
On a Virgin Mother's knee.
O Saviour, gentle Saviour,
Hear Thy loving children sing,
The GOD of our salvation,
The Child that is our King.

It was not a stately palace
Where that Holy Child was born,
Nor within a golden cradle
Did He lie that Christmas morn.
O Saviour, gentle Saviour, etc.

But the oxen stood around Him,
In a stable low and dim,
In the world He had created
There was not a room for Him.
O Saviour, gentle Saviour, etc.

For He left His Father's glory,
And the golden halls above,
And He took our human nature
In the greatness of His Love.
O Saviour, gentle Saviour,
Hear Thy loving children sing,
The GOD of our salvation,
The Child that is our King.

Amen.

Christmas.

15 "SLEEP, HOLY BABE." 4.6.8.8.6.

CHARLES VINCENT, Mus. Doc.

p *mf*

cres - > cen - do.

A - men.

SLEEP, Holy Babe,
Upon Thy Mother's breast ;
Great LORD of earth, and sea, and sky,
How sweet it is to see Thee lie
In such a place of rest.

Sleep, Holy Babe,
Thine angels watch around,
And bending low with folded wings,
Adore th' Incarnate King of kings,
In rev'rent love profound.

Sleep, Holy Babe,
Oh, take Thy brief repose,
Too quickly will Thy slumber break,
And Thou to lengthened pains awake,
Which only death shall close.

JESUS, my LORD,
By Thy sweet childhood's years,
O blot out from the awful book
My sins of deed and word and look,
In these my contrite tears.

So may I sing
Immortal praise to Thee,
Who once a Babe of human birth,
Now reignest LORD of heaven and earth,
Through all eternity. Amen.

Christmas.

16 "THE CHILDREN'S KING." 8.7.8.7. D.

Old Melody (arr.).

f

The chil-dren's King, The chil-dren's King, O come let us a -

The first system of musical notation for the song 'The Children's King'. It consists of a treble and bass staff in 4/2 time. The melody is marked with a forte 'f' dynamic. The lyrics 'The chil-dren's King, The chil-dren's King, O come let us a -' are written below the notes.

-dore Him. Our ca - rols bring, His prais - es sing, All

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody from the first system. The lyrics '-dore Him. Our ca - rols bring, His prais - es sing, All' are written below the notes.

rall. *mf a tempo.*

kneel - ing low be - fore Him. { 1. No cour - tiers great His
2. How few were they this
3. When told His name, the

The third system of musical notation. It begins with a 'rall.' (rallentando) marking and ends with an 'mf a tempo.' (moderato-forte at tempo) marking. The lyrics 'kneel - ing low be - fore Him.' are followed by three alternative verses in brackets: '1. No cour - tiers great His', '2. How few were they this', and '3. When told His name, the'.

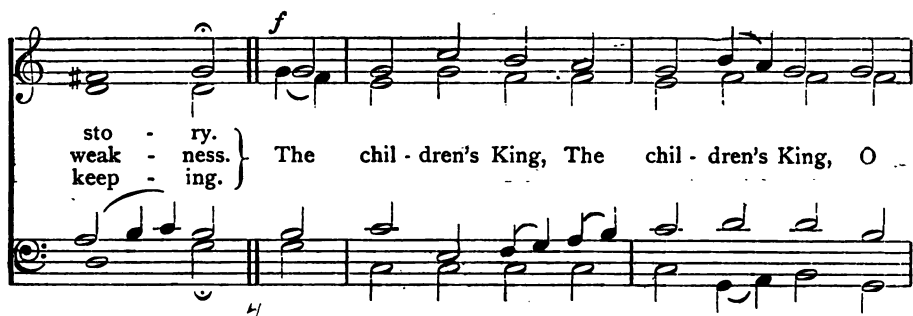
birth a - wait, Though He is King of Glo - ry, But
bless - ed day, Who knew Him here in meek - ness, Of
shep - herds came Where that dear Babe was sleep - ing; We

The fourth and final system of musical notation. It concludes the song. The lyrics 'birth a - wait, Though He is King of Glo - ry, But', 'bless - ed day, Who knew Him here in meek - ness, Of', and 'shep - herds came Where that dear Babe was sleep - ing; We' are written below the notes.

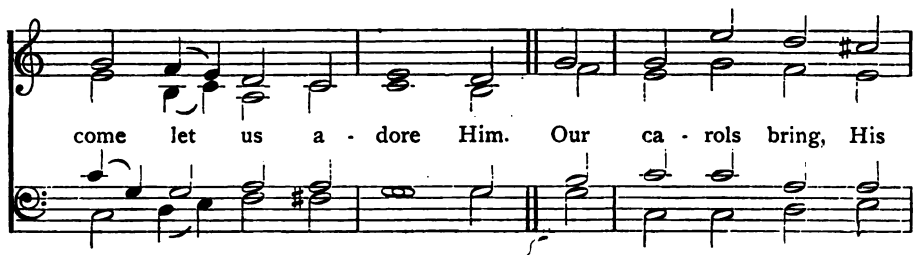
Christmas.



through the sky the an - gels fly To tell the won - drous
Ma - ry born on Christ - mas morn, In pov - er - ty and
haste with them to Beth - le - hem, Our hap - py Christ - mas



sto - ry. } The chil - dren's King, The chil - dren's King, O
weak - ness. }
keep - ing. }



come let us a - dore Him. Our ca - rols bring, His



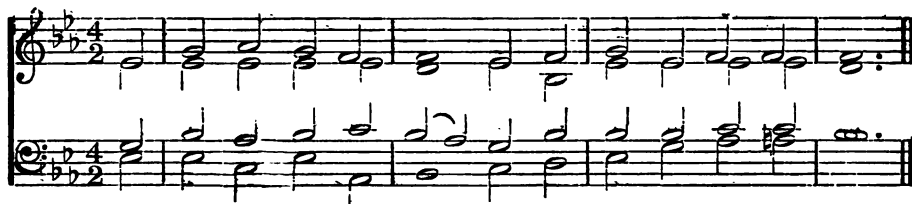
rall. *Dal* 8 After
last vers.

prais - es sing, All kneel - ing low be - fore Him. A - men.

Christmas.

17 BEDWYN. 7.6.7.6.

CANON F. A. J. HERVEY.



O JESUS LORD, Thy Birthday
Brings joy to every heart,
And in its endless gladness
Each Christian owns a part.

From highest Heaven Thou comest,
The Sole-Begotten One,
To be in time conceived,
And born the Virgin's Son.

Come, mourners, broken hearted,
The poor, the lone, the sad,
Come to the Babe of Bethlehem
And He will make you glad.

He comes in pain and weakness
All evil to destroy,
To turn your tears to gladness,
Your grief to endless joy. Amen.

Christmas.

18 "BRIGHT WAS THE MORN." 10.10.10.10.

ORLANDO GIBBONS.



BRIGHT was the morn, with many a
sunlit gem,
Which saw Thy birth, O Babe of Bethlehem ;
Glad is this morn, when we, with lowly love,
Bring Thee our birthday greeting, Friend
above.

Mid strains of golden harps and seraphs'
songs,
And the new anthem sung by thousand
tongues,
Deign Thou to listen to our lowlier lay—
Give us Thy blessing, Lord of Christmas
Day.

Give us sweet thoughts of all Thy tender-
ness,
Suffer the children near Thy feet to press ;
Keep Thou all little ones from being sad,
And grant we grieve Thee not when we are
glad.

Thou did'st become a Child upon our earth,
O smile upon the children's gladsome mirth ;
Love us, dear Saviour, ~~who~~ for very love.
Cam'st to the manger from Thy Throne
above.

Come to our homes at this glad Christmas-
time,
Thou Who alone canst make the day sub-
lime !
Friends throng in vain, and vain is plenty's
lot,
When to our feast of love Thou comest not.

Glory to GOD the bands of children sing,
And highest praises to the "new-born
King ;"
Lord of our English homes, come Thou and
stay,
Making earth glad and bright on Christmas
Amen.

Christmas.

19 SWABIA. 6.6.6.6.6.6.4.4.6.

German.



O JESUS Christ most dear
I give my heart to Thee—
Within the Manger here
Thy Heart Thou gavest me.
I give Thee heart for Heart,
Mine own dear Lord Thou art—
May I love Thee
As Thou lov'st me,
O JESUS CHRIST most sweet.

O how shall I return [mine?
The love which made Thee
For my heart Thou dost burn,
O make it truly Thine.
"My child, give Me thy heart."
LORD, may I do my part :
May I love Thee
As Thou lov'st me,
O JESUS CHRIST most kind.

Thy Heart is open wide
That I may enter in—
Within that Heart I hide,
Love cleanses me from sin.
Take my poor heart for Thine,
As Thy rich Heart is mine,
May I love Thee
As Thou lov'st me,
O JESUS CHRIST most dear.

Within this noble Heart
I find a quiet rest—
A Castle strong Thou art,
My sure salvation blest.
In cleft of this great Rock
I hide from every shock.
My strength, my wall,
My God, my All,
O JESUS CHRIST most strong.

Within Thy Heart so sweet
The sweetest food I find—
In Thee all good things meet—
For soul and heart and mind.
The food that satisfies,
The joy that never dies,
All, all in Thee
I taste, I see,
O JESUS CHRIST most sweet.

If, when I come to die,
Before my soul be free, [by
Thoughts, words, and deeds gone
Come back to frighten me ;
O Saviour—Child most pure !
O Refuge—Strong and sure !
My heart in Thee,
Safe, safe shall be,
O JESUS CHRIST most dear.
Amen.

New Year.

20 "HEARTS AND VOICES." L.M.

HAROLD B. OSMOND.



[Alternative Tune No. 323.]

ANOTHER year has now begun
With silent pace its course to run ;
Our hearts and voices let us raise
To God in songs of prayer and praise.

Father, Thy bounteous love we bless,
For gifts and mercies numberless :
For life and health, for grace and peace,
For hope of joys that never cease.

Accept our penitential tears,
O LORD, for sins of bygone years ;
And with the Blood by Jesus spilt,
O wash away our stains of guilt.

Thou, LORD, Who makest all things new,
O give us hearts both pure and true,
That we as jewels ever Thine
In New Jerusalem may shine.

Blest Three in One, to Thee we pray,
Defend and guide us on our way ;
That we at last with joy may see
The New Year of Eternity. Amen.

Christmas.

21 "GIVE HEED, MY HEART." L.M.

G. C. E. RYLEY, M.A.



* Verse 4 commences here (♩ = ♩ ♩).



GIVE heed, my heart, lift up thine eyes!
 Who is it in yon manger lies?
 Who is this Child so young and fair?
 The blessed Christ-child lieth there.

Ab, dearest JESUS, holy Child,
 Make Thee a bed, soft, undefiled
 Within my heart, that it may be
 A quiet chamber, kept for Thee.

My heart for very joy doth leap,
 My lips no more can silence keep;
 I too must sing with joyful tongue,
 That sweetest, ancient cradle song:

Glory to God in highest Heaven,
 Who unto man His Son hath given!
 While Angels sing, with pious mirth,
 A glad new year to all the earth. Amen.

Epiphany.

22 UPTON PYNE. 6.5.6.5.
(1st Tune.)

CANON F. A. J. HERVEY.



HAIL, the Star of JESUS !
Blazing forth so bright,
Guiding on the Magi
To the Light of Light.

Hail the Star of JESUS !
Standing o'er the shed
Where the Infant lieth
On His manger bed.

Hail the Star of JESUS !
Shining on the face
Of the Virgin Mother,
Mary, full of grace.

Hail the Star of JESUS !
Still its glory gleams ;
Thro' the Church at Christmas
Still it sheds its beams.

Hail the Star of JESUS !
Guide us year by year
To the lowly cradle
Of our Saviour dear.

Hail the Star of JESUS !
To our Infant King
Gold and Myrrh and Incense,
Gladly we will bring.

Amen.

22 "HAIL THE STAR." 6.5.6.5.
(2nd Tune.)

E. H. E. A.



Epiphany.

23 "ALL ACROSS THE SANDY DESERT." 8.7., 10 lines.

Old Melody



Epiphany.



ALL across the sandy desert
 Came the wise men from afar,
 With their asses and their camels,
 Guided by a glittering star.
 Heeding not the painful journey,
 Gold and myrrh and spice they bring;
 Waiting for them in His cradle,
 They will find their Infant King;
 Waiting for them in His cradle,
 They will find their Infant King.

All across the sandy desert
 Of this world of care and pain,
 We are marching ever onward—
 Such a steadfast, loving train!
 Heeding not the painful journey,
 Labour, Prayer and Love we bring
 Waiting for us on His Altar,
 Lies our patient, lowly King;
 Waiting for us on His Altar,
 Lies our patient, lowly King.

Lo! the star is brightly shining!
 Wherefore heed the desert sand?
 He is watching, He is hearing,
 He is stretching out His Hand;
 Child of Mary! Blessed Saviour!
 Where the Alleluias ring,
 At the Right Hand of the Father
 We shall find our glorious King;
 At the Right Hand of the Father
 We shall find our glorious King. Amen

Epiphany.

24 EPIPHANY HYMN. 11.10.11.10.

REV. J. F. THRUPP.



BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid ;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our Infant Redeemer is laid.

Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall,
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

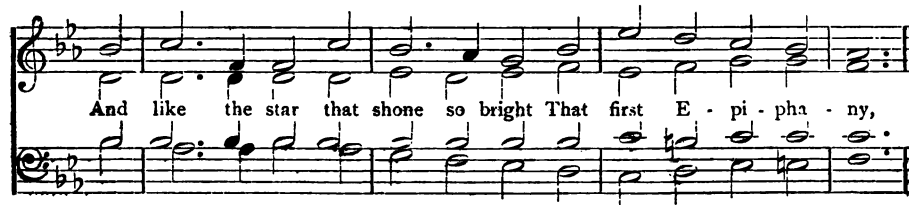
Offer Him gifts, then, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom and incense divine ;
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid ;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our Infant Redeemer is laid. Amen.

Epiphany.

25 ECCLESIA. D.C.M.

REV. J. BLACKBOURNE, C.F.



THROUGHOUT Thy Holy Church, O
Thy Holy Name be blest, [LORD,
Because to Gentiles from afar
Thou wast made manifest.

And like the Star that shone so bright
That first Epiphany,
So may Thy grace lead us aright
To give our best to Thee.

We offer Thee, O Son of GOD,
Our hearts so hard and cold—
Fill them quite full of love to Thee,
And change the dross to gold.
And like the Star, etc.

We offer Thee, O Son of GOD,
The incense of our prayer,
May it unceasing rise to Heaven
And be accepted there.
And like the Star, etc.

We offer Thee, O Son of GOD,
Our self-denials small,
May we, the world and vain delights
Give up at Thy dear call.
And like the Star that shone so bright
That first Epiphany,
So may Thy grace lead us aright
To give our best to Thee. Amen.

Epiphany.

26 ST. ALBAN (132). 6.5.6 5. D.

From S. Alban's, Holborn, Tune Book.



[*Alternative Tune, No. 238.*]

LO, the Pilgrim Magi
Leave their royal halls,
Seek with love devoutest
Bethlehem's lowly walls;
Hasten to the Manger,
Where on Christmas Morn
God's dear Son was given—
CHRIST the LORD was born.

O, what joys ecstatic
Thrilled each heart from far,
When to guide their footsteps,
Gleamed the beacon Star;
O'er that home so lowly
Pouring down its ray,
Where on Mary's bosom
CHRIST the Saviour lay.

There no ivory glistens,
Glow's no regal gold,
Nor doth gorgeous purple
Those fair limbs enfold;
But His Court He keepeth
In a stable bare,
Reigneth from a Manger,
Swaddling bands doth wear.

At His crib they worship,
Prostrate on the floor;
Very GOD there present
In that Babe adore;
Let us to that Infant
Bring our homage true,
Body, soul, and spirit
Give, our tribute due.

Holiest love presenting
As gold to our King;
To the Man pure bodies,
Myrrh-like, chastely bring.
Unto Him as incense
Vow and prayer address;
So with offerings meetest,
This our GOD confess. Amen.

Epiphany.

27 SURREY. 8s., 6 lines.

CAREY.



THE heavens declare Thy glory, LORD,
Thy love is written in Thy Word,
Our eyes behold Thy Blessed Face,
In works of power and words of grace;
We see Thee, LORD, where'er we look,
In Nature and in Scripture's book.

The gentle Sages from afar
Follow the leading of a Star;
To Judah come; the heavenly ray
Of prophecy then points the way;
Again they see the Star appear—
How great their joy, for Thou art here.

Not staggered by Thy low estate,
To sense how low, to faith how great.
Myrrh, Frankincense, and Gold they bring
To Thee as Man, as LORD, as King:
To Thee they open all their store,
And in the Child their GOD adore.

Thou first to Gentiles wast displayed
An Infant in a cradle laid;
But all will see Thee on Thy Throne,
And Thee their King and Judge shall own;
All kings before Thee shall fall low,
And every knee to JESUS bow.

Lord, may all lands Thy Word receive,
May all that know Thee not, believe;
Arise, and on the nations shine,
And fill Thy priests with grace divine,
That all the world with joy may see
The Light of Thine Epiphany. Amen.

12 13 45

Epiphany.

28 "WITHIN A MANGER." P.M.

ALFRED REDHEAD.

Tempo di Pastorale.

p

The first system of the musical score. It features a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clef). The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/8. The vocal line begins with a rest, followed by the lyrics "I. With-in a man-ger". The piano accompaniment provides a harmonic foundation with chords and moving lines.

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "bare He lay, Who made both heaven and earth, While an- gels to the". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines, maintaining the pastoral tempo.

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics "shepherds told Of JESUS' wondrous birth. And now E - pi - pha - ny is here, Up-". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines, ending the piece.

Epiphany.

rit.

- on that sta-ble floor Three Eastern kings are kneeling low To worship and a -

The first system of the musical score for 'Epiphany'. It features a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff). The tempo is marked 'rit.' (ritardando). The lyrics are: '- on that sta-ble floor Three Eastern kings are kneeling low To worship and a -'.

tempo.

- dore. Dear Saviour, shew Thyself to me, On this Thy glad E-pi-pha-ny. A-men.

The second system of the musical score. The tempo is marked 'tempo.' (allegretto). The lyrics are: '- dore. Dear Saviour, shew Thyself to me, On this Thy glad E-pi-pha-ny. A-men.'

2.

The star which o'er their distant home
Shone forth the news to bring,
O'er Bethlehem's stable shines to mark
The birthplace of the King.
To Thee, dear Babe, Whom, helpless, I
In Mary's arms behold,
With these three kings, I would present
Myrrh, Frankincense, and Gold.
Dear Saviour, shew Thyself to me,
On this Thy glad Epiphany.

3.

But I, like Thee, am poor and weak,
No treasures, LORD, are mine,
Myself alone have I to give
To be for ever Thine.
O make me know Thee more and more,
Shine in my heart by grace,
Till on Thy glorious Throne in Heaven
I see Thee, Face to face.
Dear Saviour, shew Thyself to me,
On this Thy glad Epiphany. Amen.

Epiphany.

29 EPIPHANY. L.M.

REV. EDWARD L. HOPKINS.



[Alternative Tune No. 117.]

THE Only Son came down from Heaven,
To us by GOD the Father given,
In highest Heaven He made the plan
To take the form of sinful Man.

The Maker of the stars of night,
Our GOD and Everlasting Light,
The power of Satan will destroy,
And bring this dark world into joy.

We pray Thee, Saviour, of Thy love
To hear us from Thy Throne above,
And for our darkness give us light,
And what is wrong in us make right.

Stay with us now, O CHRIST, we pray,
And all our sins remove away;
Stay with Thy lambs whom Thou dost tend,
Thine own dear sheepfold, LORD, defend.

All glory, LORD, to Thee we pay
For Thine Epiphany to-day,
All glory to the Father be,
And HOLY GHOST eternally. Amen.

Epiphany.

30 CHILDREN'S OFFERINGS. 8.7.8.7. D.

American Melody.

[Alternative Tune No. 202.]

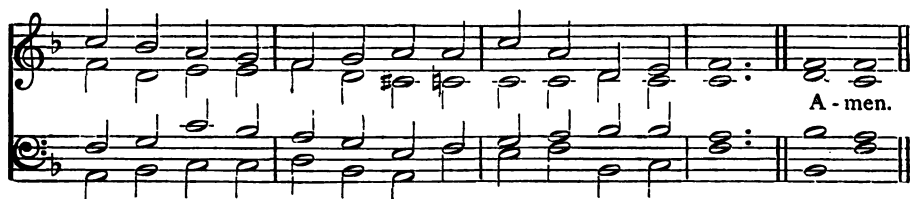
AT Thy cradle, blessed Saviour,
Kings and shepherds humbly meet,
Bring their gifts and their devotion,
Lay them at Thy Infant Feet.
Oh, we long like them to offer
Something that the LORD will prize ;
What can children bring to JESUS
That is worthy in His eyes ?
Far away in highest Heaven
Angels worship at Thy Throne,
Cast their golden crowns before Thee,
Thou their King, and Thou alone.
Oh, we also long to offer
Something that the LORD will prize ;
What have we to cast before Him
That is worthy in His eyes ?

In the world Thou hast created,
All things speak of God above,
Ocean thunders forth Thy praises,
Birds are hymning Thy dear love.
Oh, we also long to offer
Something that the LORD will prize ;
What can children do for JESUS
That is worthy in His eyes ?
Hardly dare we breathe the question,
Great and holy as Thou art ;
Yet Thy gentle voice replying,
Whispers, " Child, give Me thy heart."
Gladly, gladly we will offer
Something that the LORD will prize ;
Lo, our love we bring unto Him,
This is precious in His eyes. Amen.

Ash Wednesday.

31 THE HOLY SEASON. 8.8.6.8.8.6.

G. COPLAND.



[Alternative Tune No. 218.]

THE Holy Season comes again,
The Church sends forth a solemn strain
Of penitential woe ;
Her songs of joy are hushed and still,
No more do *Alleluias* fill
Her sacred courts below.

O help us, LORD, to keep this Lent
With contrite hearts, and thoughts intent
Upon our sinful state.
Before the throne of grace to pour
Our lamentations deep and sore,
And on Thy mercy wait.

We ask for pardon, strength, and peace,
Our guilty souls would crave release
From Satan's deadly power ;
That when our ghostly foes assail,
We may by Might Divine prevail
In dark temptation's hour.

JESUS, do Thou our footsteps guide,
That we may spend this Lenten-tide
In fasting, watch, and prayer ;
So we, when sorrow's night is gone,
May meet Thee at the Easter dawn,
And in Thy triumph share. Amen.

Lent.

32 S. MARY MAGDALENE. 7.6.7.6.

German.



[Alternative Tune No. 55.]

ONCE more the Church our Mother
Proclaims the Fast of Lent ;
And though we are but children
To work is our intent.

For surely there is something
Which we are called to do,
To show we love our Saviour,
And are His servants true.

We all can grow in meekness,
In patience and in love,
Can bear our cross more bravely
Can seek the crown above.

Each morn on first awaking
With hearts renewed we'll say,
"Thy will, as done in heaven,
Be done on earth to-day."

Then to our task repairing,
We'll work with thoughtful care ;
Remembering GOD our Father
Is listening to our prayer.

For pray we must, right often ;
If we would keep from sin,
The grace of the LORD JESUS
Must dwell our hearts within.

Fasting, endeavouring, praying,
Nearer to GOD we come ;
Our earthly nature chastening,
Till we attain our home. Amen.

Lent.

33 "O COME TO THE MERCIFUL SAVIOUR" 12.11.12.11.

E. H. E. A.

Small notes verse 4.

Small notes verse 4.

Small notes verse 5.

Small notes verses 1, 3, 4, 5.

A-men.

O COME to the merciful Saviour that calls you,
 O come to the LORD Who forgives and forgets;
 Though dark be the fortune on earth that befalls you,
 There's a bright Home above where the sun never sets.

O come then to JESUS, Whose arms are extended
 To fold His dear children in closest embrace,
 O come, for your exile will shortly be ended,
 And JESUS will show you His beautiful Face.

Then come to the Saviour Whose Mercy grows brighter
 The longer you look at the depth of His love;
 And fear not—'tis JESUS; and life's cares grow lighter
 As you think of the Home and the Glory above.

Have you sinned as none else in the world have before you?
 Are you blacker than all other creatures in guilt?
 Oh, fear not, and doubt not; the mother that bore you
 Loves you less than the Saviour Whose Blood you have spilt.

Then come to His Feet and lay open your story
 Of suffering, of sorrow, of guilt, and of shame;
 For the pardon of sin is the crown of His glory,
 And the joy of our LORD to be true to His Name. Amen.

Lent.

34 ZURICH. 7.7.7.7. D.

J. SCHOP.

LIGHT and comfort of my soul,
 When the billows o'er me roll
 Thou dost bid me, in Thy word,
 Cast my burden on the LORD ;
 JESUS, Saviour once betrayed,
 Sacrifice for sinners made ;
 Wretched, lost, I cry to Thee,
 Friend of sinners, plead for me.

JESUS, I in tears would mourn
 All the anguish Thou hast borne ;
 In the garden I would be
 Faithful watcher still with Thee ;
 Thou hast suffered, Thou hast bled,
 Thorns have pierced Thy sacred Head ;
 Saviour, while I cling to Thee,
 Let Thy Passion plead for me.

Mocked and scourged—condemned to die,
 On Thy cross extended high ;
 Tenant of the lonely tomb,
 Mighty Victor o'er its gloom,
 Rising to Thy Throne above,
 Crowned, victorious King of Love ;
 LORD of Lords, to Thee I flee,
 Friend of sinners, plead for me. Amen.

Lent.

35 AUGSBURG. 8.7.8.7. D.

German.



Lent.



[Alternative Tune No. 37.]

GOD of mercy and compassion,
 Look with pity upon me;
 Father—let me call Thee Father—
 'Tis Thy child returns to Thee:
 JESUS! LORD! I ask for mercy,
 Let me not implore in vain;
 All my sins—I now detest them—
 Never would I sin again.

By my sins I have deservèd
 Death and endless misery,
 Hell, with all its pains and torments,
 And for all eternity.
 JESUS! LORD! etc.

By my sins I have abandoned
 Right and claim to Heaven above,
 Where the saints rejoice for ever,
 In a boundless sea of love.
 JESUS! LORD! etc.

See our Saviour bleeding, dying,
 On the Cross of Calvary;
 To that Cross my sins have nailed Him,
 Yet He bleeds and dies for me.
 JESUS! LORD! etc. Amen.

Lent.

36 MANCHESTER. C.M.

R. WAINWRIGHT.



[Alternative Tune No. 124.]

THE Saviour's love to man we bless,
His Holy Name we praise,
For dwelling in the wilderness
Through forty nights and days.

He all that time for us, His sheep,
In prayer and fasting spent;
Therefore His Church would have us keep
The holy fast of Lent.

Now we must put some things away
In which we take delight;
Although at other times they may
Be innocent and right.

Christ did not please Himself, when He
Became for our sake Man;
He gave us all we have, and we
Will give Him all we can. Amen.

Lent.

37 S. AUSTIN. 8.7.8.7. D.

Moravian.

[Alternative Tune No. 35.]

GOD the Father, Who didst make me
 To adore and worship Thee,
 Who didst fashion and create me
 Thine for evermore to be ;
 Often from Thy ways I've wandered
 Every hour and every day,
 Time so precious spent and squandered,
 Pardon me, O LORD, I pray.
JESUS CHRIST, Who didst redeem me
 From eternal misery,
 Who didst shed Thy Blood to save me
 On the Cross of Calvary ;
 Oh what sorrow there I caused Thee,
 Oh what bitter agony ;
 By that Cross I now beseech Thee,
 Look with pity upon me.

Holy Ghost, Who hast descended
 In Thy sevenfold purity,
 By whose grace my soul was cleansèd
 From her dark iniquity ;
 I, Thy precious gifts have slighted,
 Gifts bestowed so lovingly,
 But for love so unrequited
 Now at least, Thy child I'll be.
 Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
 Ever-blessed Trinity,
 Oh what love from me They merit,
 For Their wondrous charity.
 Thou, O GOD, hast made and saved me,
 Thou alone my LORD shalt be,
 Teach me then to love and serve Thee
 Now and in eternity. Amen.

Palm Sunday.

38 S. THEODULPH. 7.6.7.6.

German.

f

All glo - ry, laud and hon - our To Thee, Re-deem-er, King, To Whom the lips of

After last ver.

chil - dren Made sweet Ho-san - nas ring. A - men.

D.C.

ALL glory, laud and honour
To Thee, Redeemer, King,
To Whom the lips of children
Made sweet Hosannas ring.

Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's Royal Son,
Who in the Lord's Name comest,
The King and Blessed One.
All glory, etc.

The company of Angels
Are praising Thee on high,
And mortal men and all things
Created make reply.
All glory, etc.

The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went ;
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before Thee we present.
All glory, etc.

To Thee before Thy Passion
They sang their hymns of praise ;
To Thee now high exalted
Our melody we raise.
All glory, etc.

Thou didst accept their praises,
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.
All glory, etc. Amen.

Palm Sunday.

39 S. SIMON. 7.6.7.6.D.

J. CRUGER.

A-men.

[Alternative Tunes Nos. 116, 291.]

WHEN to the Holy City,
 Along the hot highway,
 The Saviour rode in meekness
 Upon His triumph day—
 Some brought their festal garments
 Upon the road to lay;
 While others cut down branches
 And strawed them in the way.
 And as He passed the Temple
 He heard the children sing,
 Hosanna in the highest,
 All praise to Sion's King.

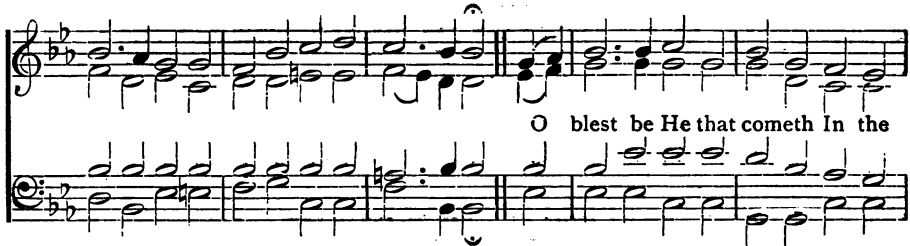
When those around would check them
 He bade them, Let them shout—
 Should these, He said, be silent,
 The stones would fain cry out.

Therefore our hearts adore Him,
 Our tongues proclaim His Love,
 We know He hears our praises
 In His bright Heaven above.
 Hosanna in the highest!
 The joyful cry we raise,
 And to Thee, King of Glory,
 For evermore be praise. Amen.

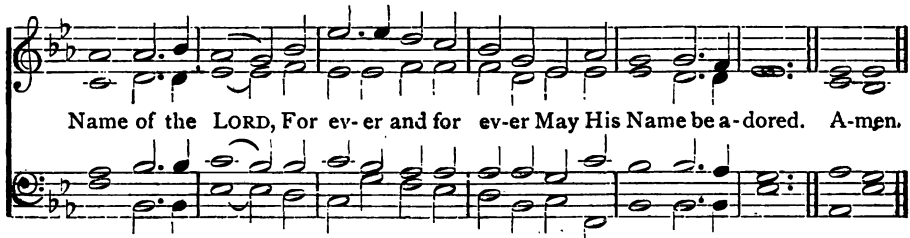
Palm Sunday.

40 "SING JOYOUSLY." P.M.

HENRY SMITH.



O blest be He that cometh In the



Name of the LORD, For ev-er and for ev-er May His Name be a-dored. A-men.

SING joyously ye girls and boys,
And wave the solemn palms on high,
'Tis JESUS comes, Incarnate GOD,
With palms and chants of victory.
O blest be He that cometh
In the Name of the LORD,
For ever and for ever
May His Name be adored.
To captives He will bring release,
And to the lost glad tidings send,
To Pagan hearts His voice speak peace,
From sea to sea His reign extend.
O blest be He, etc.
They cast their clothes beneath the feet
Of Him Who cometh unto them,
With palms and loud Hosannas greet
His entry to Jerusalem.
O blest be He, etc.

The children join the mighty throng,
Each waves a branch of palm on high,
They catch the echoes of the song,
And to His praise Hosanna cry.
O blest be He, etc.

Oh, Zion's daughter, great thy joy
To see Thy Monarch's triumph hour,
Soon, soon, He shall thy foes destroy,
And manifest Salvation's power.
O blest be He, etc.

What though His Death and Passion sore
Are ever pictured to His eyes,
Yet for the joy that goes before,
He doth that cross and shame despise.
O blest be He that cometh
In the Name of the LORD,
For ever and for ever
May His Name be adored.

Amen.

Passiontide.

41 HERMON. 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

BRAUN.



I LIFT my heart to Thee,
O Lamb of Calvary,
Nailed to the Tree :
Thine awful Sacrifice
Is now before my eyes :
My Saviour bleeds and dies
Even for me.

In those blest wounds I see
All Thy deep love for me,
Eternal Son :
And sad and humble now,
My guilty head I bow,
I ought to die, not Thou,
Oh, Sinless One.

As thus I gaze on Thee,
O Lamb of Calvary,
Victim Divine :
O hear me, while I pray,
Take all my sins away,
And let me, from this day,
Be wholly Thine. Amen.

Passiontide.

42 S. MARGARET. 6.5.7.5.

G. COPLAND.



Small notes verse 2.



O CHRIST my Redeemer,
Thy Passion so sore
Saves Thy servants from sorrow
That lasts evermore.

O CHRIST my Redeemer,
The Blood Thou hast shed
Can cleanse from transgression
The quick and the dead.

O CHRIST my Redeemer,
The death Thou hast died
Giveth life to all people
Who faithful abide.

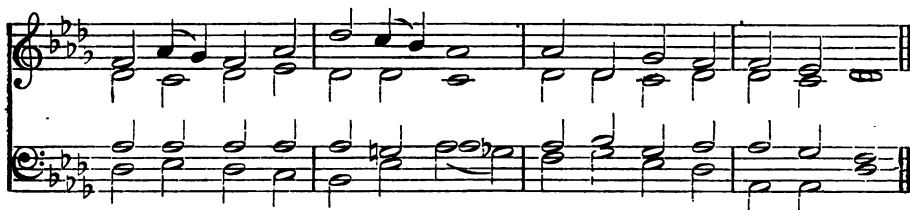
O CHRIST my Redeemer,
Thy rising again
Death and hell with its terrors
For ever has slain.

O CHRIST my Redeemer,
Now reigning above,
Think of me, Thy poor servant,
With mercy and love. Amen.

Passiontide.

43 TITCHFIELD. Six 7s.

J. RICHARDSON.



[Alternative Tune No. 175.]

SOUL of JESUS, once for me
Offered on the shameful Tree,
Heal and make me by that cure
Pure as Thou Thyself art pure.
Thou of life the fountain fair,
Draw me in and keep me there.

Blood of JESUS, cleansing me
For a blest eternity,
Great Redeemer, Mighty LORD,
On the Cross Thy Blood is poured ;
Me a sinner, vile and mean,
Purify, and make me clean.

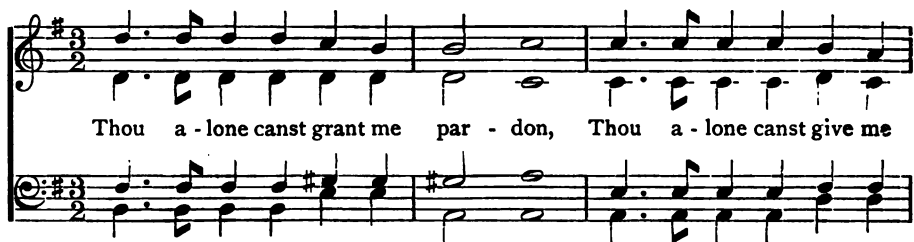
Water—from the sacred side
Of my Saviour crucified—
Blending with the crimson gore,
When His agony was o'er ;
Flow in mercy full and free,
Flow for sinners, flow for me.

Holy JESUS, LORD of Heaven,
Hide me where the wound was given
Piercing through Thy Heart divine,
Hide me there and make me Thine :
Thou alone my rest shalt be,
Never let me fall from Thee. Amen.

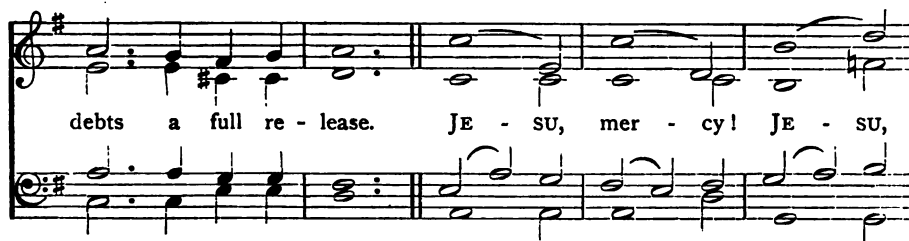
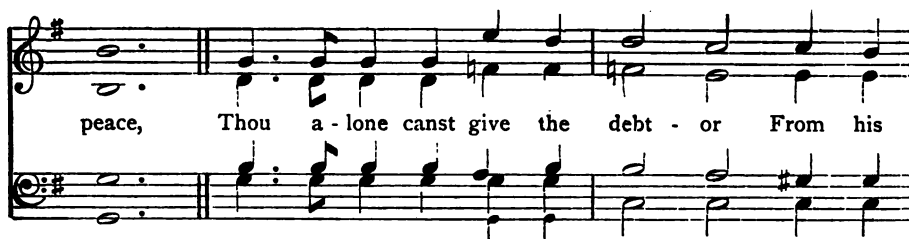
Passiontide.

44 ALBERTA. 8.7., 10 lines.
Not slowly. ♩ = 84.

GEORGE H. WESTBURY.



Passiontide.



TO the Cross of CHRIST the Saviour
 I have brought my weary soul,
 Burdened, faint, and broken-hearted,
 Praying, JESUS, make me whole.
 Thou alone canst grant me pardon,
 Thou alone canst give me peace,
 Thou alone canst give the debtor
 From his debts a full release.
 JESU, mercy! JESU, mercy!
 LORD, be merciful to me.

In the Cross I'm meekly trusting,
 Chief of sinners though I be;
 JESUS died for my transgressions,
 JESUS rose to set me free.
 Thou alone, etc.

LORD, before Thy Cross I'm lying,
 Let Thy blood flow over me;
 Then the sins which are so scarlet
 Washed as white as wool shall be.
 Thou alone, etc. Amen.

Passiontide.

45 S. ALBAN (276). 8.7.8.7.

From S. Alban's, Holborn, Tune Book.

[Alternative Tune No. 249.]

HOLY JESUS, I have crowned Thee
With a crown of piercing thorn,
And have stood with those around Thee
Who have loaded Thee with scorn.

I have nailed Thee, faint and bleeding,
To the tree, the shameful tree,
All Thy pangs and woes unheeding,
Pitying not Thine agony.

JESUS, grant me true contrition
For these bitter sins of mine,
Grief that knows no intermission,
Penitence, and grace divine.

Give me, LORD, Thine absolution
For the sins I now abhor,
And the steadfast resolution
Never to offend Thee more.

By Thy Cross, Thy bitter Passion,
By Thy sufferings all for me,
By Thy great, Thy sweet compassion,
Hear, O LORD, my Litany. Amen.

Passiontide.

46 S. MABYN. 8.7.8.7.

ARTHUR HENRY BROWN.



[Alternative Tune No. 131.]

HEAR Thy children, gentle JESUS,
Hear Thy children cry to Thee,
Self and sin no more shall please us ;
Hear our solemn Litany.

Thou didst suffer, gentle JESUS,
Bitter shame and agony ;
From sin's bondage to release us
Thou didst hang upon the Tree.

Thou didst bear the nails and spitting,
Cruel scourge and thorny crown,
And the soldiers' mockery, sitting
Meekly on that mimic throne.

But our sins it was that stung Thee,
Not the scourge and nail and spear.
'Twas our sins alone that hung Thee
On the Cross, O Saviour dear.

Thou wert pierced, O Holy JESUS—
Pierced that sinners might not die ;
O, let sin no longer please us,
Make us Thine eternally.

Gentle JESUS, Thou hast won us
By Thy Passion and Thy love ;
Gentle JESUS, deign to own us
In the Land of Rest above. Amen.

Passiontide.

47 SCHOP. 7.6.7.6.8.8.7.7.

J. SCHOP.



JESUS, Name all names above,
Saviour, best and dearest,
Fount of grace and perfect love,
Holiest, tenderest, nearest :
JESUS ! Thou our Great Defender,
Thanks and praise to Thee we render.
Saviour, Source of power Divine,
Make me, keep me, seal me Thine !

JESUS, crowned with thorns for me,
Scourged for my transgression,
Witnessing, through agony,
That Thy good confession :

JESUS, clad in purple raiment,
For poor sinners making payment,
Let not all Thy woe and pain,
Let not Calvary be in vain.

When I reach death's bitter sea,
And its waves roll higher,
Earthly help forsaking me
As the storm draws nigher ;
JESUS, leave me not to languish,
Helpless, hopeless, full of anguish ;
Tell me—"Verily I say
Thou shalt be with Me to-day !"

Amen.

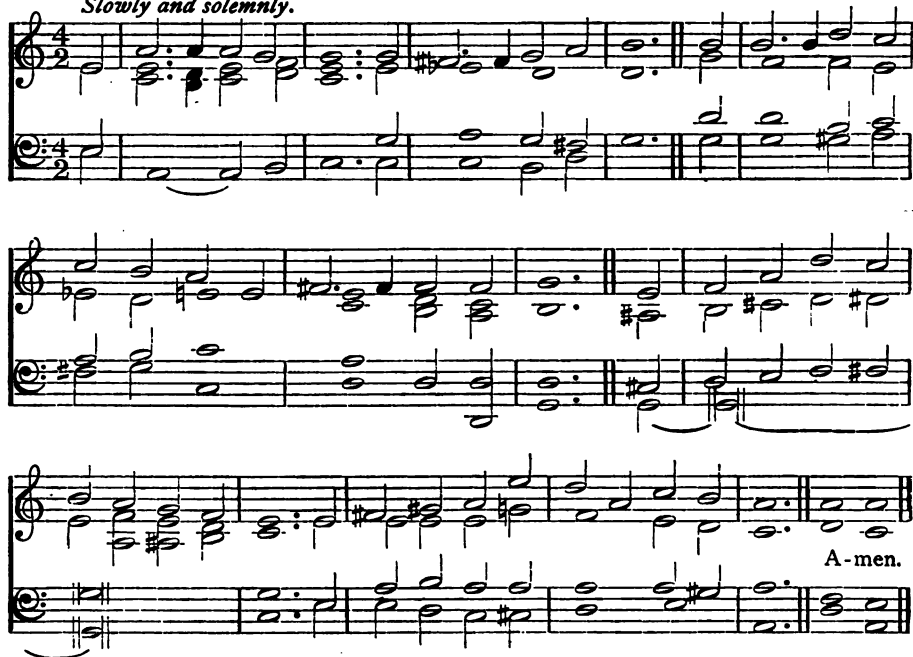
Good Friday.

48

6.6.8.6.10.10.

ALFRED REDHEAD.

Slowly and solemnly.



DREAD hours that slowly rolled
 'Mid pain and anguish passed,
 Until, in agony untold
 Death came to Thee at last.
 Oh dreadful day when sin and suffering
 met,
 Day, no true child of Thine can e'er forget.

Thy foes were standing near,
 They mocked Thee and reviled,
 Without one thought of shame or fear
 They spent their fury wild.
 Oh day of gain to us, to Thee of loss,
 Where should we spend it save beside Thy
 Cross?

And those who loved Thee well
 Thy pain must also share,
 In speechless grief no words could tell

Thy Mother watched Thee there ;
 Oh awful day, Thine enemies deride,
 But we would watch in silence by Thy
 Side.

Alas, we wound Thee too,
 By many a grievous sin,
 And crucify the LORD anew
 Who died our peace to win ;
 Oh awful day, Love's sacrifice complete,
 Low in the dust we kneel at Thy dear Feet.

For us, for us, Thy pain ;
 For us, so frail and weak,
 How could we leave Thee yet again
 And thoughtless pleasures seek?
 Oh awful day, when JESUS died for me,
 LORD, keep me all this day alone with
 Thee. Amen.

Good Friday.

49 "ALL LAST NIGHT." P.M.

J. M. BENTLEY, Mus.Doc.

UNISON OR DUET.



Good Friday.

FULL. *ad lib.* *a tempo.*

JE - SUS, JE - SUS, call Thy lov-ing chil-dren Clos-er to Thy Side ;

Teach us how to spend Good Friday With Thee Cru-ci - fied. A-men.

ALL last night while men were sleeping
 Thou didst know no moment's rest,
 Kneeling lonely in the garden
 Sorrowful and sore distressed.
 Judas with a band of soldiers
 Seeking to betray Thee, came,
 With a traitor's kiss he hailed Thee,
 Calling on Thy Holy Name.
 JESUS, JESUS, call Thy loving children
 Closer to Thy Side ;
 Teach us how to spend Good Friday
 With Thee Crucified.

Up and down about the city
 Thou wert dragged throughout the night ;
 Pilate scourged Thee, Herod mocked
 Thee,
 Clad Thee in a robe of white.
 Sacred Head with thorns surrounded,
 Sacred flesh with scourging torn,
 How could we, Thy loving children,
 Leave Thee this Good Friday morn ?
 JESUS, JESUS, etc.

Now a heavy cross they give Thee,
 Make Thee bear it on the way ;
 Ah, dear LORD, that Thou would'st let us
 Help Thee carry it to-day.

Hark, He speaketh—"Yes, My children,
 You can help Me, if you try
 Lovingly My steps to follow
 On the road to Calvary."
 JESUS, JESUS, etc.

See, the Saviour fainteth, falleth :
 His dread Cross must Simon bear—
 Calvary's Hill at length He reacheth
 On the Cross is nailed there.
 Yes, the cruel nails are driven
 Through the sacred Hands and Feet,
 Now the Cross is raised, and JESUS
 Hangs beneath the sun's fierce heat.
 JESUS, JESUS, etc.

"Father,"—hark, He cries—"forgive them,
 For they know not what they do."
 Ah, dear LORD, when we were sinful
 What we did we never knew.
 Make us hate the sins which nailed Thee,
 Bleeding, dying, to the Tree,
 And when Satan tempts, oh, let us
 Think what sin has cost to Thee.
 JESUS, JESUS, call Thy loving children
 Closer to Thy Side ;
 Teach us how to spend Good Friday
 With Thee Crucified.

Good Friday.

50 COVENTRY. C.M.

S. HOWARD.



[Alternative Tune No. 57.]

O CHRIST, the eternal Son of GOD,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
We worship Thee Whose Head is bowed
In agony and pain.

None tread with Thee the awful road,
Thou sufferest alone ;
Thine is the perfect Sacrifice
Which only can atone.

Thou great High Priest, Thy glory-robes
To-day are laid aside ;
And human sorrows, Son of Man,
Thy glory seem to hide.

The Cross is sharp, but in Thy woe
This is the lightest part ;
Our sin it is which pierces Thee,
And breaks Thy Sacred Heart.

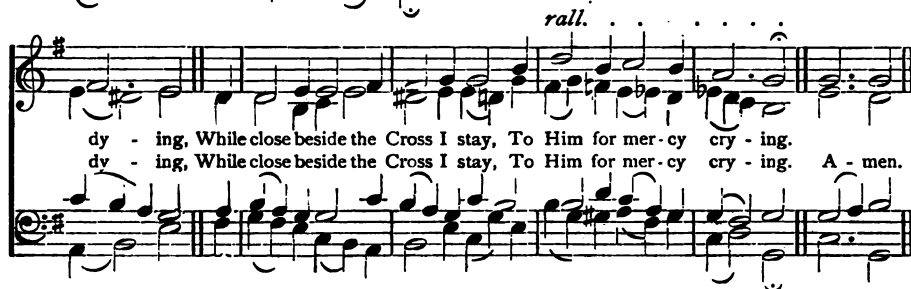
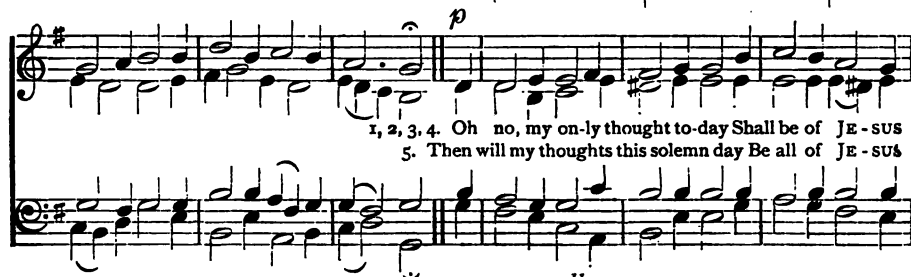
Thy children, LORD, at Thy dear Cross
Will through this day abide ;
Make Thou that Cross our only hope,
O JESUS Crucified. Amen.

Good Friday.

51 CROSS OF CALVARY. 8.7.8.7. D.

E. H. E. A.

Slow and sustained.



SHALL JESUS tread the path alone,
The Cross to Calvary bearing,
While I my LORD and GOD disown,
The world's vain pleasures sharing?
Oh no, my only thought to-day
Shall be of JESUS dying,
While close beside the Cross I stay,
To Him for mercy crying.

Upon the Cross shall JESUS thirst,
His lips all parched and burning,
While I refuse to fast and pray,
To mirth and feasting turning?
Oh no, my only thought, etc.

Shall Mary stand beside the Cross,
Her heart with anguish breaking,

While I in cold forgetfulness
My selfish ease am taking?
Oh no, my only thought, etc.

Shall JESUS bow His sacred Head
His soul to GOD commending,
While I for Whom His Blood was shed
In sloth the day am spending?
Oh no, my only thought, etc.

LORD, give me grace that I may know
The depths of Thine affliction,
And teach me to abhor the sin
That caused Thy Crucifixion.
Then will my thoughts this solemn day
Be all of JESUS dying,
While close beside the Cross I stay,
To Him for mercy crying. Amen.

Good Friday.

52 HOLY CROSS. 10.10.10.10.
Not too slowly.

ALFRED REDHEAD.



[Alternative Tune No. 54.]

FOR thirty-three sad years
CHRIST lived below,
A life of toil and tears,
Of want and woe.
Then on the Cross of pain
He paid our debt ;
For me He died in vain,
If I forget.

LORD, let Thy love prevail
This heart to break ;
Pity Thy child so frail,
My memory take :
If on Thy glory ever
My heart is set,
Never again, ah ! never
Will I forget. Amen.

* Small notes for second verse.

Good Friday.

53 S. MATTHEW. D.C.M.

CROFT.

A - men.

[Alternative Tune No. 130.]

UPON the Hill of Calvary
 I fain would watch to-day;
 With all who love and serve the LORD
 In deepest grief to stay,
 My soul shall mourn that sin of man
 The Sinless One hath slain,
 And nailed Him to the cruel Tree
 To die in bitter pain.
 O shelter for the sin-stained soul!
 O refuge tried and sweet!
 O sacred Cross where GOD's dear love
 And GOD's dread justice meet!

As to the patriarch of old
 A wondrous dream was given;
 So seems my Saviour's Cross to me
 A ladder unto Heaven.

Upon the Cross of Calvary
 Mine eyes shall ever see
 The bleeding, dying form of One
 Who suffered there for me:
 And from my smitten heart, O LORD,
 Two wonders I confess;
 The wonders of Thy glorious love
 And of my faithlessness. Amen.

Good Friday.

54 HAMILTON. 6.4.6.4. D.

GEOFFREY C. E. RYLEY.



[Alternative Tune No. 52.]

THE Holy One of GOD
Is slain to-day ;
He bleeds and dies to take
Thy sins away.
The Spotless Sacrifice
Redeems thy loss,
In deep repentance bow
Before His Cross.

Gaze on the thorn-crowned Head,
The crimson tide
Flowing from hands and feet,
And piercèd Side ;
"Tis finished," with parched lips
The Sufferer cries ;
Redemption's work is done,
And JESUS dies.

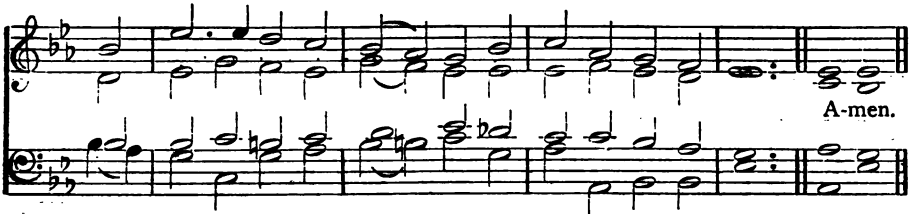
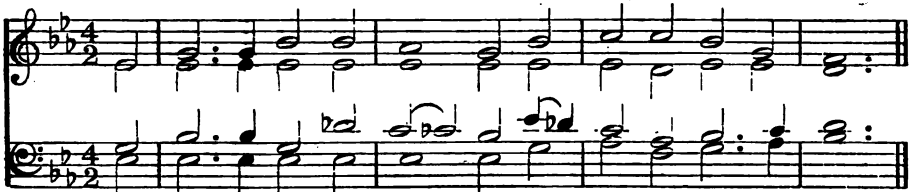
Cling to the Cross of CHRIST,
He died for thee,
Thou in His Passion hast
Thy only plea.
Though thou hast wandered far
Thy vows renew,
And at His sacred Feet
For mercy sue.

Saviour, in grief I fall
Thy Cross before,
Confessing that I have
Offended sore ;
O let me henceforth choose
The better part,
And make my home within
Thy broken Heart. Amen.

Good Friday.

55 "BESIDE THE CROSS." 7.6.7.6.

STRICKLAND.



[Alternative Tune No. 145.]

BESIDE the Cross of JESUS
Behold His Mother blest,
Her eyes are dim with weeping,
Her soul with grief oppress.

Deep through her heart is piercing
The sword long since foretold,
As thus, all torn and bleeding,
Her Son she doth behold.

She longs, with helpless sorrow,
To ease His cruel pain,
And rest upon her bosom
His Sacred Head again.

She cannot lift the thorn-wreath
Wherewith that Head is crowned,
She cannot staunch the life-blood
That drops upon the ground.

But through the awful darkness
She strives to see His Face,
And though the rocks are quaking,
She will not leave her place.

Virgin, how deep thine anguish
To see thy loved Son die,
Why did thy heart so tender
Not break with agony?

Because thou wast so truly
"The handmaid of the LORD,"
Because thy will was only
According to His Word.

So hadst thou grace and courage
To stand beside the Cross,
And see the world's redemption
Won through thy bitter loss. Amen.

Good Friday.

56 "ON THE CROSS." 7.7.7.5.

German.



ON the Cross the Saviour see,
Crowned with thorns for you and me,
O how great His love must be—
Worthy is the Lamb.

In the sinner's place He stood,
Freely shed His precious Blood ;
'Twas to bring us back to GOD—
Worthy is the Lamb.

Not for aught that He had done—
He was GOD's beloved Son—
But His death our ransom won—
Worthy is the Lamb.

In His wounding we had part,
'Twas our sin that caused His smart,
'Twas our hardness broke His heart—
Worthy is the Lamb.

He was harmless, undefiled,
Blessing, when by men reviled,
GOD the Father's Holy Child—
Worthy is the Lamb.

Once by wicked sinners slain,
JESUS died, but rose again ;
He shall come on earth to reign—
Worthy is the Lamb.

Little children though we be,
We may well rejoice in Thee,
Singing till our LORD we see—
Worthy is the Lamb. Amen.

Good Friday.

57 "UPON THIS DAY." C.M.

German.



[Alternative Tune No. 50.]

UPON this day—the saddest day
Of all the Christian year—
We sorrow for the pain and woe
Of our Redeemer dear.

We stand beneath the cruel cross
And see Him bleeding there,
And think of all the pain and woe
Which He for man did bear.

And JESUS from His Throne on High
Looks down well pleased to see
That we remember all His love,
And all His agony.

Then ever through His Passion sore
We will with Him abide,
And turn from worldly mirth away,
The day that JESUS died. Amen.

Good Friday.

58 STORY OF THE CROSS. 6.4.6.3. D

HY. SMITH.



I.—The Question.

IN His own raiment clad—
 With His Blood dyed :
 Women walk sorrowing
 By His side.
 Heavy that Cross to Him—
 Weary the weight ;
 One who will help Him waits
 At the gate.

See ! they are travelling
 On the same road—
 Simon is sharing with
 Him the load.
 Oh ! whither wandering
 Bear they that Tree ?
 He Who first carries it—
 Who is He ?

II.—The Answer.

Follow to Calvary—
 Tread where He trod—
 He Who for ever was
 Son of GOD.
 You who would love Him, stand,
 Gaze at His Face ;
 Tarry awhile on your
 Earthly race.

As the swift moments fly
 Through the blest week,
 Read the great story the
 Cross will speak.
 Is there no beauty to
 You who pass by
 In that lone figure, which
 Marks the sky ?

Good Friday.

III.—*The Story of the Cross.*

On the Cross lifted up,
Thy face I scan—
Bearing that Cross for me,
Son of Man.
Thorns form Thy Diadem,
Rough wood Thy throne ;
For me Thy Blood is shed—
Me alone

No pillow under Thee,
To rest Thy Head—
Only the splintered Cross
Is Thy bed.
Nails pierce Thy Hands and Feet,
Thy Side the spear ;
No voice is nigh to say
Help is near.

Shadows of midnight fall,
Though it is day ;
Thy friends and kinsfolk stand
Far away.
Loud is Thy bitter cry ;
Sunk on Thy Breast
Hangeth Thy bleeding Head
Without rest.

Loud scoffs the dying thief,
Who mocks at Thee ;
Can it, my Saviour, be
All for me ?
Gazing afar from Thee,
Silent and lone,
Stand those few weepers Thou
Call'st Thine Own.

I see Thy Title, LORD,
Inscribed above—
"JESUS of Nazareth,"
King of Love.
What, O my Saviour !
Here did'st Thou see,
Which made Thee suffer and
Die for me ?

IV.—*The Appeal from the Cross.*

Child of My grief and pain—
Watched by My love—
I came to call thee to
Realms above.
I saw thee wandering
Far off from Me :
In love I seek for thee—
Do not flee.

For thee My Blood I shed—
For thee alone ;
I came to purchase thee
For Mine Own.
Weep not for My grief,
Child of My love ;
Strive to be with Me, in
Heaven above.

V.—*Our Cry to Jesus.*

Oh, I will follow Thee,
Star of my soul,
Through the deep shades of life
To the goal.
Yes, let Thy Cross be borne
Each day by me—
Mind not how heavy if
But with Thee.

Lord, if Thou only wilt
Make me Thine Own,
Give no companion, save
Thee alone.
Grant through each day of life,
To stand by Thee,
With Thee, when morning breaks,
Ever to be. Amen.

Easter.

59

H. CAREY.

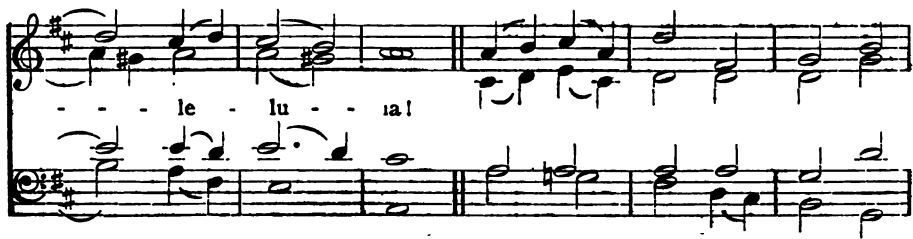
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The second system of musical notation consists of two staves. The top staff continues the melody from the first system, with lyrics "le - lu - ia!" written below it. The bottom staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The system ends with a double bar line.

The third system of musical notation consists of two staves. The top staff begins with a fermata and the dynamic marking *f* Al, followed by the lyrics "le - lu - ia.". The bottom staff continues the accompaniment. The system ends with a double bar line.

The fourth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The top staff continues the melody, ending with a fermata and the dynamic marking *f* Al The bottom staff continues the accompaniment. The system ends with a double bar line.

Easter.



JESUS CHRIST is risen to day,
 Alleluia!
 Our triumphant holy day,
 Alleluia!
 Who did once, upon the Cross,
 Alleluia!
 Suffer to redeem our loss.
 Alleluia!

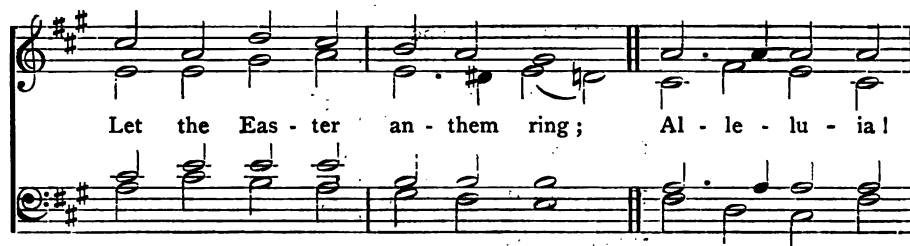
Hymns of praise then let us sing,
 Alleluia!
 Unto CHRIST, our Heavenly King,
 Alleluia!
 Who endured the Cross and Grave,
 Alleluia!
 Sinners to redeem and save.
 Alleluia!

But the pain which He endured,
 Alleluia!
 Our Salvation hath procured,
 Alleluia!
 Now above the sky He's King,
 Alleluia!
 Where the Angels ever sing.
 Alleluia! Amen.

PC 1311

Easter.

60 EASTER BELLS. 8.6.8.6.8.7.8.7.



Easter.



[Alternative Tune No. 62.]

NOW all the bells of Easter ring,
Their voices seem to say,
Come, celebrate the wondrous thing
That GOD has wrought to-day.

Alleluia ! Alleluia !

Let the Easter anthem ring ;

Alleluia ! Alleluia !

Glory to our Risen King.

For JESUS CHRIST has risen to-day,
To save and bless His own,
And all the Faithful homage pay
Before His Altar Throne.

Alleluia ! Alleluia ! etc.

And we, with all who love Him well,
Our joyful hymns will raise,
For children may the chorus swell
Of thankfulness and praise.

Alleluia ! Alleluia ! etc.

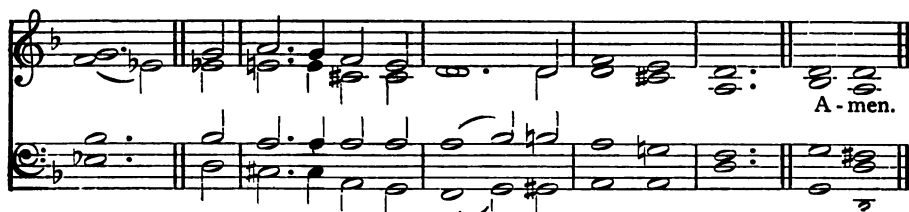
Now all the bells of Easter ring ;
With haste the call obey ;
For all the Church adores her King
Upon His festal-day.

Alleluia ! Alleluia ! etc. Amen.

Good Friday.

54 HAMILTON. 6.4.6.4. D.

GEOFFREY C. E. RYLEY.



[Alternative Tune No. 52.]

THE Holy One of GOD
Is slain to-day ;
He bleeds and dies to take
Thy sins away.
The Spotless Sacrifice
Redeems thy loss,
In deep repentance bow
Before His Cross.

Gaze on the thorn-crowned Head,
The crimson tide
Flowing from hands and feet,
And piercèd Side ;
"Tis finished," with parched lips
The Sufferer cries ;
Redemption's work is done,
And JESUS dies.

Cling to the Cross of CHRIST,
He died for thee,
Thou in His Passion hast
Thy only plea.
Though thou hast wandered far
Thy vows renew,
And at His sacred Feet
For mercy sue.

Saviour, in grief I fall
Thy Cross before,
Confessing that I have
Offended sore ;
O let me henceforth choose
The better part,
And make my home within
Thy broken Heart. Amen.

Good Friday.

55 "BESIDE THE CROSS." 7.6.7.6.

STRICKLAND.



[Alternative Tune No. 145.]

BESIDE the Cross of JESUS
Behold His Mother blest,
Her eyes are dim with weeping,
Her soul with grief oppress.

Deep through her heart is piercing
The sword long since foretold,
As thus, all torn and bleeding,
Her Son she doth behold.

She longs, with helpless sorrow,
To ease His cruel pain,
And rest upon her bosom
His Sacred Head again.

She cannot lift the thorn-wreath
Wherewith that Head is crowned,
She cannot staunch the life-blood
That drops upon the ground.

But through the awful darkness
She strives to see His Face,
And though the rocks are quaking,
She will not leave her place.

Virgin, how deep thine anguish
To see thy loved Son die,
Why did thy heart so tender
Not break with agony?

Because thou wast so truly
"The handmaid of the LORD,"
Because thy will was only
According to His Word.

So hadst thou grace and courage
To stand beside the Cross,
And see the world's redemption
Won through thy bitter loss. Amen.

Good Friday.

56 "ON THE CROSS." 7.7.7.5.

German.



ON the Cross the Saviour see,
Crowned with thorns for you and me,
O how great His love must be—
Worthy is the Lamb.

In the sinner's place He stood,
Freely shed His precious Blood;
'Twas to bring us back to GOD—
Worthy is the Lamb.

Not for aught that He had done—
He was GOD's beloved Son—
But His death our ransom won—
Worthy is the Lamb.

In His wounding we had part,
'Twas our sin that caused His smart,
'Twas our hardness broke His heart—
Worthy is the Lamb.

He was harmless, undefiled,
Blessing, when by men reviled,
GOD the Father's Holy Child—
Worthy is the Lamb.

Once by wicked sinners slain,
JESUS died, but rose again;
He shall come on earth to reign—
Worthy is the Lamb.

Little children though we be,
We may well rejoice in Thee,
Singing till our LORD we see—
Worthy is the Lamb. Amen.

Good Friday.

57 "UPON THIS DAY." C.M.

German.



[Alternative Tune No. 50.]

UPON this day—the saddest day
Of all the Christian year—
We sorrow for the pain and woe
Of our Redeemer dear.

We stand beneath the cruel cross
And see Him bleeding there,
And think of all the pain and woe
Which He for man did bear.

And JESUS from His Throne on High
Looks down well pleased to see
That we remember all His love,
And all His agony.

Then ever through His Passion sore
We will with Him abide,
And turn from worldly mirth away,
The day that JESUS died. Amen.

Good Friday.

58 STORY OF THE CROSS. 6.4.6.3.D

HY. SMITH.



I.—The Question.

IN His own raiment clad—
With His Blood dyed :
Women walk sorrowing
By His side.
Heavy that Cross to Him—
Weary the weight ;
One who will help Him waits
At the gate.

See ! they are travelling
On the same road—
Simon is sharing with
Him the load.
Oh ! whither wandering
Bear they that Tree ?
He Who first carries it—
Who is He ?

II.—The Answer.

Follow to Calvary—
Tread where He trod—
He Who for ever was
Son of GOD.
You who would love Him, stand,
Gaze at His Face ;
Tarry awhile on your
Earthly race.

As the swift moments fly
Through the blest week,
Read the great story the
Cross will speak.
Is there no beauty to
You who pass by
In that lone figure, which
Marks the sky ?

Good Friday.

III.—*The Story of the Cross.*

On the Cross lifted up,
Thy face I scan—
Bearing that Cross for me,
 Son of Man.
Thorns form Thy Diadem,
Rough wood Thy throne ;
For me Thy Blood is shed—
 Me alone

No pillow under Thee,
To rest Thy Head—
Only the splintered Cross
 Is Thy bed.
Nails pierce Thy Hands and Feet,
Thy Side the spear ;
No voice is nigh to say
 Help is near.

Shadows of midnight fall,
Though it is day ;
Thy friends and kinsfolk stand
 Far away.
Loud is Thy bitter cry ;
Sunk on Thy Breast
Hangeth Thy bleeding Head
 Without rest.

Loud scoffs the dying thief,
Who mocks at Thee ;
Can it, my Saviour, be
 All for me ?
Gazing afar from Thee,
Silent and lone,
Stand those few weepers Thou
 Call'st Thine Own.

I see Thy Title, LORD,
Inscribed above—
"JESUS of Nazareth,"
 King of Love.
What, O my Saviour !
Here did'st Thou see,
Which made Thee suffer and
 Die for me ?

IV.—*The Appeal from the Cross.*

Child of My grief and pain—
Watched by My love—
I came to call thee to
 Realms above.
I saw thee wandering
Far off from Me :
In love I seek for thee—
 Do not flee.

For thee My Blood I shed—
For thee alone ;
I came to purchase thee
 For Mine Own.
Weep not for My grief,
Child of My love ;
Strive to be with Me, in
 Heaven above.

V.—*Our Cry to Jesus.*

Oh, I will follow Thee,
Star of my soul,
Through the deep shades of life
 To the goal.
Yes, let Thy Cross be borne
Each day by me—
Mind not how heavy if
 But with Thee.

Lord, if Thou only wilt
Make me Thine Own,
Give no companion, save
 Thee alone.
Grant through each day of life,
To stand by Thee,
With Thee, when morning breaks,
 Ever to be. Amen.

Easter.

59

H. CAREY.

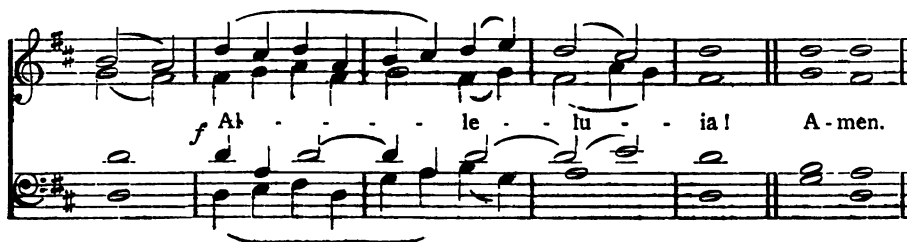
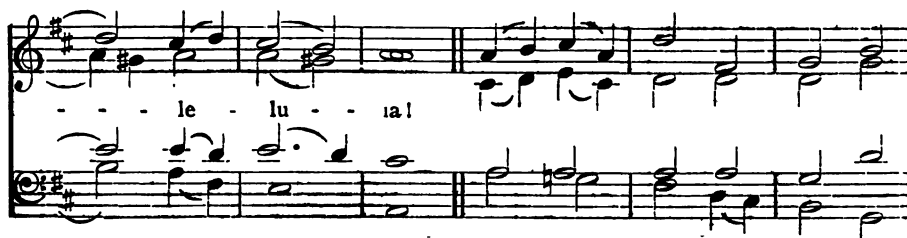
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The second system of musical notation consists of two staves. The top staff continues the melody from the first system, with lyrics 'le - lu - ia !' written below the notes. The bottom staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. A double bar line is present in the middle of the system.

The third system of musical notation consists of two staves. The top staff continues the melody, with lyrics 'f Al - - - - le - lu - ia.' written below. A dynamic marking 'f' is placed above the first note. The bottom staff continues the accompaniment. A double bar line is present at the end of the system.

The fourth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The top staff continues the melody, with lyrics 'f Al - - -' written below. A dynamic marking 'f' is placed above the first note. The bottom staff continues the accompaniment. A double bar line is present at the end of the system.

Easter.



JESUS CHRIST is risen to day,
Alleluia!
Our triumphant holy day,
Alleluia!
Who did once, upon the Cross,
Alleluia!
Suffer to redeem our loss.
Alleluia!

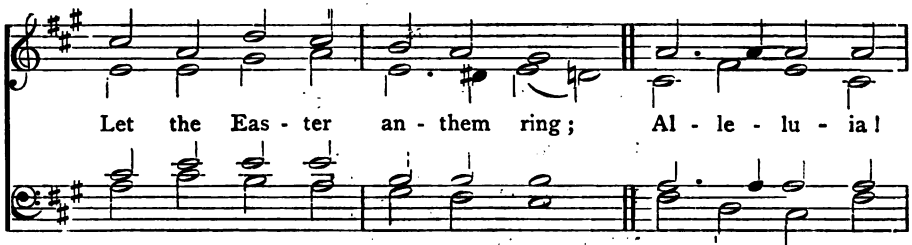
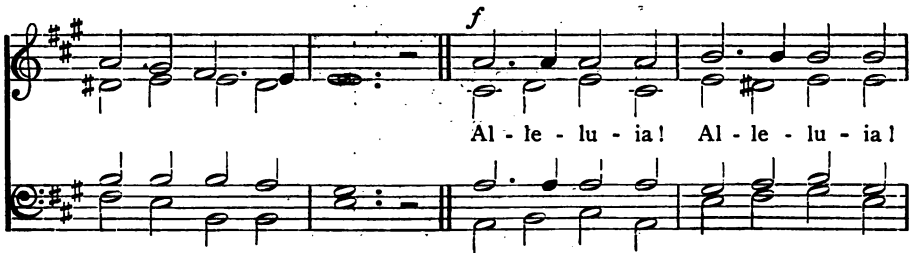
Hymns of praise then let us sing,
Alleluia!
Unto CHRIST, our Heavenly King,
Alleluia!
Who endured the Cross and Grave,
Alleluia!
Sinners to redeem and save.
Alleluia!

But the pain which He endured,
Alleluia!
Our Salvation hath procured,
Alleluia!
Now above the sky He's King,
Alleluia!
Where the Angels ever sing.
Alleluia! Amen.

PC 1311

Easter.

60 EASTER BELLS. 8.6.8.6.8.7.8.7.



Easter.



[Alternative Tune No. 62.]

NOW all the bells of Easter ring,
 Their voices seem to say,
 Come, celebrate the wondrous thing
 That GOD has wrought to-day.

Alleluia! Alleluia!

Let the Easter anthem ring;

Alleluia! Alleluia!

Glory to our Risen King.

For JESUS CHRIST has risen to-day,
 To save and bless His own,
 And all the Faithful homage pay
 Before His Altar Throne.

Alleluia! Alleluia! etc.

And we, with all who love Him well,
 Our joyful hymns will raise,
 For children may the chorus swell
 Of thankfulness and praise.

Alleluia! Alleluia! etc.

Now all the bells of Easter ring;
 With haste the call obey;
 For all the Church adores her King
 Upon His festal-day.

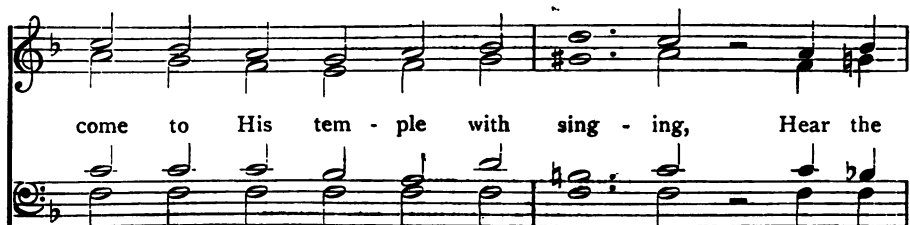
Alleluia! Alleluia! etc. Amen.

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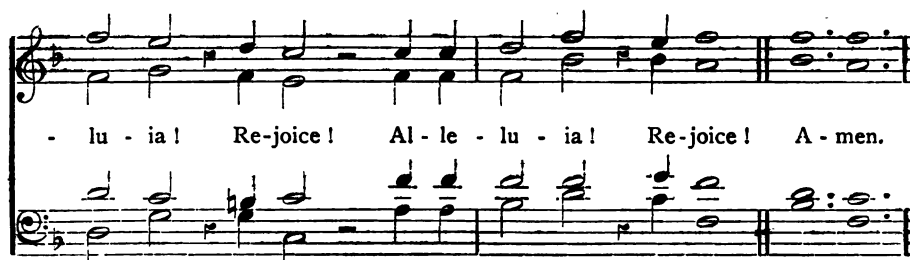
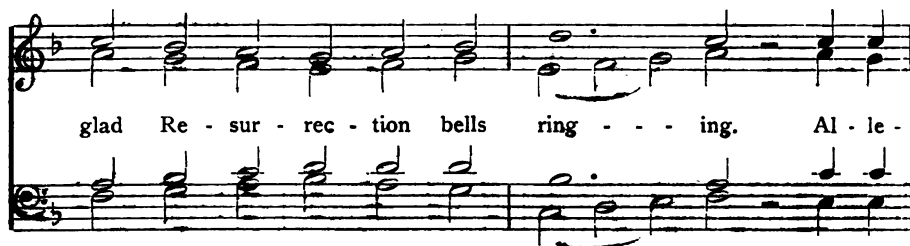
PC 1311

Easter.**61** "LET US SING ALLELUIA." 9.6.6.9.9.6.6.

E. H. E. A.



Easter.



LET us sing Alleluia to-day !
 For the triumph is won
 And the battle is done,
 CHRIST now opens the heavenly way.
 O come to His temple with singing,
 Hear the glad Resurrection bells ringing.
 Alleluia ! Rejoice ! Alleluia ! Rejoice !

Let us sing Alleluia to-day !
 He Who suffered and bled
 Is First-born from the dead ;
 See the place where the Saviour once lay.
 O come to His temple, etc.

Let us sing Alleluia to-day !
 For before it was light
 Came a messenger bright,
 And the stone from the tomb rolled
 away.
 O come to His temple, etc.

Let us sing Alleluia to-day !
 By His own will and might
 CHRIST hath put death to flight,
 And has spoiled the grave of its prey.
 O come to His temple, etc.

Let us sing Alleluia to-day !
 For thanksgiving and song
 To the Victor belong,
 Who a Conqueror comes from the fray !
 O come to His temple, etc. Amen.

✓ p c 1311

Easter.

62 "THE ANGELS' SONGS."

ALFRED REDHEAD.

Joyfully.

1. The An - gels' songs this joy - ful day Are ring - ing through the

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a vocal line (treble clef, C major, 4/4 time) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff, C major, 4/4 time). The vocal line begins with a quarter rest followed by a series of eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

Eas - ter sky, The LORD of Hosts has risen a - gain, And

The second system of musical notation. The vocal line continues with a series of eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment maintains the same rhythmic pattern, with chords in the right hand and a moving bass line.

JE - SUS lives no more to die. Al - le - lu - ia,

The third system of musical notation. The vocal line concludes with a series of eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern, ending with a final chord in the right hand and a sustained bass note.

Easter.

Al - le - lu - ia, this is what the An - gels say! Al - le - lu - ia,

The first system of the musical score features a vocal melody on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The melody is in a major key and begins with a treble clef. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

Al - le - lu - ia, we will sing with them to - day! A - men.

The second system continues the musical score with the same vocal and piano parts. The lyrics conclude with 'A - men.' and a double bar line.

2. In vain the soldiers strove to keep
The Holy One within the grave;
In vain they set a stone and seal
Upon the entrance of the cave.
Alleluia, Alleluia, etc.

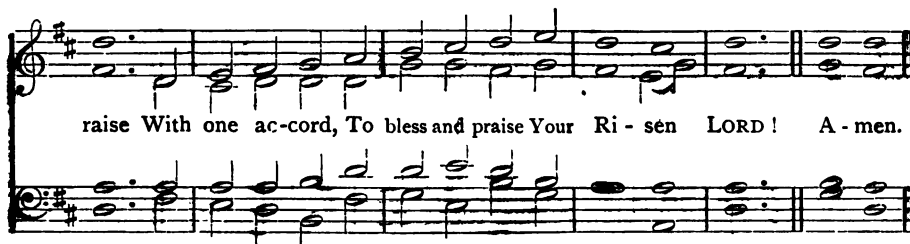
3. For on the Third Day, as He said,
He came again in triumph high,
And rose all glorious from the dead,
Glitt'ring with might and majesty.
Alleluia, Alleluia, etc.

4. We all must die, as JESUS died;
But now we hope with Him to rise;
And in these bodies glorified,
To reign with Him beyond the skies.
Alleluia, Alleluia, etc. Amen.

Easter.

63 DARWALL'S 148th. 6.6.6.6.4.4.4.4.

REV. J. DARWALL.



ON wings of living light,
At earliest dawn of day,
Came down the Angel bright
And rolled the stone away.
Your voices raise
With one accord,
To bless and praise
Your Risen LORD!

The keepers watching near,
At that dread sight and sound
Fell down with sudden fear,
Like dead men to the ground.
Your voices raise, etc.

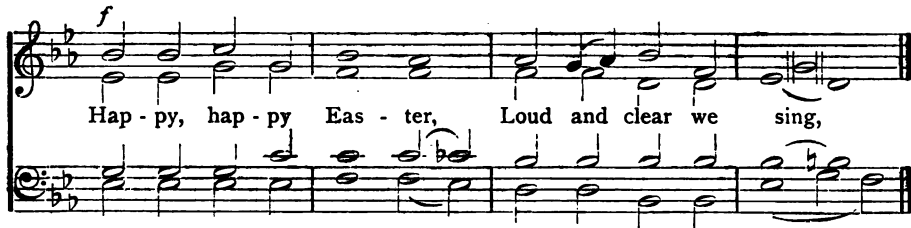
CHRIST rose from death's dark gloom
Unseen by mortal eye,
Triumphant o'er the tomb,
The LORD of earth and sky!
Your voices raise, etc.

Oh, let your hearts be strong,
For we like Him shall rise,
To dwell with Him ere long
In bliss beyond the skies!
Your voices raise
With one accord,
To bless and praise
Your Risen LORD! Amen.

Easter. *pe*

64 NEUENAH. 6.5.6.5. D.
Briskly.

GEO. H. WESTBURY.



[Alternative Tune No. 345.]

SING we Alleluia
On this joyful day,
JESUS CHRIST is risen,
Men and Angels say.
Happy, happy Easter,
Loud and clear we sing,
JESUS CHRIST is risen,
JESUS CHRIST is King.

Early in the morning,
He Who once was slain,
From the grave arising
Rose to life again.
Happy, happy Easter, etc.
Now He lives for ever,
And He hears us sing;
By His Resurrection
Death has lost its sting.
Happy, happy Easter, etc.

Amen.

pc 1657

Easter.

65 "O COME ON THIS BRIGHT EASTER-DAY." 8:6.8.6.8.7.8.7.

HY. SMITH.

He is ris-en! He is ris-en! JE-SUS takes from death its sting;

He is ris-en! He is ris-en! Vic-t'ry o'er the grave we sing. A-men.

[Alternative Tune No. 60.]

O COME on this bright Easter-day
Before the sun has risen,
And see the place where JESUS lay,
Who now has burst His prison!
He is risen! He is risen!
JESUS takes from death its sting;
He is risen! He is risen!
Victory o'er the grave we sing.
The Form that lay so cold and still,
In holy Joseph's grave,
Now lives again by His own will,
And shows His power to save.
He is risen! He is risen! etc.

The Maries came ere morning light
On that first Easter-day,
But earlier still the Angel bright
Had rolled the stone away.
He is risen! He is risen! etc.
And now their risen LORD they meet,
And hear His words "All Hail;"
They kneel and hold Him by the feet,
Then haste to tell the tale.
He is risen! He is risen!
JESUS takes from death its sting;
He is risen! He is risen!
Victory o'er the grave we sing.

Amen

Easter.

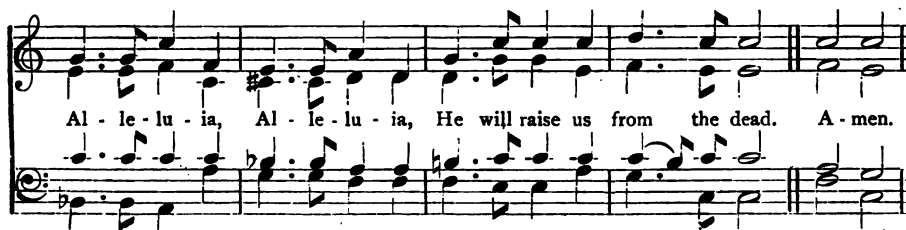
66 KEBLE. P.M.

HAROLD B. OSMOND, F.R.C.O.

Briskly.



REFRAIN.



WHY need the LORD's disciples fear
That in the grave He could remain,
When not the whole wide world would serve
The world's Creator to contain?
Alleluia, CHRIST is risen, as He said,
Alleluia, He will raise us from the dead.

Obedient unto death, He lay
Within the dark and silent grave,
And there He slept the sleep of death,
From power of death His own to save.
Alleluia. CHRIST is risen, etc.

We too, will lay us down in peace
When we have run our earthly race,
For JESUS CHRIST has made the grave
A safe and quiet resting place.
Alleluia, CHRIST is risen, etc.

Upon the Resurrection Day
Our bodies from the grave will rise,
And free from weakness, sin, and pain,
Rejoice with CHRIST beyond the skies.
Alleluia, CHRIST is risen, as He said,
Alleluia, He will raise us from the dead.

Amen.

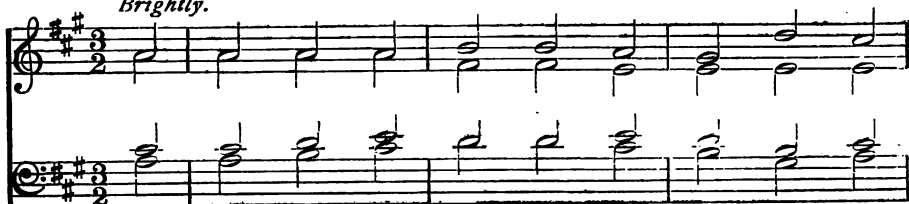
PC 1341

Easter.

67 "THREE WOMEN WENT FORTH." II. II. II. II.

HAYDN (arranged).

Brightly.



Easter.

THREE women went forth at the breaking of day,
Sweet ointment and spices on JESUS to lay,
Sad, sad were their hearts as they went through the gloom,
And thought of their LORD lying dead in the tomb.

'Twas all in a sepulchre Joseph had made,
Rough-hewn in the rock, that our Saviour was laid ;
And Joseph had rolled a great stone to the door,
And Pilate had sealed it to make it more sure.

There soldiers kept watch, keeping guard night and day
For fear that the CHRIST should be stolen away ;
But vain were the vigil and craft of His foes,
Triumphant o'er death and the grave He arose.

Three women drew nigh to the grave at the dawn,
The stone was rolled back, and their Saviour was gone,
And two shining Angels in garments so white,
With words of great joy put their sorrow to flight.

"All hail, blessed women ! Why weep for the dead ?
Your LORD is not here, He is ris'n, as He said.
Now come, see the place where the LORD lately lay,
Then haste, spread the news—He is risen to-day." Amen.

PC 1279

Easter.

68 JOY-BELLS. P.M.
mf Briskly.

CHARLES VINCENT, Mus.Doc.

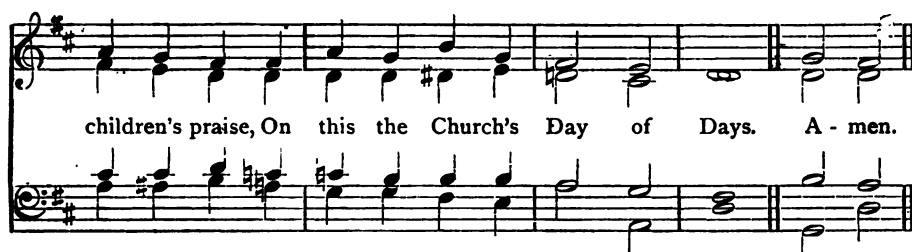
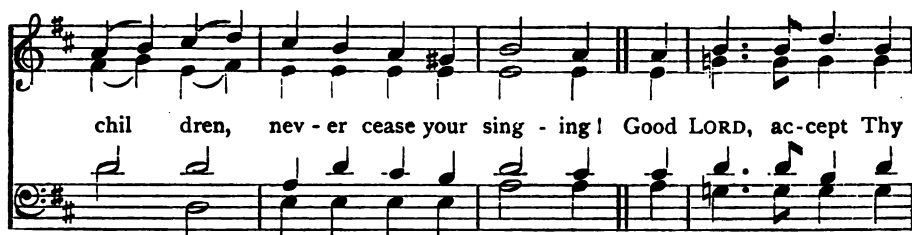
Joy - bells ring - ing, chil - dren sing - ing, Fill the air with

thank - ful praise. CHRIST is ris - en! CHRIST is ris - en!

cres. Hymns of joy to Him we raise. *f* Joy - bells, joy - bells,

nev - er cease your ring - ing; Chil - dren,

Easter.



Joy-bells ringing, children singing
Join the chorus loud and clear,
CHRIST is risen! CHRIST is risen!
Children's praise He loves to hear,
Joy-bells, joy-bells, etc.

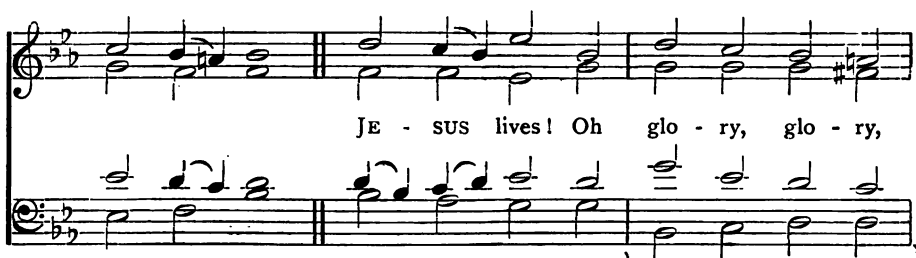
Earth seems brighter, hearts grow lighter
With the gladsome melody,
CHRIST is risen! Hear the Church bells
Pealing, pealing, joyfully.
Joy-bells, joy-bells, etc.

Joy bells clearer sound and nearer
To hearts filled with purity,
CHRIST is risen! All the ransomed
Now from sin's dark power are free.
Joy-bells, joy-bells, etc. Amen.

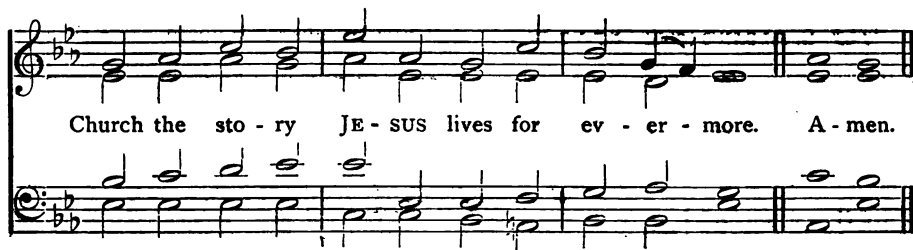
Easter.

69 EDSTASTON. 8.7.8.7. D.

GEOFFREY C. E. RYLEY.



Easter.



[Alternative Tune No. 70.]

CHRIST is risen ! Oh wondrous tidings !
 Full of love and peace sublime ;
 Sounding through the realms eternal
 Wafted o'er this world of time.
 JESUS lives ! Oh glory, glory,
 Tell it forth from shore to shore ;
 Sing through all the Church the story
 JESUS lives for evermore.

CHRIST is risen ! Oh who can measure
 All the fulness of that word ;
 He Who bled for our transgression
 Lives again our glorious LORD.
 JESUS lives ! Oh glory, glory, etc.

CHRIST is risen ! Oh full salvation
 For our lost and ruined race ;
 He Who died for man's redemption
 Justifies us by His grace.
 JESUS lives ! Oh glory, glory, etc.

CHRIST is risen ! His Resurrection
 Death and hell have put to flight ;
 And we now pass through death's portal
 To immortal life and light.
 JESUS lives ! Oh glory, glory, etc.

CHRIST is risen ! Let all who love Him :
 Rise to new and nobler life ;
 Every good desire make fruitful,
 Wage with sin a sterner strife.
 JESUS lives ! Oh glory, glory, etc. Amen.

Easter.

70 S. ALBAN'S (268). 8.7.8.7. D.

From S. Alban's, Holborn, Tune Book.



Easter.



[Alternative Tunes Nos. 69, 202.]

ANGELS, shout your Alleluias,
Loud and long your trumpets blow :
CHRIST, your King, returns from Hades,
He has trampled down the foe.

Alleluia ! Alleluia !
Be our rising GOD adored !
Alleluia ! Alleluia !
Keep a feast day to the LORD.

Virgin Mother, cease thy weeping,
Hail the GOD Whom thou didst bear ;
Of His woe thou wert partaker,
Now His gladness thou shalt share.
Alleluia ! Alleluia ! etc.

Seek no more thy lifeless Saviour,
He is risen, Magdalene !
Doubt no longer, sad Apostles,
Soon by you He will be seen.

Alleluia ! Alleluia ! etc.

Sinners, weeping with contrition,
You may peace and pardon win ;
He is risen Whose Name is JESUS,
He will save you from your sin.

Alleluia ! Alleluia !
Be our rising GOD adored !
Alleluia ! Alleluia !
Keep a feast day to the LORD.

Amen.

71 STEVENSON. D.C.M.

Easter.

SIR J. STEVENSON.



[Alternative Tune No. 85.]

THIS is the feast-day of our King
Who reigns in Heaven above ;
A day which should be dear to men,
And which the Angels love.
Accept, O glorious Risen King,
The homage that we pay,
Let it ascend the starry sphere
This happy Easter Day.

Sweet are the chants the Church doth raise
To greet her risen King ;
But sweeter far the songs of praise
The happy Angels sing.
And yet accept, O glorious King,
The homage that we pay,
Let it ascend the starry sphere
This happy Easter Day.

Though bright the blossoms we have brought
Thy house to beautify,
What are they to the changeless flowers
That ever bloom on high ?
And yet accept, O glorious King,
The homage that we pay,
Let it ascend the starry sphere
This happy Easter Day.

The sky is clear, and bright the sun
That sheds on us his ray,
But where Thy Beauteous Presence shines
There is eternal day.
Accept, O glorious Risen King,
The homage that we pay,
Let it ascend the starry sphere
This happy Easter Day. Amen.

Easter.

72 GILLINGHAM. L.M.

CLARKE.



[Alternative Tune No. 323.]

COME, join the kingly banquet, free
From Egypt's bondage, Egypt's sea ;
And clad in snow-white garments sing
A song of joy to CHRIST our King.

'Tis love that bids His Blood to flow,
To be our healing draught below ;
His Body too before us lies,
Our Victim, Food, and Sacrifice.

The wasting angel, as of yore,
Still shuns the threshold marked with gore ;
The sea as erst for Israel flows
To overwhelm its Ruler's foes.

For JESUS slain upon the rood
Is still our Pasch and Paschal food,
The new law's pure unleavened bread,
On which the pure in heart are fed.

O Victim High, beneath Whose power
The conquered realms of Satan cower,
Through Thee hath death unlocked his chain
And we eternal life regain.

To GOD the Father, GOD the Son
Who rose from death, be homage done,
All praise to GOD the Spirit be,
Eternal GODHEAD, One in Three. Amen.

Easter.

73 DARWALL'S 150th. L.M.

REV. J. DARWALL.



[Alternative Tune No. 29.]

ALL hail! dear Conqueror, all hail!
 Oh, what a victory is Thine!
 How beautiful Thy strength appears,
 Thy crimson wounds, how bright they shine!

Thou camest at the dawn of day;
 Armies of souls around Thee were,
 Blest spirits thronging to adore
 Thy Flesh so marvellous, so fair.

Ye heavens, within your blissful courts
 How sang the angelic choirs that day,
 When from His tomb the imprison'd God
 In sun-like splendour broke away!

Down, down all lofty things on earth,
 And worship Him with joyous dread;
 O Sin, thou art undone by love,
 O Death, thou art discomfited. Amen.

Easter.

74 "PRAISE HIM, PRAISE HIM." 10.10.10.10.

ALFRED REDHEAD.

Brightly.

1. Praise Him, praise Him, JESUS our Re-deem-er, Let ev'ry tongue His vic-to-ry pro-claim;

Hail Him, Hail Him, Angels high in glo-ry, Praise and hon-our of-fer to His Name. A-men.

2. Praise Him, Praise Him, JESUS our Redeemer,
The Lamb of GOD for men who bled and died;
See the Sacrifice for man's transgression,
Hail Him, Hail Him, JESUS crucified.
3. Praise Him, Praise Him, JESUS our Redeemer,
Through all the Church may glad Hosannas ring,
Victor o'er death and of the grave the spoiler,
Crown Him, crown Him, Prophet, Priest and King.
4. JESUS is ris'n, tell it out with gladness,
How every enemy is placed beneath His feet;
Man's rejected, He is GOD's elected,
At GOD's right Hand He takes His glorious seat.
5. Praise Him, Praise Him, once the King of Sorrows,
Bearing the Cross, the thorn-crown on His brow;
Head over all and mighty to deliver,
At GOD's right Hand He's King of Glory now. Amen.

Easter.

75 "WAKE, HAPPY SOULS." 11.10.11.10.

REV. R. OWEN.



WAKE happy souls, awake to songs of gladness,
Till the strain swells to Heaven's eternal shore,
Lift up your hearts, nor know one thought of sadness,
JESUS your King is risen for evermore.

O with what joy enraptured hearts are swelling, [and fast,
E'en though earth's sorrows fall so thick
Not of their own, but joys of JESUS telling,
Throned 'mid the light of endless bliss at last.

Angels from Heaven in glittering throngs descending,
Herald the joyous Victor on His way ;
Myriads of Saints with ranks of angels blending, [day.
Change Hades' night to dawn of blissful

Now happy souls from earth to heaven are soaring,
While Alleluias fill the joyous air ;
'Mid the glad choirs of spirit hosts adoring,
Breathing in suppliant love their earnest prayer.

Hail, Mighty King, in risen strength victorious ;
Hail, Orient light of Heaven's eternal day ;
Glittering with light of five bright wounds all glorious,
Shedding their beams o'er life's benighted way.

Listen, sweet JESUS, to our spirit's yearning,
Hear, from Thy throne beyond all earthly skies,
Soon may the blissful day of Thy returning
Dawn on our homeward path to Paradise.
Amen.

Easter.

76 FINCHINGFIELD. 8.7.8.3.

(1st Tune.)

ARTHUR H. BROWN.



ON the Resurrection morning
Soul and body meet again ;
No more sorrow, no more weeping,
No more pain.

Here awhile they must be parted
And the flesh its Sabbath keep,
Waiting in a holy stillness
Wrapt in sleep.

But the soul in contemplation
Utters earnest prayer and strong,
Breaking at the Resurrection
Into song.

Soul and body re-united
Thenceforth nothing shall divide,
Waking up in CHRIST'S own likeness
Satisfied.

O the beauty, O the gladness
Of that Resurrection Day,
Which shall not through endless ages
Pass away.

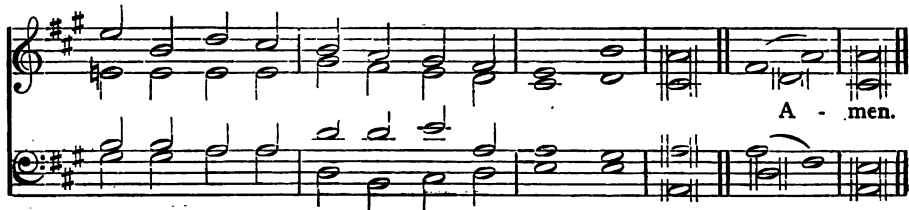
On that happy Easter morning
All the graves their dead restore,
Father, sister, child, and mother
Meet once more.

To that brightest of all meetings
Bring us, JESUS CHRIST, at last ;
By Thy Cross, through death and judgment,
Holding fast. Amen.

Easter.

76 MANSFIELD. 8.7.8.3.
(2nd Tune.)

E. H. TURPIN.



ON the Resurrection morning
Soul and body meet again ;
No more sorrow, no more weeping,
No more pain.

Here awhile they must be parted
And the flesh its Sabbath keep,
Waiting in a holy stillness
Wrapt in sleep.

But the soul in contemplation
Utters earnest prayer and strong,
Breaking at the Resurrection
Into song.

Soul and body re-united
Thenceforth nothing shall divide,
Waking up in CHRIST's own likeness
Satisfied.

O the beauty, O the gladness
Of that Resurrection Day,
Which shall not through endless ages
Pass away.

On that happy Easter morning
All the graves their dead restore,
Father, sister, child, and mother
Meet once more.

To that brightest of all meetings
Bring us, JESUS CHRIST, at last ;
By Thy Cross, through death and judgment,
Holding fast. Amen.

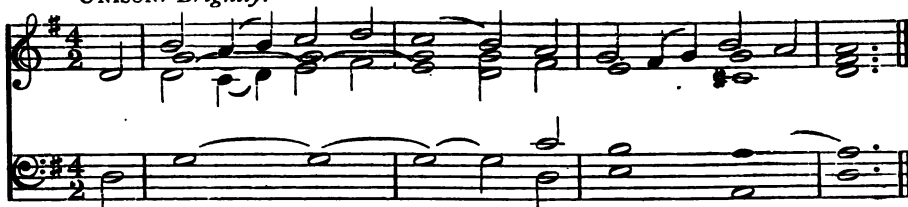
Easter.

PC 1311

77 EASTER CAROL. S.M.

UNISON. *Brightly.*

HY. SMITH.



O WELCOME, happy Day,
When JESUS rose again,
He took the sting of death away,
And opened heaven to men.

Each little girl and boy
The story sweet can tell,
About the strange and holy joy
On Easter Day that fell.

There was a rock-hewn Grave
In Joseph's garden ground,
Where CHRIST'S dear Body buried
lay,
With soldiers watching round.

But ere the dawn was risen
Upon that Easter Morn,
The King of Life had burst His prison
And put His foes to scorn.

And ere the sun was high
On that third happy day,
An Angel bright flew from the sky
And rolled the stone away.

The Holy Women brought
Their spices rich and rare,
The Grave was open'd, the LORD they
sought
No longer rested there.

Oh, what a wondrous sight ;
The soldiers all were gone,
And lo, behold an Angel bright
Was sitting on the stone.

"Fear not," he gently said,
"Ye seek your LORD again,
But He is risen, and left His Bed.
Come, see where He has lain."

Amen.

The Story of the Resurrection.

78

UNISON. *Not too fast.*

6.4.6.4.

J. M. BENTLEY, Mus.Doc.

The musical score is written for a single voice part (unison) and piano accompaniment. It consists of four systems of music. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system includes a *HARMONY ad lib.* section. The third system features a crescendo (*cres.*) and a decrescendo (*dim.*) marking. The fourth system concludes with a *slower.* marking. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4.

PART I.—*The Question.*

EARLY with blush of dawn,
Speeding away,
Shrouded in mourning robes,
Say, Who are they?
See, in their hands they bear
Spices most sweet;
Whom are they hastening
Early to greet?

Whose is that garden-fold
Eager they seek?
Why that stone rolled away,
Baffling the weak?
Why are they pausing now,
Close by the Cave?
Whom are they seeking for
In the dark grave!

The Story of the Resurrection.

HARMONY ad lib. A little quicker.



PART II.—*The Answer.*

These are the Maries three;
JESUS they seek,
Who on the Cross was nailed,
Gentle and meek.
This is the garden-fold
Wherein they laid,
Loving, His lifeless form,
Bold, yet afraid.

Trembling, they now behold
Where He had lain,
Clothed in shining robes,
Bright Angels twain.
Hark! they are speaking now—
"Fear not," they say;
"Whom you are seeking here
Is risen to-day!"

The Story of the Resurrection.

HARMONY *ad lib.* *Brisk.*



PART III.—*The Story of the Resurrection.*

Long ere the morning dawn
O'er the sealed stone,
O'er wheré the keepers watched,
Swift, He hath gone.

"JESUS can die no more,
Him shall ye see,
As He foretold to you,
In Galilee!"

Lo! as with haste they came,
Bringing their tale,
Greeting, His voice was heard—
"Children, all hail!"

When fell the eventide,
Through the closed door
To His disciples came
JESUS once more.

See, at His feet they kneel
Blessings to win,
"Peace," He is whispering,
"Pardon from sin."

"Peace," once again He breathes,
"Bear it abroad;
Peace to the contrite soul
Thirsting for GOD!"

Thomas the eighth day come,
Chiding, He bade
Touch the deep scars and wounds
The nails had made.

In the fair morning hour,
Nigh to the sea,
Asked He of Jonas' son—
"Lovest thou Me?"

"Feed this dear flock of Mine,
Bought with My Blood,
Preach ye, baptize, and win
Souls to their GOD.

"To your and My FATHER-GOD
Now I ascend,
Yet in My Church abide
On to the end!"

Then on Ascension Day,
By His own might,
JESUS to Heaven went
Up in their sight.

The Story of the Resurrection.

HARMONY *ad lib.* *A little quicker.*



PART IV.—Our Cry to Jesus.

Master, we cry to Thee,
 Leave not alone,
 Keep ever close to Thee,
 JESU! Thine own.
 Send us Thy HOLY GHOST,
 Comfort and Guide,
 Joyful and pure to make
 This Easter-tide.

Make us to share with Thee
 Thy risen life,
 So to be conquerors
 All through the strife.
 Gather our hearts to Thee,
 Burning with love,
 Till Thy blest Face we see
 Cloudless above! Amen.

Ascension.

79 HERMAS. 6.5., 12 lines.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

All His sufferings end - ed,

Joy-ful-ly we sing, Je-sus hath as-cend-ed, Glo-ry to our King! A - men.

[Alternative Tunes Nos. 246, 342.]

GOLDEN harps are sounding,
Angel-voices sing,
Pearly gates are opened—
Opened for the King;
JESUS, King of Glory,
JESUS, King of Love,
Has gone up in triumph
To His Throne above.

All His sufferings ended,
Joyfully we sing,
Jesus hath ascended,
Glory to our King!

He Who came to save us,
He Who bled and died,
Now is crowned with glory
At His Father's side;
Never more to suffer,
Never more to die,
JESUS, King of Glory
Has gone up on high.

All His sufferings ended,
Joyfully we sing,
Jesus hath ascended,
Glory to our King!

Interceding for us
In that Blessed Place,
Calling us to glory,
Sending us His grace;
His bright Home preparing,
Faithful ones, for you,
Jesus ever liveth,
Ever loveth too.

All His sufferings ended,
Joyfully we sing,
Jesus hath ascended,
Glory to our King!

Amen.

Ascension.

80 OLIVET. S.M.

E. EKLESS.



[Alternative Tune No. 77.]

THE Child of Mary passed
From Olivet to Heaven ;
To human frame, and will and heart
Are power and glory given.

The Crucified once slain
For us now intercedes ;
The Son of GOD, our living Priest,
His Death and Passion pleads.

Till Judgment there He claims
The things He meriteth,
The fruits of His obedient life,
And His redeeming death.

A glorious place in Heaven
He for His children won ;
And if we follow Him on earth
We go where He has gone.

And from His Judgment Throne
The glad words we shall hear :
"Ye blessed of My Father, come ;
Children of GOD, draw near.

O Royal Priest in Heaven,
We bring our prayers to Thee !
The Father ask, the Spirit give,
Blest be the Trinity. Amen.

Ascension.

81 "RISE, GLORIOUS VICTOR." 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

MILGROVE.

1. Rise, glo-rious Vic-tor, rise, Un-to Thy na-tive skies, As-sume Thy right;
 2. En-ter, In-car-date GOD, No feet but Thine have trod The ser-pent down;
 3. O LORD, as-cend Thy Throne, For Thou shalt reign a-lone Be-side Thy Sire

And where in many a fold The clouds are backward rolled, Pass thro' those gates of gold,
 The full-voiced trumpets blow, Wi-der the por-tals throw; Sa-viour, tri-umph-ant go
 And bless-ed Pa-ra-clete, The Three in One com-plete, Be-fore Whose aw-ful Feet

** f*
 And reign in light. And reign in light, And reign in light;
 And take Thy Crown. And take Thy Crown, And take Thy Crown;
 All foes ex-pire. All foes ex-pire, All foes ex-pire;

cres. *ff* *rall.* ***
 Pass thro' those gates of gold And reign in light.
 Sa-viour, tri-umph-ant go And take Thy Crown.
 Be-fore Whose aw-ful Feet All foes ex-pire. A-men.

* The eight bars between the signs may be omitted.

Ascension.

82 ST. OSWIN. C.M.

REV. J. B. DYKES.



[Alternative Tunes Nos. 83, 250.]

CHRIST led them unto Bethany,
He raised His Hands on high,
And, while He blessed them upward rose,
All glorious to the sky.

A cloud received Him from their sight,
A cloud of Angels fair,
Yet they continued gazing up,
As if He still were there.

But at the Angel's voice they turned
Back to Jerusalem,
In faith to wait the Gift from Heaven
Their LORD had promised them.

Then filled with GOD the HOLY GHOST,
They preached, baptized, and taught,
Till they, through suffering, pain and death,
To perfect joy were brought.

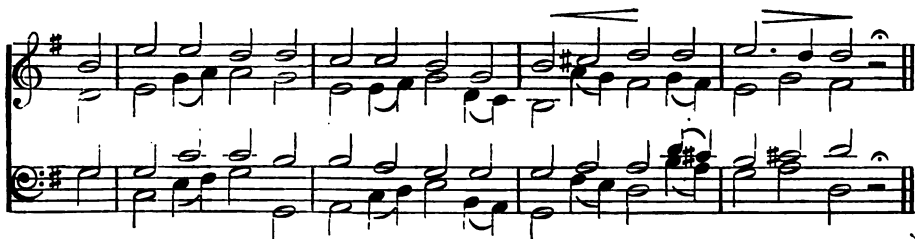
O Master, when our hearts are sad
Uplift them unto Heaven ;
If sloth should tempt us, show the crowns
To faithful servants given.

In danger guide and guard our steps,
Be nigh when earth seems fair,
Be here our Friend, our Strength, our Shield,
Our Joy and Glory there. Amen.

Ascension.

83 S. EDWARD.

REV. EDWARD L. HOPKINS.



Ascension.

UNISON. **HARMONY.**

Hear the choir of An - gels sing - ing, He has gone to reign,

UNISON. **f HARMONY.**

Glo-rious in the clouds of Hea - ven, He will come a - gain. A - men.

LIFT up, ye everlasting Doors,
 Lift up your heads on high,
 The Son of GOD returns again,
 In might and majesty ;
 To highest Heaven ascending,
 With Angel-guards attending,
 The Victor over death and sin,
 O take the King of Glory in.

Hear the choir of Angels singing,
 He has gone to reign,
 Glorious in the clouds of Heaven
 He will come again.

Home to His Father He has gone,
 To Him all power is given,
 He sits upon the Eternal Throne,
 The King of earth and Heaven,

No more in tears and sighing,
 No more in pain and dying,
 But harps and triumph songs are there
 And clouds of incense fill the air.

Hear the choir of Angels, etc.

Once more the glistening gates of pearl
 Shall let the King pass through,
 While loyal hearts of every age
 Adore their Monarch true,
 In pure white robes appearing,
 No pain nor sorrow fearing,
 They too, are conquerors over sin,
 O let the saints of JESUS in.

Hear the choir of Angels singing,
 He has gone to reign,
 Glorious in the clouds of Heaven,
 He will come again. Amen.

Ascension.

84 HARPS AND VOICES. 8.7.8.7.7.

German.

HARK, ten thousand harps and voices
 Sound the note of praise above ;
 JESUS reigns and Heaven rejoices,
 JESUS reigns the GOD of love,
 To the Saviour glory pay
 On His noble triumph day.

King of Glory, reign for ever,
 Thine an everlasting crown,
 Nothing from Thy love shall sever
 Those whom Thou hast made Thine own--
 Happy children of Thy love,
 Destined for the courts above.

Saviour, hasten Thine appearing,
 Bring, O bring the glorious day,
 When the awful summons hearing
 Earth and Heaven shall pass away ;
 Standing then before Thy Throne
 All shall own Thee LORD alone. Amen.

Ascension.

85 "WELCOME TO US." D.C.M.

German.

[Alternative Tune No. 268.]

WELCOME to us is Christmas morn,
 For then our Saviour mild
 In Bethlehem Town for us was born,
 A dear and Holy Child.
 But with our Christmas carols glad
 Are blent some notes of woe,
 To think what anguish for our sakes
 That Heavenly Babe must know.
 And good to us that blessed Day
 On which our Saviour died,
 And shed the water and the blood
 From out His precious Side.
 We thank the LORD Who saved us then,
 But glad we dare not be
 For thinking of the crown of thorns,
 And of the blood-stained Tree.

Our Easter Day is glad and bright,
 And Alleluias ring
 From all the Church to welcome back
 Her risen LORD and King.
 Yet not at blessed Eastertide
 The triumph is complete,
 Our Sayiour lingers yet on earth,
 Far from His Father's seat.
 But blest Ascension Day to us
 Brings happiness alone,
 We joy with our triumphant LORD,
 Ascending to His Throne ;
 And Angels welcome Him on high
 With glad and solemn lay ;
 Then let us echo back their songs,
 This bright Ascension Day. Amen.

Ascension.

86 THE ANGELS' KING. 8.7.8.7.D.

Smoothly.

The musical score is written for two staves, treble and bass clef, in 4/4 time and the key of D major (indicated by two sharps). The tempo/mood is marked 'Smoothly.' The score is divided into four systems. The first system begins with a repeat sign. The second system also contains a repeat sign. The notation includes eighth and sixteenth notes, rests, and various accidentals (sharps and naturals). The piece concludes with a final double bar line in the fourth system.

Ascension.



[Alternative Tune No. 802.]

JESUS treads the floor of Heaven,
 JESUS reigns the Angels' King ;
 JESUS is the Lamb they worship,
 JESUS is the Name they sing.
 All His pain and woe are over,
 All the shame and bitterness ;
 Henceforth, He in glory reigneth,
 King of might and righteousness.

Though our eyes no longer see Him,
 Still for us He intercedes,
 And His sacrifice prevailing,
 Ever with the Father pleads ;
 And He longs to bring His children
 To that land of peace and love,
 Ever, ever to be with Him
 In His Palace bright above.

Oh, that faith, and love, and longing,
 Might reveal Him to our eyes ;
 Oh, for Angels' wings to mount up
 Far above the starry skies,
 There to see Him in His glory,
 There to worship at His Feet,
 There to sing the song of triumph,
 There to know true bliss complete !

Courage, courage, soon the summons
 To that Holy land shall come,
 And our weary, wandering footsteps
 Never more shall leave their home ;
 JESUS, in Thy mercy, grant us
 Strength to conquer in the strife,
 Then hereafter, we shall praise Thee
 In those blissful realms of life.

Amen.

Ascension.

87 "UP IN HEAVEN."

JOHN HULLAH.

1. Up in Hea-ven, up in Hea-ven, In the bright place far a - way, He Whom bad men

mp

rall.

cru - ci - fied Sit - teth at His Fa - ther's side Till the Judgment Day. A - men.

f *rall.*

2. And He loves His little children,
And He pleadeth for them there,
Asking the Great GOD of Heaven
That their sins may be forgiven :
And He hears their prayer.

3. Never more a helpless Baby
Born in poverty and pain,
But with awful glory crowned,
With His Angels standing round
He shall come again.

4. Then the wicked souls shall tremble,
And the good souls shall rejoice ;
Parents, children, every one,
Then shall stand before His Throne,
And shall hear His voice.

5. And all faithful, holy Christians,
Who their Master's work have done.
Shall appear at His right Hand,
And inherit the fair land
That His love has won. Amen.

Ascension.

88 CREDITON. C.M.

T. CLARKE, Mus.Doc.



THE golden gates are lifted up,
The doors are open'd wide,
The King of Glory is gone in
Unto His Father's side.

Thou art gone up before us, LORD,
To make for us a place,
That we may be where now Thou art,
And look upon GOD's face.

And ever on our earthly path
A gleam of glory lies,
A light still breaks behind the cloud
That veils Thee from our eyes.

Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds,
Let Thy dear grace be giv'n,
That while we wander here below,
Our treasure be in Heaven.

That where Thou art, at GOD's right Hand,
Our hope, our love may be ;
Dwell Thou in us, that we may dwell
For evermore with Thee. Amen.

Ascension.

89 S. CYRES. 6.6.6.6.6.6.

HY. SMITH.

A - men.

THE Apostles watched their LORD
On Olivet's fair height,
And while they gaze, the cloud
Receives Him from their sight ;
JESUS our King ascends,
Lord of all power and might.

Heaven's countless hosts come forth
In all their bright array,
As through the shining stars
He takes His glorious way ;
Leaving the gloom of earth
For Heaven's eternal day.

Rise, King of Glory, rise,
While Alleluias sound,
And love like dew distils
On hearts in rapture bound ;
The LORD of Hosts returns,
The Conqueror is crowned.

Now GOD and Man for aye,
He sits upon the Throne,
And calls Himself our Friend,
And makes our cause His own.
Oh, may we share the bliss
Which He for us has won. Amen.

Ascension.

90 WEIMER. 7.7.7.7.

P. WEIMER.



[Alternative Tunes Nos. 91, 307.]

ON Ascension Day we raise
Unto GOD a hymn of praise ;
CHRIST, Who came on earth to die,
Now ascends triumphantly.

In the far-off Holy Land,
On the Mount of Olives stand
The Apostles and their LORD,
JESUS CHRIST, the Heavenly Word.

See Him now gone up on high,
Far beyond the bright blue sky,
To prepare a place above
For the children of His love.

As the Apostles stand and gaze
Into Heaven with great amaze,
Two bright angels ask them why
They look up into the sky.

JESUS, Who has gone away,
Will return to earth one day,
Coming in the clouds of heaven,
Power and glory to Him given.

Saviour, from Thy heavenly Throne,
Look in mercy on Thine own,
And prepare us by Thy love
For Thy glorious Home above.

Amen.

Whitsuntide.

91 RIBY. 7-7-7-7.

REV. J. BLACKBOURNE, C.F.



[Alternative Tunes Nos. 90, 307.]

JESUS CHRIST had gone away
On the bright Ascension Day,
And His Church on earth must dwell
Far from Him they love so well.

Think you that their hearts were sad?
Nay, the Apostles still were glad,
On His promise they depend—
“I, the Comforter will send.”

Like to living tongues of flame,
With a rushing wind there came
On this day of Pentecost,
Gloriously, the Holy Ghost.

Into truth the Church to guide,
Evermore doth He abide ;
Gifts of grace from Him proceed,
Sacraments for every need.

Holy Spirit, may we stay,
In Thy Church we humbly pray ;
There by Thee sustained and fed
Till our feet to Heaven are led.

From the Father, through the Son
Forth proceeding—with Them One,
Holy Ghost ! accept the praise
We, Thy grateful children, raise. Amen.

Whitsuntide.

92 BERLIN. C.M.

German.



[Alternative Tunes Nos. 124, 250.]

HE comes ! He comes ! the Holy One
From Heaven's eternal shore ;
His uncreated Essence fills
His saints as they adore.

Earth quakes before that rushing blast,
Heaven echoes back the sound ;
How mightily the tempest stirs
That upper Room around !

What gifts He gave those chosen men
Past ages can display ;
Nay more, their vigour still inspires
The weakness of to-day.

Those tongues still speak within the Church,
That fire is undecayed ;
Its well-spring was that upper room
Where those twelve princes prayed.

The Spirit came into the Church
With His unfailing power ;
He is the living Heart that beats
Within her at this hour.

Ah, see ! how like the Incarnate Word
His blessed Self He lowers,
To dwell with us invisibly,
And make His riches ours.

Most tender Spirit, mighty GOD !
Sweet must Thy presence be,
If loss of JESUS can be gain
So long as we have Thee. Amen.

Whitsuntide.

93 VENI CREATOR. P.M.
VOICES (TREBLES IN UNISON).

ATTWOOD.

1. Come, HO - LY GHOST, our souls in - spire, And
2. En - a - - ble with per - pet - ual light, The
3. Teach us to know the Fa - ther, Son, And

ORGAN.

light - - en with ce - les - - tial fire ;
dul - - ness of our blind - - ed sight ;
Thee, of Both, to be but One ;

Thou the a - noint - ing Spi - rit art, Who dost Thy
A - noint, and cheer our soil - ed face, With the a -
That through the a - ges all a - long, This may

Whitsuntide.

sev - en - fold gifts im - part. Thy bless - ed unc - tion
 - bun - dance of Thy grace. Keep far our foes, give
 be our end - less song— Praise to Thy e -

from a - bove Is com - fort, life, and fire of
 peace at home; Where Thou art Guide no ill can
 - ter - nal mer - it, Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly

(Last verse rall.) *

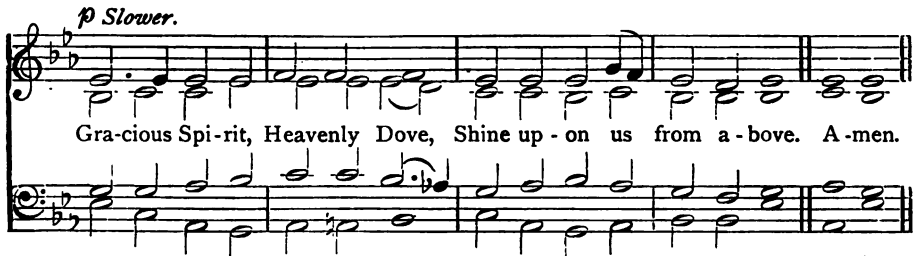
love, Is com - fort, life, and fire of love.
 come, Where Thou art Guide no ill can come.
 Spi - rit; Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Spi - rit. A - men.

* Small notes for last verse.

Whitsuntide.

94 VESPER. 8.7.8.7.7.7.

SIR J. STEVENSON.



[Alternative Tune No. 288.]

HOLY Spirit, bless Thy children
 With Thy sevenfold gifts of grace,
 We are Thine, O make us holy,
 Guide us on our earthly race.
 Gracious Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
 Shine upon us from above.

Many a danger lies before us,
 Many a sorrow we must know ;
 Through all dangers bring us safely,
 Comfort in our griefs bestow.
 Gracious Spirit, etc.

'Tis by Thee alone, sweet Spirit,
 We can think of Heaven at all ;

Only Thine indwelling Presence
 Saves us from a sinful fall.
 Gracious Spirit, etc.

All our steps by Thee are guarded,
 And in sleep Thy Grace is nigh ;
 Holy Angels at Thy bidding
 Hover round us from on high.
 Gracious Spirit, etc.

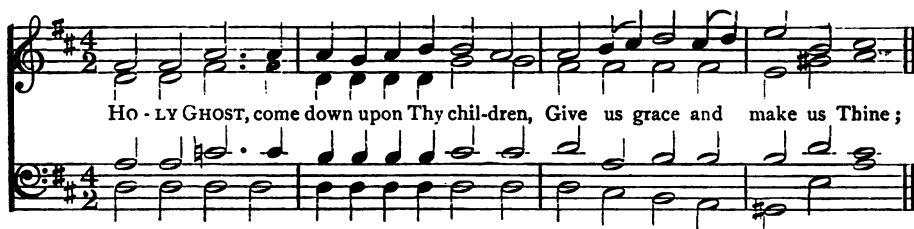
Give us Wisdom, Understanding,
 Counsel, Godliness, and Might,
 Knowledge, Fear, to walk for ever
 As dear children in Thy sight.
 Gracious Spirit, etc.

Amen.

Whitsuntide.

95 S. BARTHOLOMEW. P.M.

REV. E. B. LAYARD.

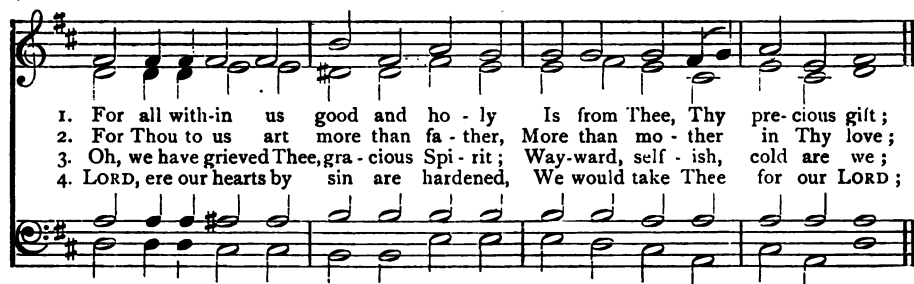


HO - LY GHOST, come down upon Thy chil-dren, Give us grace and make us Thine ;



Thy fire of love with - in us kin - dle, Bless - ed Spi - rit, Dove Di - vine.

FINE.



1. For all with-in us good and ho - ly Is from Thee, Thy pre - cious gift ;
 2. For Thou to us art more than fa - ther, More than mo - ther in Thy love ;
 3. Oh, we have grieved Thee, gra - cious Spi - rit ; Way - ward, self - ish, cold are we ;
 4. LORD, ere our hearts by sin are hardened, We would take Thee for our LORD ;



D.C.

In all our joys and all our sor rows, Wist - ful hearts to Thee we lift.
 So gen - tle, pa - tient, and for - bear - ing, Ho - ly Spi - rit, Heaven - ly Dove.
 And still our sins, new ev - 'ry morn - ing, Nev - er yet have wea - ried Thee.
 O dear - est Spi - rit, make us faith - ful To Thy least and light - est word. A - men.

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Whitsuntide.

96 CARLISLE. S.M.

LOCKHART.

The musical score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in 4/2 time with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody is primarily in the Treble staff, while the Bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The piece consists of two systems of music. The first system has four measures, and the second system has four measures, ending with a double bar line. The notation includes various note values (half, quarter, eighth notes), rests, and chordal textures.

[Alternative Tunes Nos. 231, 313.]

COME, Holy Spirit, come !
O hear my humble prayer ;
Stoop down and make my heart Thy home,
And shed Thy blessing there.

Thy light, Thy love impart,
And let it ever be
A holy, happy, loving heart,
A dwelling-place for Thee. Amen.

Whitsuntide.

97 BENEVENTO. 7.7.7.7. D.

S. WEBBE.

[Alternative Tune No. 34.]

HOLY Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
Come in power, breathe life and love,
Show the brightness of Thy Face,
Testify of JESUS' grace ;
Cleanse each thought, control each word,
All Thy gracious aid afford ;
And our lives henceforth shall be
Bright and beautiful in Thee.

We are dark, be Thou our light ;
We are weak, be Thou our might ;
We are sinful, make us pure ;
We are wavering, us assure ;
We are weary, give us rest ;
We are lonely, be our Guest ;
We are restless, end our strife ;
We are dying, give us life.

Love implant in us, O LORD,
Joy in CHRIST to each accord ;
In His Peace let all be blest,
With *Long Suffering* send us rest :
Gentleness and *Goodness* give,
Faith bestow that we may live ;
Teach us *Meekness* every hour,
Self-Control increase in power.

This Thy fruit in loved ones grown
Nourished is by Thee alone ;
Thou the living Spirit art,
Unto us Thy grace impart ;
And when earthly fruit is dust,
Thine shall flourish in the just :
LORD, this fruit from Thee is found—
Let it in our lives abound. Amen.

Whitsuntide.

98 ADORATION. 6.6.6.6.8.8.

Old Melody.



A-men.

WHEN JESUS CHRIST our LORD
 Ascended up to Heaven,
 He spoke these loving words—
 "My peace to you is given :
 I will not leave you till the end,
 The Comforter I soon will send."

The solemn time was come,
 The blessed Whitsun Day,
 Within that upper room
 The Apostles knelt to pray.
 The women too, with one accord,
 And Mary, mother of our LORD.

When the third hour came round,
 And all were still in prayer,
 They heard a mighty sound,
 And knew that GOD was there.
 This rushing, mighty sound from Heaven
 Told them the Comforter was given.

A gentle, kindly flame
 Forth from the Father's light,
 On every head it came
 And rested there in sight.
 And then they spoke that wondrous word
 Which drew men's hearts unto the LORD.

We pray Thee, GOD of grace,
 To keep Thy promise now
 Draw us to seek Thy Face,
 And when in prayer we bow
 The Spirit to Thy servants send,
 And never leave us till the end. Amen.

Whitsuntide.

99 HARTEST. 7.6.7.6. D.

ARTHUR H. BROWN.

[Alternative Tune No. 195.]

ANOTHER feast to hallow,
The Church her children calls,
She loves to see them gather
Within her sacred walls ;
To joy when she rejoices,
And mourn when she laments,
By holy acts rehearsing
Life's holiest events.

At Christmas we have welcomed
With joy our new-born LORD,
And with the Church at Easter
The Risen One adored.
Now He Who at Ascension
Was taken from our sight,
At Whitsun sends the Spirit
Of Wisdom and of Might.

For did not once, descending
Like cloven tongues of fire,
The Pentecostal Spirit
Three thousand hearts inspire,
And spread throughout all regions
The new-born Church's Name,
Breathing His Life upon her,
Lighting the Holy Flame.

Upon this Feast so holy
May GOD the Spirit lead
The Church's faithful children
To every holy deed.
O Father, send Thy blessing,
O Son, with us abide,
O Holy Spirit, guide us
At this glad Whitsuntide. Amen.

Whitsuntide.

100 EASTER HYMN. 7s., with Alleluias.

W. H. MONK.

Quickly.

Al - le - lu - ia.

The first system of the hymn is written in 4/2 time. The treble staff features a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment of eighth notes. The lyrics 'Al - le - lu - ia.' are placed between the staves.

Al - le - lu - ia.

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics 'Al - le - lu - ia.' are repeated between the staves.

Al - le - lu - ia.

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics 'Al - le - lu - ia.' are repeated between the staves.

Al - le - lu - ia. A-men.

The fourth system concludes the hymn. The melody ends with a final cadence, and the lyrics 'Al - le - lu - ia. A-men.' are written between the staves.

[Alternative Tune No. 59.]

Whitsuntide.

JESUS from the dead arose, Alleluia.
From the glory fled His foes, Alleluia.
JESUS from the earth has gone, Alleluia.
And His friends are sad and lone. Alleluia.

Thirsty, yearned they for His grace, Alleluia.
Weary, longed to see His Face, Alleluia.
While the bare and empty shrine, Alleluia.
Waited for the Guest divine. Alleluia.

GOD has come again to earth, Alleluia.
Filling hearts with holy mirth, Alleluia.
And the rushing wind of might, Alleluia.
Sweeps away the the clouds of night. Alleluia.

And the Apostolic choir, Alleluia.
Glowing with the tongues of fire, Alleluia.
Clearer now and joyous raise, Alleluia.
CHRIST their Monarch's endless praise. Alleluia.

GOD has let His breath go forth, Alleluia.
And renewed the face of earth, Alleluia.
In His Church for evermore, Alleluia.
We the King of kings adore. Alleluia. Amen.

The Story of the Descent of

101

6.4.6.4.

ALFRED REDHEAD.

Part I.—The Question.

Smoothly, but not too slowly.

1. With - in the up - per room Low - ly they kneel,
Ga - thered in heaven - ly love, In ho - ly zeal.

2. With anxious hearts they wait,
Watching each sound,
List'ning with patient hope,
With faith profound.

3. But say who then are these?
Why are they still?
What is their fervent hope?
What their fond will?

The Holy Ghost.

Part II.—The Answer.

1. These are the cho - sen few, JE - SU'S e - lect,

The first system of musical notation for 'The Holy Ghost' features a vocal melody in treble clef and piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics '1. These are the cho - sen few, JE - SU'S e - lect,' are written below the vocal line.

Who for His own dear sake Did all re - lect.

The second system of musical notation continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'Who for His own dear sake Did all re - lect.' are written below the vocal line.

2. These who have watched with Him
In the deep shade,
Who on the mountain top
With Him have prayed ;

3. Now are they waiting till,
His word fulfilled,
Help from on high shall come,
Grace be instilled ;

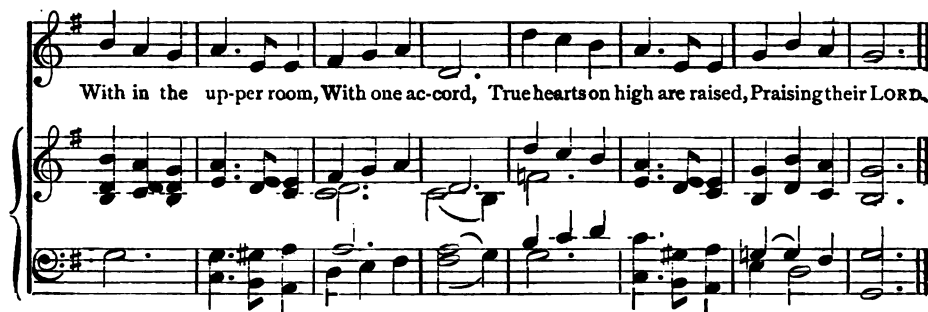
4. Till from His heavenly throne
Shall swift descend
GOD, the blest Comforter,
Them to befriend.

The Story of the Descent of

Part III.—The Story.



1. The Day of Pen-tecost, In beauteous morn, O-ver Je - ru - sa-lem Is ful-ly born.



With in the up-per room, With one ac-cord, True hearts on high are raised, Praising their LORD.

2. But as their hymns of praise

Gladly are given,
A rushing mighty wind
Is heard from heaven.

It filleth all the house
Where they are met,
And cloven tongues of fire
On each are set.

3. Now is fulfilled the word

Which Joel told,
Now doth the HOLY GHOST
His gifts unfold.

But lo! the hardened Jews,
Though they perceive
What wondrous things are done,
Will not believe;

4. E'en though in his own tongue

Each one may hear
That 'tis the hand of GOD
Working thus near.

Till by Saint Peter's words,
Zealous and bold,
Their hearts at length were loosed
From sin's dark hold.

5. Thus through the HOLY GHOST

Thousands believed,
And into GOD'S own Church
Were then received.

Then went that noble band
And preached the word
Into all lands, and died
For their dear LORD.

The Holy Ghost.

Part IV.—Our Cry to Jesus.

1. LORD JE - SU, GOD most high, To Thee we call,

The first system of musical notation for 'The Holy Ghost'. It features a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The lyrics '1. LORD JE - SU, GOD most high, To Thee we call,' are written below the staff. The piano accompaniment consists of a right-hand part in treble clef and a left-hand part in bass clef, both with the same key signature and time signature. The piano part includes chords and single notes, with some measures containing rests.

Hear from Thy heaven - ly throne, Dread Judge of all. A - men.

The second system of musical notation. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'Hear from Thy heaven - ly throne, Dread Judge of all. A - men.' The piano accompaniment continues with chords and single notes, ending with a double bar line.

2. Pour in our barren hearts
Thy holy love,
Send Thy blest Comforter
From heaven above.

3. We, like the Jews of old,
Have hearts of stone;
Oft we reject the Word,
And Thee disown.

4. Yes, LORD, by deepest sin,
How oft have we
Nailèd Thy piercèd hands
To that dread tree!

5. Oh! for forgiveness, LORD,
Humbly we plead,
O may Thy love for us
Still intercede.

6. And never more may we
From that love stray.
But in its fulness dwell
In endless day. Amen.

Trinity.

102 HILLER, 7s, 6 lines.

German.

[Alternative Tune No. 181.]

HOLY, Holy, Holy, LORD
 GOD of Hosts, Eternal King,
 By the heavens and earth ador'd,
 Angels and Archangels sing,
 Chanting everlastingly
 To the Blessed Trinity.

Thousands, tens of thousands stand,
 Spirits blest before the Throne,
 Speeding thence at Thy command ;
 And when Thy commands are done,
 Singing everlastingly
 To the Blessed Trinity.

LORD, by Thee all things were made,
 LORD, in Thee all things do live,
 To Thee be all honour paid,
 Thanks and praise let all things give,
 Singing everlastingly
 To the Blessed Trinity.

Alleluia ! LORD, to Thee,
 FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
 GODHEAD One, and Persons Three,
 Join us with the heavenly host,
 Singing everlastingly
 To the Blessed Trinity. Amen.

Trinity.

103 CHERUBIM AND SERAPHIM. 8.7.8.7. D.

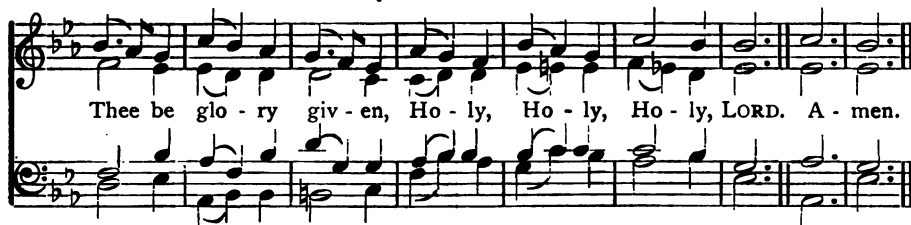
CHARLES VINCENT, Mus.Doc.

Moderato.

cres.



REFRAIN. *Briskly.*



ROUND the LORD in glory seated
Cherubim and Seraphim
Fill'd His temple, and repeated
Each to each th' alternate hymn :

LORD, Thy glory fills the Heaven ;
Earth is with its fulness stored ;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, Holy, Holy, LORD

Heav'n is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the Angels' cry,
"Holy, Holy, Holy,"—singing,
"LORD of hosts, the LORD most High."
LORD, Thy glory, etc.

With His seraph train before Him,
With His holy Church below,
Thus unite we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow :
LORD, Thy glory, etc. Amen.

Trinity.

104 PALESTINE. 7.6.8.6. D.

Old Melody.

O FATHER, GOD Almighty,
O JESUS, GOD the Son,
O Spirit, GOD the HOLY GHOST,
Eternal Three in One :
Look down in love and mercy
Upon this world below,
And grant we may from day to day
In holy wisdom grow.

O Father, Who hast made us,
And all the things we see,
The sky and clouds, and sun and moon,
Each beast, and bird, and tree ;
Look on Thy faithful children,
Still guard them for Thine own,
Until they stand, at Thy Right Hand,
Before Thy glorious Throne.

O JESUS, Who hast suffered,
All sinners to redeem ;
And shed Thy blood to save us,
In pure and holy stream :
Grant we may never forfeit
The blessings Thou hast given ;
But give us grace to see Thy Face,
For evermore in Heaven.

Blest Spirit, Who dost strengthen
GOD's people day by day,
And sanctify and help them
Upon their toilsome way ;
O leave us not, but help us
To go from strength to strength,
Until this life of toil and strife
Shall end in peace at length. Amen.

Trinity.

105 RICHMOND. 7.7.6.

REV. F. A. J. HERVEY.



[Alternative Tunes Nos. 156, 348, 351, 354, 355.]

HOLY Father! hear Thine own,
Hear us, JESUS! Holy Son!
Holy Spirit, Three in one!
Bless Thy little children.

Father, Who hast made us all,
Low in worship now we fall,
On Thy Name of Love we call,
Bless Thy little children.

JESUS CHRIST, True GOD! Who came
In our flesh, in woe and shame,
Ever praised be Thy name,
Bless Thy little children.

Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove!
Brood within us by Thy love,
Lift our hearts to things above,
Bless Thy little children.

Trinity in Unity,
As with Angels reverently,
We adore Thy Majesty,
Bless Thy little children.

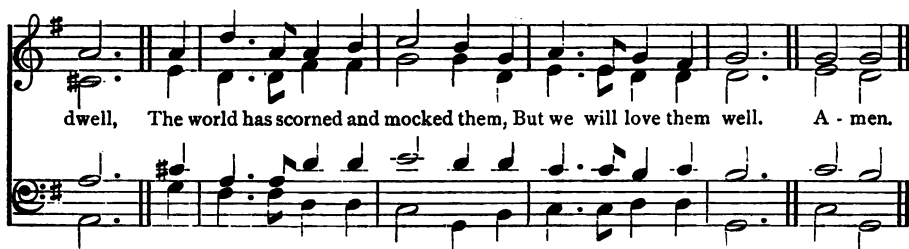
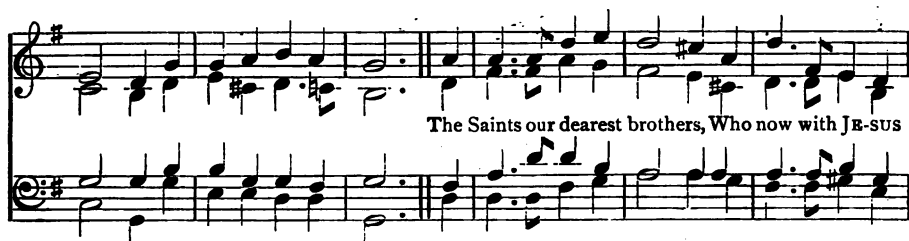
May we steadfastly believe
All Thou bidst us to receive,
Hearts and lives in worship give,
Bless Thy little children.

When at length our crowns are won,
Life o'erpast and Heaven begun,
GOD the Father, Spirit, Son,
Bless Thy little children. Amen.

The Saints.

106 HOLY CHURCH. 7.6.7.6. D.

ARTHUR H. BROWN.



[Alternative Tune No. 312.]

THE Saints, all crowned with glory,
In Heaven's eternal day,
To JESUS, our Redeemer,
For our salvation pray.

The Saints our dearest brothers,
Who now with JESUS dwell,
The world has scorned and mocked
them,
But we will love them well.

We love that sacred Virgin,
The Mother of our GOD ;
We love the LORD'S Apostles,
Who in His footsteps trod.
The Saints, etc.

We love the noble Martyrs,
The virgin choir we love,
The matrons and confessors,
And all the Saints above.
The Saints, etc.

Temptations sore assail us,
But oh ! we need not faint,
Such trials were the portion
Of every glorious Saint.
The Saints, etc.

And if we love our Saviour,
We too shall have the grace,
Like them to win the battle,
With them to see His Face.
The Saints, etc. Amen.

The Saints.

107 "EVER SHOULD WE RAISE OUR EYES." 7s., 6 lines.

Old Melody.

[Alternative Tune No. 10.]

EVER should we raise our eyes,
From the earth to Paradise,
Thinking of the Saints who rest,
After toil in Abram's breast,
Lest we faint in our distress,
Through exceeding weariness.

Twelve Apostles Thou did'st choose
To proclaim the Gospel news ;
Godly Teachers sent to win
Souls from ignorance and sin ;
Priests and Bishops now with Thee ;
And the Virgin company ;

Faithful servants who went home
Through the sea of martyrdom ;
And the Saints through grief and shame,
Brave Confessors of Thy Name—
These have gained the Heavenly Land,
Now before GOD'S Throne they stand.

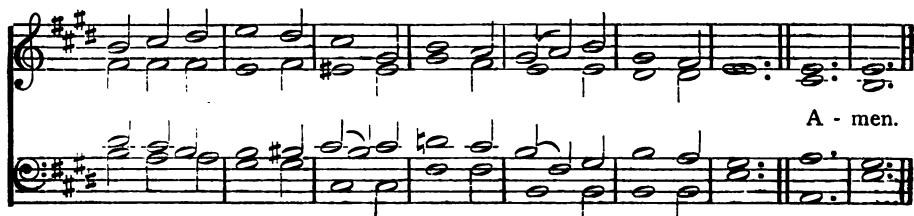
Glory, LORD, to Thee alone,
Who dost glorify Thine own,
For their zeal, their psalms of praise,
Nights of prayer and toilsome days,
Fearless heart and valiant deed,
Holding fast the changeless creed.

Strengthen us to run our race,
With the same upholding grace ;
That when Thou shalt come with dread,
Judging both the quick and dead,
They with us and we with them,
May attain Thy diadem. Amen.

The Saints.

108 "SHALL WE NOT LOVE THEE.?" C.M.

REV. R. OWEN.



A - men.

SHALL we not love thee, Mother dear,
Whom JESUS loves so well?
And to His glory year by year,
Thy joy and honour tell.

Bound with the curse of sin and shame,
We helpless sinners lay,
Until in tender love He came
To bear the curse away.

And thee He chose from whom to take
True flesh His Flesh to be;
In it to suffer for our sake,
By it to make us free.

Thy Babe He lay upon thy breast,
To thee He cried for food;
Thy gentle nursing soothed to rest
Th' Incarnate Son of GOD.

O wondrous depth of grace Divine
That He should bend so low;
And Mary, O what joy was thine,
All His dear love to know!

Joy to be Mother of the LORD,
And thine the truer bliss,
In every thought, and deed, and word,
To be for ever His.

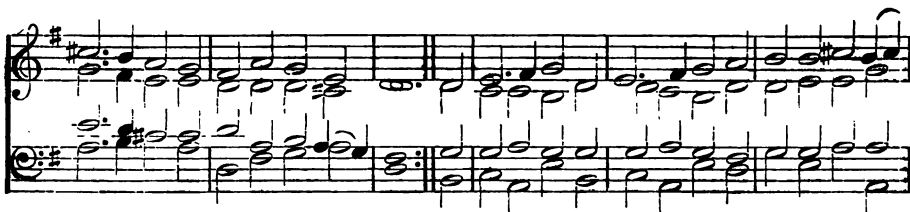
And as He loves thee, Mother dear,
We, too, will love thee well;
And in His Temple, year by year,
Thy joy and honours tell.

JESUS, the Virgin's Holy Son,
We praise Thee, and adore,
Who art, with GOD the Father, One,
And Spirit evermore. Amen.

The Saints.

109 STEVENSON. D.C.M.

SIR J. STEVENSON.



[Alternative Tune No. 268.]

WHAT mortal tongue can sing thy praise,
 Dear Mother of the LORD !
 To Angels only it belongs
 Thy glory to record.
 Say, Virgin, what sweet force was that
 Which from the Father's breast
 Brought down His co-Eternal Son
 To be thy bosom's guest ?

'Twas not thy guileless faith alone
 That lifted thee so high ;
 'Twas not thy pure seraphic love,
 Thy peerless chastity :
 But, O, it was thy lowliness,
 Well pleasing to the LORD,
 That made thee worthy to become
 The Mother of the Word.

O Loftiest, whose humility
 So sweet it was to see,
 That GOD, forgetful of Himself,
 Abas'd Himself to thee.
 Praise to the Father, with the Son,
 And HOLY GHOST, through whom
 The Word eternal was conceiv'd
 Within the Virgin's womb. Amen.

The Saints.

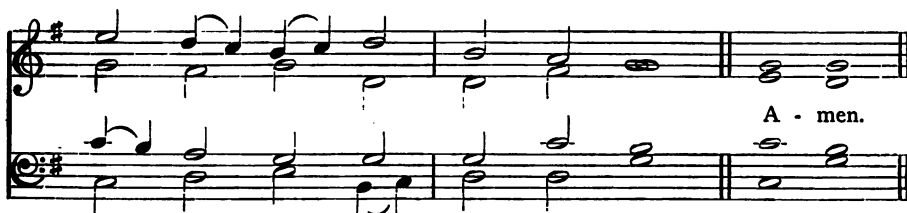
110 BAMBERG. 8.8.7.7.

German.



Small notes for verse 3.

Small notes for verses 2 & 3.



VIRGIN-BORN, we bow before Thee ;
 Blessed was the womb that bore
 Thee ;
 Mary, Maid and Mother mild,
 Blessed was she in her Child.

Blessed was the breast that fed Thee ;
 Blessed was the hand that led Thee ;
 Blessed was the parent's eye
 That watched Thy slumbering infancy.

Blessed she by all creation,
 Who brought forth the world's Salvation,
 And blessed they—for ever blest,
 Who love Thee most and serve Thee
 best.

Virgin-born, we bow before Thee ;
 Blessed was the womb that bore Thee ;
 Mary, Maid and Mother mild,
 Blessed was she in her Child. Amen.

The Saints.

111 S. ALBAN'S (330). 6.6.6.6.

From S. Alban's, Holborn, Tune Book.



O WHAT light and glory
Deck Thee all resplendent,
Thou of Royal David
Glorious descendant!

Mary ever Virgin,
Who in Heaven art dwelling,
All the choirs of Angels
Evermore excelling.

Mother, yet the honour
Of a Virgin bearing,
For the LORD of Angels
Dwelling pure preparing.

Him within Thy bosom
Chastely thou enshrinest,
Thus our GOD Incarnate
Takes His Flesh divinest.

May His pity grant us,
Far our darkness sending,
With Thee in His Glory
Joy and light unending.

Hear us, Holy Father,
Through Thy Son supernal,
With the Holy Spirit,
LORD and GOD eternal. Amen.

The Saints.

112 S. CYRES. 6.6.6.6.6.6.

HY. SMITH.

THE PRESENTATION.

BEHOLD the Mother comes,
And in her arms she brings
The Light of all the world,
The CHRIST, the King of kings;
And in her heart the while
All silently she sings.

St. Joseph follows near,
Filled with adoring love,
While Angels round about
In glowing circles move;
And o'er the Mother broods
The everlasting Dove.

There in the Temple Court
Old Simeon's heart beats high,
And Anna feeds her soul
With food of prophecy:
But see, the shadows pass,
The world's true Light draws nigh.

O Infant GOD, O CHRIST,
O Light most beautiful,
Thou comest, joy of joys,
All darkness to annul;
And brightest lights of earth
Beside Thy Light are dull. Amen.

The Saints.

113 ROMFORD. 7-5-7-5-7-7.

ARTHUR H. BROWN.

THE HOLY INNOCENTS.

AS St. Joseph lay asleep,
Came an Angel fair,
Saying, "Take the Holy Child
Trusted to your care
Into Egypt, flee by night
Far from Herod's cruel might."

In the darkness he arose,
As the Angel bade,
Took the Blessed Babe Divine,
And the Mother-Maid—
Left the Home they loved so well,
In that far-off land to dwell.

Then King Herod, filled with rage,
Knowing not the LORD,
Every helpless babe destroyed

With the spear and sword :
How their mothers wept for them
Through the coasts of Bethlehem !

Would those weeping eyes could see
That sweet Infant Band,
Harping with their harps of gold,
On Mount Sion stand ;
While the Lamb for Whom they died
Keeps them ever at His side.

Holy JESUS, grant to us
Spotless purity,
May we, like these Innocents,
Live and die to Thee ;
May we here Thy name confess,
Share in heaven Thy happiness.

Amen.

The Saints.

114 CHILDREN'S WORSHIP. 7.6.7.6.

HY. SMITH.

Slowly.

A-men.

[Alternative Tune No. 55 or 235.]

IN Paradise reposing,
By life's eternal well,
The tender lambs of JESUS
In greenest pastures dwell.

There palms and tiny crownlets,
Aglow with brightest gem,
Bedeck the baby martyrs
Who died in Bethlehem.

With them the happy army
Of children undefiled,
Who passed through mortal torments
For love of CHRIST the Child ;

With them in peace unending,
With them in joyous mirth,
Are all the stainless infants
Who since have gone from earth.

The Angels, once their guardians,
Their fellows now in grace,
With them in love adoring,
See GOD the Father's Face.

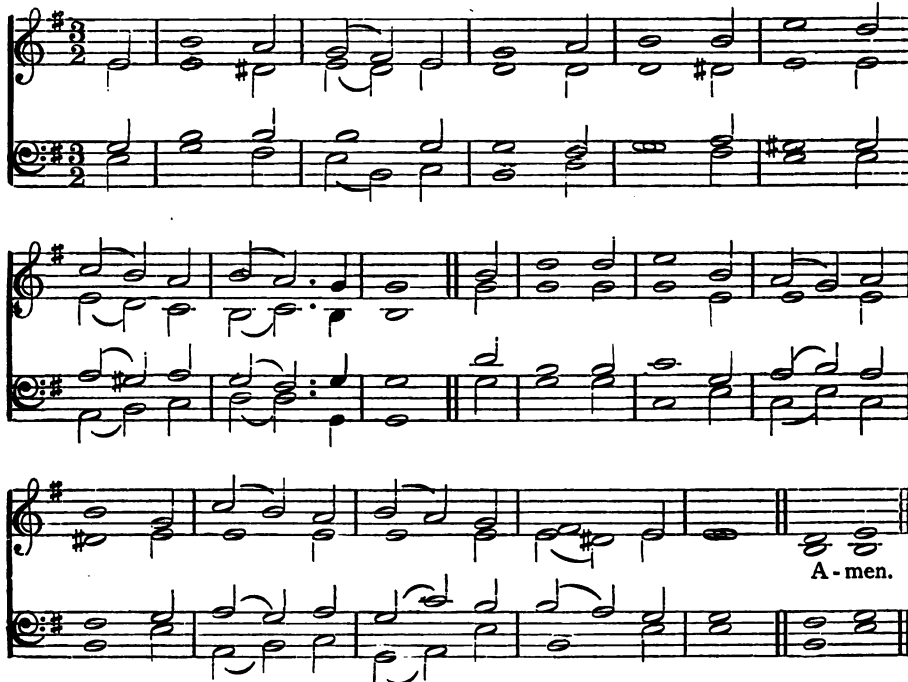
O JESUS, loving Shepherd,
Grant us their bliss to share,
Thou hast called them to Heaven,
Bring us to join them there.

Amen.

The Saints.

115 "JESUS, THE VIRGINS' CROWN." L.M.

Old French Melody.



[Alternative Tune No. 29 or 73.]

JESUS, the Virgins' crown, do Thou
Accept us as in prayer we bow,
Born of that Virgin whom alone
The Mother and the Maid we own.

Amongst the lilies Thou dost feed,
And thither choirs of Virgins lead ;
Adorning all Thy chosen Brides
With glorious gifts Thy love provides.

And whither, LORD, Thy footsteps wend,
The Virgins still with praise attend ;
For Thee they pour their sweetest song,
And after Thee rejoicing throng.

O Gracious LORD, we Thee implore
Thy grace on every sense to pour ;
From all pollution keep us free,
And make us pure in heart for Thee.

All praise to GOD the Father be,
All praise, Eternal Son, to Thee,
Whom with the Spirit we adore
For ever and for evermore. Amen.

The Holy Angels.

116 SALVATORI. 7.6.7.6. D.

SALVATORI.

[Alternative Tunes Nos. 106, 215.]

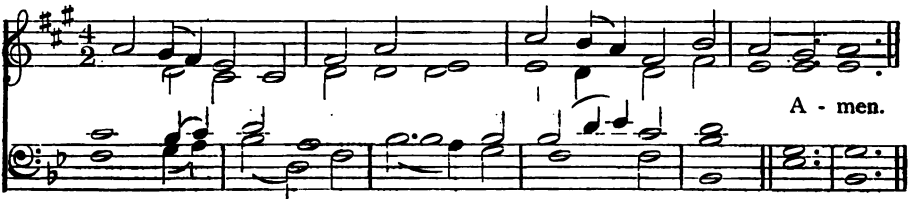
I LOVE the holy Angels
 So beautiful and bright,
 And though I cannot see them,
 They're with me day and night :
 They watch around my bedside,
 They see me at my play,
 They know my every action,
 They hear the words I say.
 'Tis GOD our Heavenly Father,
 Who doth the Angels send,
 To guard His little children,
 Until their life shall end :
 When I am cross and naughty,
 The holy Angels grieve ;
 For they are sad when children
 The way of goodness leave.

And when I die the Angels
 Will bear my soul away,
 While here my body resteth
 Until the judgment day ;
 They'll bear me gently, softly,
 With loving care most sweet,
 And lay me down in safety
 At my Redeemer's feet.
 At last, with Blessed Spirits,
 And holy men of old,
 And all good friends who love me,
 Too many to be told,
 I shall be with the Angels,
 And all that people bright—
 For ever, and for ever,
 In GOD's most glorious light.
 Amen.

The Holy Angels.

117 WARRINGTON. L.M.

HARRISON.



[Alternative Tunes Nos. 73, 205.]

AROUND the Throne of GOD a band
Of glorious Angels ever stand ;
Bright things they see, sweet harps they hold,
And on their heads are crowns of gold.
Some wait around Him, ready still
To sing His praise, and do His Will ;
And some, when He commands them, go
To guard His servants here below.
LORD, give Thy Angels every day
Command to guide us on our way,
And bid them every evening keep
Their watch around us while we sleep.
So shall no wicked thing draw near,
To do us harm or cause us fear ;
And we shall dwell, when life is past,
With Angels round Thy Throne at last. Amen.

The Holy Angels.

118 "BEFORE THE FATHER'S THRONE." C.M.



[Alternative Tune No. 168 or 199.]

BEFORE the Father's Throne in heaven
The glorious Angels stand :
Their only wish, their only joy,
To do their LORD'S command.

Some ever rest before His Face,
And praise Him all day long ;
Singing in never-ending strains
Their blessed, joyous song.

And some for little children care,
And round them fold their wings,
To guard them from the tempter's snare,
And from all hurtful things.

Some Angels walk beside the priest
When he is called to see
The sick and dying ones, for there
The Angels love to be.

Some stand where penitents pour out
Their tale of sin and woe,
And smile to see the Precious Blood
O'er the forgiven flow.

These Holy Angels never choose,
And never wish or ask
For other work than what GOD gives
To be their daily task.

And we must like the Angels be,
Not choosing good or ill,
But humbly striving day by day
To do GOD'S holy Will. Amen.

The Holy Angels.

119 S. JUDE. 8.7.8.7.

SIR J. BARNBY.



[Alternative Tune No. 247 or 318.]

GLAD I am to think my Angel
Watches ever by my side,
Sent by GOD from highest heaven,
Me, His sinful child, to guide.

Over me his bright face shineth,
Speaks his voice so soft and low,
Though as yet the sight is hidden,
Though not yet his speech I know.

'Twas an Angel told St. Mary
She should bear the Holy Child,
Angels cheered our Blessed Saviour,
Lonely in the desert wild.

'Twas an Angel, in His Passion
Stayed our sad and suffering LORD ;
Angels, of His Resurrection
Brought the holy women word.

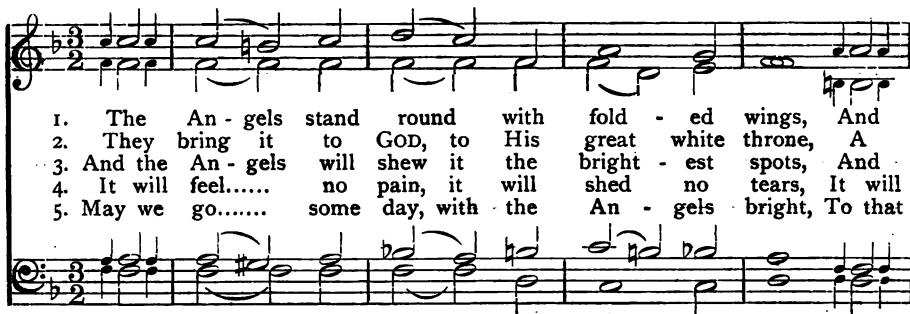
Now o'er His baptisèd children
Holy Angels watch around ;
JESU ! may I ever faithful
To my Guardian's voice be found.

Grant that at my dying pillow
I may feel his presence blest ;
May he bear my ransomed spirit
Safe to my eternal rest ! Amen.

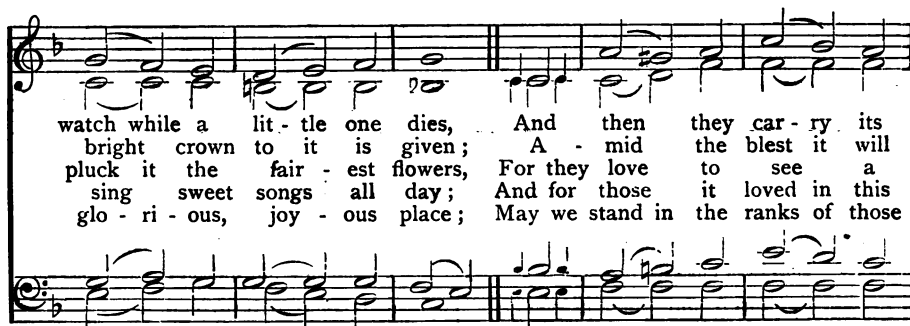
The Holy Angels.

120 "THE ANGELS STAND ROUND." Irregular.

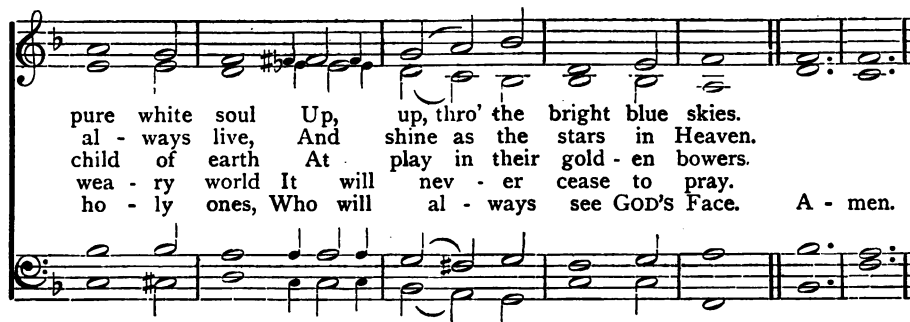
REV. RICHARD OWEN.



1. The An - gels stand round with fold - ed wings, And
 2. They bring it to GOD, to His great white throne, A
 3. And the An - gels will shew it the bright - est spots, And
 4. It will feel..... no pain, it will shed no tears, It will
 5. May we go..... some day, with the An - gels bright, To that



watch while a lit - tle one dies, And then they car - ry its
 bright crown to it is given; A - mid the blest it will
 pluck it the fair - est flowers, For they love to see a
 sing sweet songs all day; And for those it loved in this
 glo - ri - ous, joy - ous place; May we stand in the ranks of those



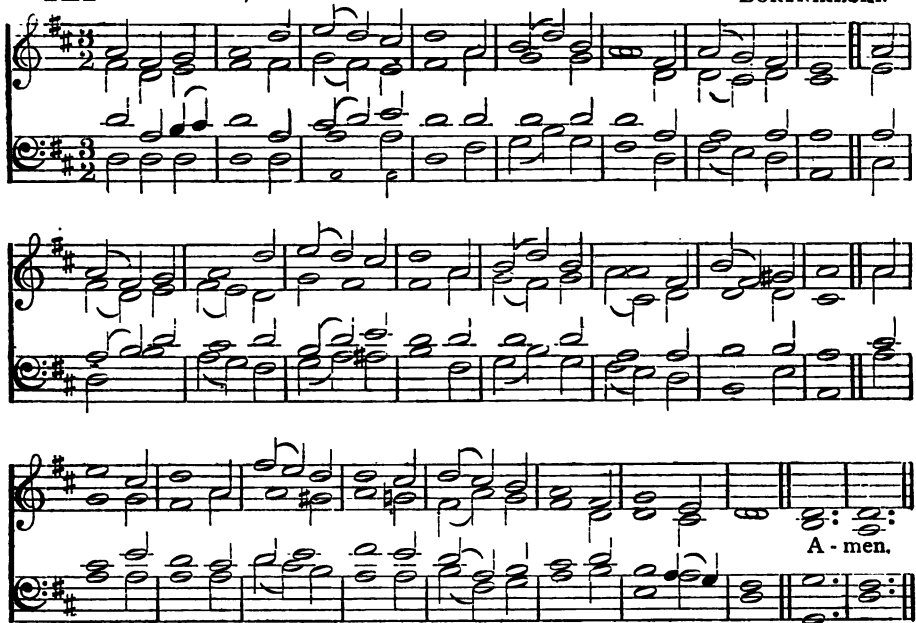
pure white soul Up, up, thro' the bright blue skies.
 al - ways live, And shine as the stars in Heaven.
 child of earth At play in their gold - en bowers.
 wea - ry world It will nev - er cease to pray.
 ho - ly ones, Who will al - ways see GOD's Face. A - men.

Small notes and slurs to be used as the words require.

The Holy Angels.

121 WELLS. 8s., 6 lines.

BORTNIANSKI.



[Alternative Tune No. 27.]

WHAT do the holy Angels see
Up there above the starry height ?
A river flowing fair and free,
Through streets of gold all shining bright,
And walled around with precious stones :
'Tis there they have their glorious thrones.

The gates of pearl stand open wide,
Within them grows the Tree of Life,
Whose leaves shade all the river-side,
And heal the people's sin and strife :
The Angels' city has no night,
GOD'S glory makes it always bright.

What do the holy Angels do
Up there above the starry height ?
Our GOD so merciful and true
Sends them to help us in the fight ;
They guide our way, and guard our path,
Each one his guardian Angel hath.

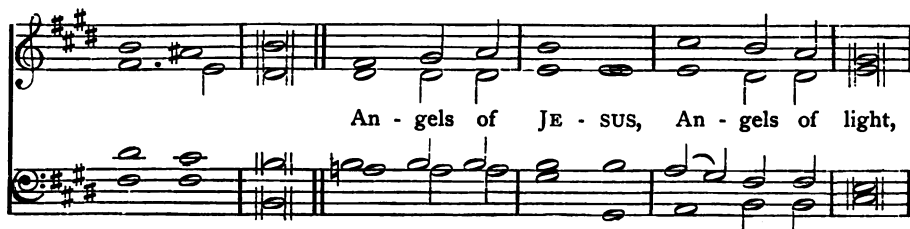
What do the holy Angels say
Up there above the starry height ?
They sing and rest not night or day,
They stand there clothed in purest white ;
To GOD a wondrous song they sing,
And to the Lamb, our LORD and King.

O Holy Angels, strong and pure,
Uplift my soul to Heaven on high,
For GOD, Whose promises are sure,
Says I may go there when I die.
O Lamb of GOD, wash out my sin,
For nothing evil may go in. Amen.

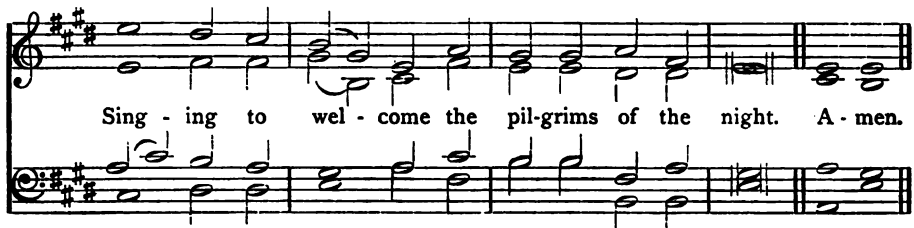
The Holy Angels.

122 PILGRIMS. II. IO. II. IO. 9. II.
(1st Tune.)

HENRY SMART.



The Holy Angels.



HARK ! hark, my soul ! Angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields, and ocean's wave-beat shore :
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
Angels of JESUS, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night !

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for JESUS bids you come :"
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.
Angels of JESUS, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night !

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of JESUS sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.
Angels of JESUS, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night !

Rest comes at length ; though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past ;
Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,
And Heav'n, the heart's true home, will come at last.
Angels of JESUS, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night !

Angels ! sing on, your faithful watches keeping,
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above ;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.
Angels of JESUS, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night ! Amen.

The Holy Angels.

122 PILGRIMS OF THE NIGHT. II.IO.II.IO.9.II.

(2nd Tune.)

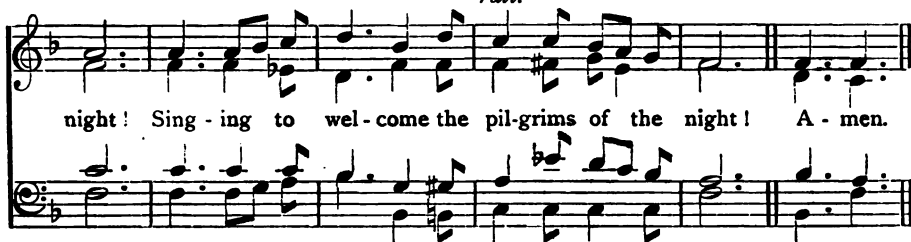
Old Melody.

Smoothly.



The Holy Angels.

rall.



HARK! hark, my soul! Angelic songs are swelling
 O'er earth's green fields, and ocean's wave-beat shore:
 How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
 Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
 Angels of JESUS, Angels of light,
 Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
 "Come, weary souls, for JESUS bids you come:"
 And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
 The music of the Gospel leads us home.
 Angels of JESUS, Angels of light,
 Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
 The voice of JESUS sounds o'er land and sea,
 And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
 Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.
 Angels of JESUS, Angels of light,
 Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

Rest comes at length; though life be long and dreary,
 The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
 Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,
 And Heav'n, the heart's true home, will come at last.
 Angels of JESUS, Angels of light,
 Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

Angels! sing on, your faithful watches keeping,
 Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
 Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
 And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.
 Angels of JESUS, Angels of light,
 Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night! Amen.

Baptism.

123 BELMONT. C.M.

Old Melody.



A - men.

[Alternative Tune No. 177.]

Baptism.

"BY water and the Holy Ghost,"
Thou, blessed LORD, didst say,
"My children must be born again";
We hear Thee, and obey.

Thou, LORD, baptized in Thine own Blood,
And buried in Thy grave,
Didst raise Thyself to endless life,
Omnipotent to save.

Baptized in Thee, we died to sin,
And to new life were born,
Oh, may we rise, and hail with joy
The Resurrection morn.

Baptized in CHRIST, we put on CHRIST,
And then were clothed in light;
Oh, may we keep that garment pure,
And ever walk in white!

So may we stand with Saints in bliss,
The white-robed company,
Before the Everlasting Throne,
And render thanks to Thee.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One GOD in Persons three,
Whose name we bear, in Whom we live,
Eternal glory be. Amen.

Baptism.

124 CLOISTERS. C.M.

J. TURLE.



[Alternative Tune No. 232.]

OUR sponsors bore us to the Font,
And earnestly they prayed
That we might of CHRIST'S Holy Church
Be living members made.

And then the water he had blessed,
The Priest of GOD Most High
Poured on our foreheads, calling us
By name most tenderly.

He signed us with the Holy Cross,
In men and Angels' sight,
Gainst sin and Satan for our LORD
Right manfully to fight.

And when we hear our Christian names,
We think how they were given,
When we were made one Family,
With all the Saints in Heaven.

What though no parent's loving care
Be granted us on earth,
Father and Home are ours in Heaven
By right of our new birth.

GOD'S Spirit dwells within our hearts,
His Angels guard our feet,
And Saints and Angels will rejoice
Our coming-home to greet.

All glory to our Father be,
Glory to GOD the Son,
And glory to the Holy Ghost
Eternal Three in One! Amen.

Baptism.

125 EVENSONG. L.M.

REV. L. J. T. DARWALL.

[Alternative Tune No. 234.]

SWEET Dove, on my baptismal day
To dwell within my bosom given,
May I beneath Thy gentle sway
Pass safely on my way to Heaven.

O teach me truly to renounce
Satan and sin, and worldly pride,
To take my cross up day by day,
And follow JESUS Crucified.

May no repinings fill my heart
Amid the ills of poverty ;
I know that lot must be the best
My GOD has chosen here for me.

Make me to shrink from every sin,
Make me to love sweet purity,
To run my race that I may win
The Golden Crown held out to me.

So treading safe the narrow way,
Oh may the grace to me be given
To join the Saints some happy day,
Who triumph in the courts of Heaven. Amen.

Baptism.

126 S. MILDRED. 8.7.8.7.

ARTHUR H. BROWN.



[Alternative Tune No. 119.]

SAVIOUR, Who Thy flock art feeding
With a shepherd's tender care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs Thy Bosom share ;—

Now these little ones receiving,
Fold them in Thy gracious Arm ;
For we know, Thy word believing,
They are there secure from harm.

Never from Thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey ;
Let Thy providence so loving,
Keep them all life's dangerous way ;

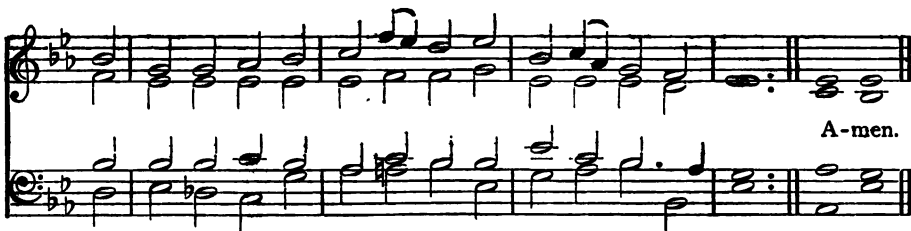
Then, within Thy Fold eternal
Let them find a resting-place,
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace !

Amen

Baptism.

127 BYZANTIUM. C.M.

T. JACKSON.



[Alternative Tune No. 321.]

LORD, when Thy Holy Cross was signed
Upon my infant brow,
I little knew the grace bestowed,
The meaning of that vow.

I knew not that it sealed me Thine,
And pledged Thy promise sure,
Thy grace, and strength, and mercy mine,
In trials to endure.

I knew not of Thy gracious Hand
Laid on my infant head,
Nor of the purifying stream,
In drops of blessing shed.

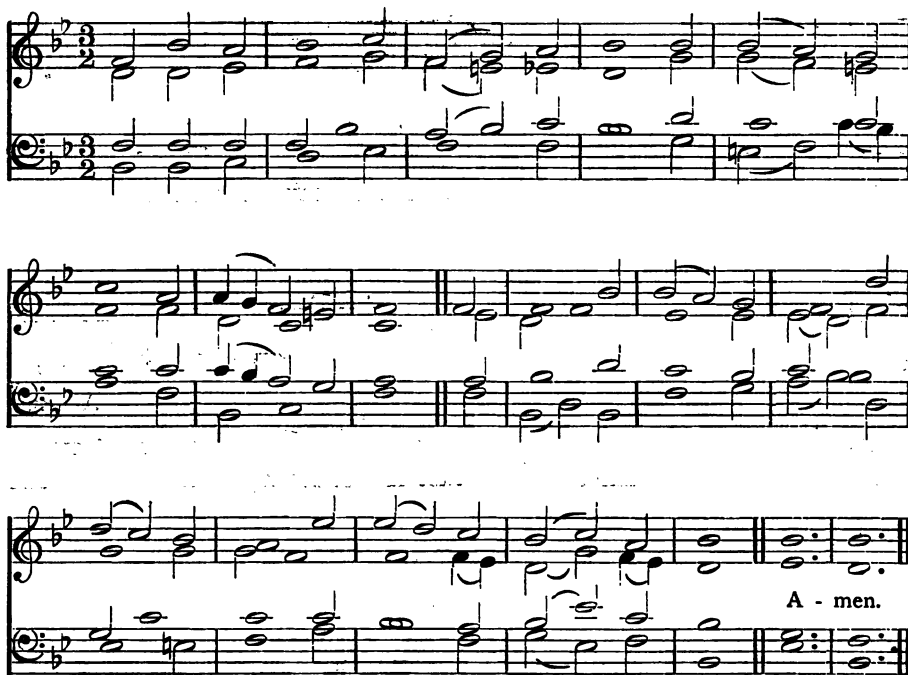
I knew not, but I thank Thee now
For grace so freely given,
That takes a babe, and saith, "Of such
The kingdom is of Heaven."

O keep me still a child as then,
Thine by adoption made,
Taught from Thy lips and looks of love,
And on Thy bosom laid.

But should my wilful heart rebel
Against Thy blessed Will,
Then let me feel Thy Holy Hand
Restraining me from ill. Amen.

Baptism.

128 WALTON. L.M.



[Alternative Tune No. 219.]

I WAS a little helpless child,
A babe in sin's dark shadow born,
Without GOD's grace, with passions wild,
A sight to make the Angels mourn.

But I was carried to the Font,
And CHRIST'S own Blood there set me
free ;
The HOLY GHOST as is His wont,
Came down from Heaven to dwell in me.

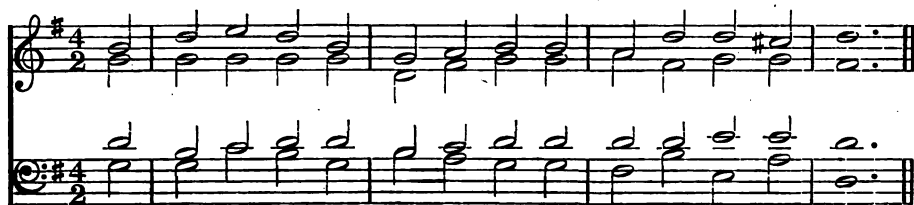
GOD loved me with a special Love,
He gave me to His Angels' care ;
And they rejoiced in Heaven above
When first they saw me bright and
fair.

And now I am the child of GOD,
And now I have a place in Heaven,
O keep it for me, gracious LORD,
And let my sins be all forgiven. Amen.

Confirmation.

129 FELIX. C.M.

From MENDELSSOHN.



[Alternative Tune No. 199.]

IN token that thou shouldst not fear
CHRIST Crucified to own,
We sign'd the cross upon thy brow,
And stamped thee His alone.

In token that thou must not flinch
CHRIST'S conflict to maintain,
But 'neath His banner manfully,
Firm at thy post remain :

In token that thou too wilt tread
The path He travell'd by,
Endure the cross, despise the shame,
And reign with Him on high :

We pray the Holy One to pour
His Unction on thy head,
While on thee here in solemn Rite,
The Bishop's hand is laid.

Thus outwardly and visibly,
We seal thee for His own ;
And may the brow that wears His Cross
Hereafter share His Crown. Amen.

Confirmation.

130 HEREFORD. D.C.M.

W. HAYES.

[Alternative Tune No. 203.]

(Before the laying on of hands.)

WE come to be confirmed, good LORD !
 Called by Thy Holy Name,
 In Thee baptized, with one accord
 Thy fuller grace we claim.
 We come—Thy Promise from on high,
 As Thou hast said, pour down !
 Safe in Thy sheltering Arms we lie
 Whom Thou hast made Thine Own.
 Thou on Thy Father's Throne above
 Thy sacrifice dost plead,
 And for Thy Church in ceaseless love
 Dost ever intercede :
 But by the Blessed Comforter
 With us Thou dwellest still,
 This is the Light we walk by here,
 He makes us know Thy Will.

O Holy Spirit, come we pray,
 In us make Thy abode,
 And show us clearer day by day,
 The hidden things of GOD ;
 That in Thy Wisdom we may grow
 Still upwards unto Thee,
 And all our onward path may glow
 In light which shines from Thee !
 True Understanding, Counsel give,
 Thy Knowledge, Strength impart ;
 True Godliness by which to live ;
 Thy Fear in every heart.
 So more than conquerors in the strife,
 O'ercoming self and sin,
 The Great Reward, the Crown of Life,
 Grant us at last to win. Amen.

Confirmation.

131 "SAVIOUR, WHILE MY HEART IS TENDER." 8.7.8.7.



[Alternative Tunes Nos. 119, 133, 179.]

SAVIOUR, while my heart is tender,
I would yield that heart to Thee ;
All my powers to Thee surrender,
Thine, and only Thine, to be.

Take me now, LORD JESUS, take me,
Let my youthful heart be Thine ;
Thy devoted servant make me,
Fill my soul with love divine.

Send me, LORD, where Thou wilt send me,
Only do Thou guide my way ;
May Thy grace through life attend me,
Gladly then shall I obey.

Let me do Thy Will or bear it,
I would know no will but Thine ;
Should'st Thou take my life, or spare it,
I that life to Thee resign.

Thine I am, O LORD, for ever,
To Thy service set apart ;
Suffer me to leave Thee never ;
Seal Thine Image on my heart. Amen.

Confirmation.

132 GREENLAND. 7.6.7.6. D.

Old Melody.

A-men.

[Alternative Tune No. 195.]

WE come to Thee, O Father,
Whom Thou hast made Thine own,
When in Thy font baptized
Thy children we were known.
We come, O Blessed JESU,
Thy Cross upon our brow,
As soldiers in Thine army,
To fight Thy battles now.

We come, O Holy Spirit,
In Thee regenerate,
Here for Thy promised sealing,
In faith and hope we wait.
Blest Trinity, in fulness
Within us now abide,
And heavenward to Thy Presence
Our steps securely guide.

We pray Thee come Thou to us,
Our childhood's day is fled,
No more in sheltered footpaths
May we securely tread.

The broad way and the narrow
Lie stretched before our eyes,
Help us to tread the narrow
In Thee made strong and wise.

Come with Thy sevenfold blessings,
And in this holy place,
With Knowledge, Counsel fill us,
Endue us with Thy grace.
Thy Godliness possess us,
Ground us in Holy Fear,
Increase in us Thy Spirit,
Thy Holy Will make clear.

If life be bright and happy,
Or dreary, lone, and sad,
The lonely and forsaken
In JESUS shall be glad.
We take Thee as our Master,
We choose Thee as our Friend,
Fulfil us with Thy Spirit
Till earth in Heaven shall end.

Amen.

Confirmation.

133 SHARON. 8.7.8.7.

W. BOYCE.



[Alternative Tunes Nos. 119, 131, 179.]

THINE through life, and Thine for ever,
I have promised, LORD, to be,
Mind and body, soul and spirit,
Consecrated unto Thee.

Though the world's all dark about me,
Though my path I cannot see,
Trusting to the Hand that guides me,
Conqueror I hope to be. Amen.

Confirmation.

134 S. ALBAN'S (210). 8.8.6.8.8.6.

From S. Alban's, Holborn, Tune Book.

[Alternative Tunes Nos. 31, 218.]

HERE in Thy presence, dread and sweet,
O HOLY GHOST, we Thee entreat
Thy sevenfold Gifts to shed
On us, who fall before Thee now,
Bearing the Cross upon our brow,
On which our Master bled.

Spirit of Wisdom ! turn our eyes
From earth and earthly vanities,
'To heavenly truth and love ;
Spirit of Understanding true !
Our souls with heavenly light endue,
To seek the things above.

Spirit of Counsel ! be our Guide ;
Teach us, by earthly struggles tried,
Our heavenly crown to win ;
Spirit of Fortitude ! thy power
Be with us in temptation's hour,
To keep us pure from sin.

Spirit of Knowledge ! lead our feet
In Thine own paths so safe and sweet,
By Angel footsteps trod ;
Where Thou our Guardian true shalt be,
Spirit of gentle Piety !
To keep us close to GOD.

But most of all be ever near,
Spirit of GOD's most Holy Fear !
In our hearts' inmost shrine :
Our souls with awful reverence fill,
To worship His most Holy Will,
All righteous and divine.

So, dearest LORD, through peace or strife,
Lead us to everlasting life,
To win our high reward :
So may we fight our lifelong fight,
Strong in Thine own unearthly might,
And reign with CHRIST our LORD.

Amen.

Confirmation.

135 BROUGHTON. 7.7.7.7.

REV. C. W. BARDSLEY.



[Alternative Tune No. 243.]

HOLY Spirit, Thee we pray,
Who hast come to us to-day,
By Thy wondrous Gift revealed
Unto us, whom Thou hast sealed.

We Thy promise have believed,
And in faith Thy gift received,
Gift of Knowledge, Counsel, Grace,
Strength to run our heavenward race.

We believe—oh, may we feel
Thy Blest Presence o'er us steal,
Feel Thy Wings, oh, Heavenly Dove,
Brood o'er us in peace and love.

Blest are they who cannot see,
Yet by faith can dwell in Thee,
For by faith and not by sight
Shall we gain Eternal Light.

For awhile must we below
Sorrow and temptation know,
Like our Master often weep,
Find our path both rough and steep.

Holy Spirit, may we be
So possessed, indwelt by Thee,
That 'mid sorrow, grief, and pain,
We our place in Heaven may gain.

There beholding JESUS' Face
We shall grow like Him by grace,
In His light shall learn how dear
Was the gift He gave us here. Amen.

Confirmation.

136 "STRONG IN OUR GREAT CAPTAIN." 6.5.6.5. D.

HY. SMITH.



[Alternative Tunes Nos. 26, 265.]

STRONG in our Great Captain, JESUS, LORD of might,
 Clad in GOD'S own armour, armour of pure light ;
 Girt with truth's firm girdle, ready for the fray ;
 Breast-plate bright of justice, worn both night and day.

Let Faith's glorious buckler guard each valiant heart,
 Save it from the poison of the tempter's dart ;
 Helmet of salvation ; and the well-tried sword—
 Of the Holy Bible—GOD'S most sacred Word.

O young Christian soldiers, armed thus for the fight,
 Brave and pure and faithful, keep your armour bright,
 Now before GOD'S Altar, true and loyal stand
 Ready for the battle, ready, heart and hand ;

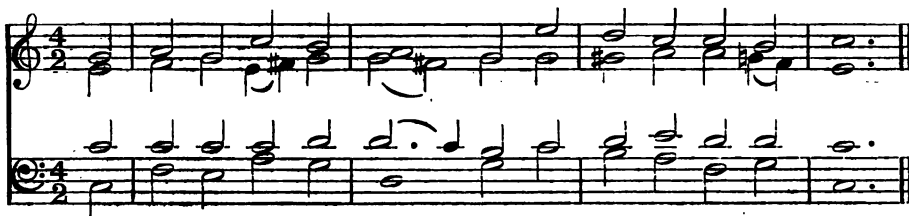
Vows of firm allegiance joyfully renew,
 Which in Holy Baptism once were made for you,
 And when life is over and the battle won,
 You shall hear CHRIST'S welcome—"Faithful one, well done !"

Amen.

The Holy Eucharist.

137 S. THOMAS. 7.6.7.6.

FARNABY.



[Alternative Tunes Nos. 17, 55, 235.]

WITHIN Thy holy temple,
O everlasting LORD,
May Thy most awful Presence
Be lovingly adored.

May no vain word be uttered,
May no bad thought arise,
As here we meet to offer
The Christian Sacrifice.

The bread becomes Thy Body,
The wine becomes Thy Blood,
O how can man be worthy
Of such celestial food?

I must with fear and trembling
In adoration bow,
For Thou, O blessed JESUS,
Art on the Altar now.

I kneel in Thy dear Presence,
A weak and sinful child,
Accept me, blessed Saviour,
Most merciful and mild.

I pray Thee, grant me pardon;
I pray Thee, hear my prayer,
That Thy sweet peace and blessing
I may for ever share. Amen.

The Holy Eucharist.

138 "COME, LET US JOIN." P.M.

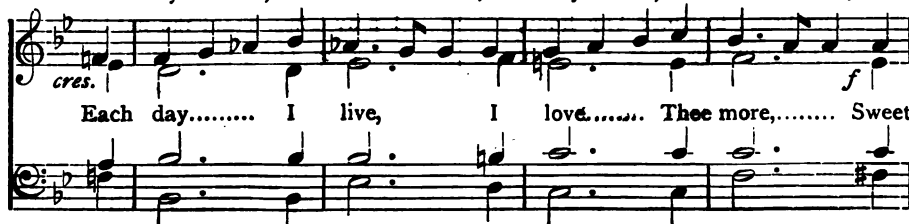
HY. SMITH.



Small notes for Organ.

HARMONY. *a tempo*

Each day I live, I love Thee more, Each day I live, I love Thee more, Sweet



The Holy Eucharist.



COME, let us join our songs to praise
 That Banquet all divine,
 Where JESUS' Flesh becomes our food,
 And JESUS' Blood our wine.
 My soul, fall prostrate to adore,
 In lowliest worship bent ;
 Each day I live, I love Thee more,
 Sweet Sacrament ! Sweet Sacrament !

The outward forms of bread and wine
 Are all our eyes can see ;
 But faith beholds the Flesh and Blood,
 The Soul and Deity.
 My soul, etc.

"This is My Body," "This My Blood,"
 Thy word our hearts believe ;
 For Thou, the Truth hast spoken it,
 And Thou canst not deceive.
 My soul, etc.

Thou, GOD and Man, art in our midst,
 The Altar is Thy Throne ;
 We bow before Thy mercy-seat,
 And Thee, our Maker, own.
 My soul, etc.

The Lamb of GOD, Who once was slain,
 Here on the Altar lies,
 Father, for all the quick and dead,
 Accept this Sacrifice.
 My soul, etc.

Worthy the Lamb that died, we cry,
 Of worship all divine,
 All glory, might, and majesty
 For ever, LORD, be Thine.

My soul, fall prostrate to adore,
 In lowliest worship bent ;
 Each day I live, I love Thee more,
 Sweet Sacrament ! Sweet Sacrament !
 Amen.

The Holy Eucharist.

139 LONG CROSS. 8s., 6 lines.

GEO. COPLAND.

Slower. rall.

E - ter-nal Fa-ther, pi - ty take, And spare us for that Victim's sake. A-men.

[Alternative Tune No. 256.]

UPON a cruel, blood-stained Tree
A holy Offering once was made,
The Lamb of GOD, to set us free,
Was on that awful Altar laid ;
Eternal Father, pity take,
And spare us for that Victim's sake.

Before the Throne of GOD in heaven
Our great High Priest stands day and night,
He pleads that men may be forgiven,
And shews five wounds so red and bright ;
Eternal Father, pity take,
And spare us for that Victim's sake.

From thousand Altars here below
The voice of JESUS ever cries—
“Father, they know not what they do,
Accept My perfect Sacrifice ;”
Eternal Father, pity take,
And spare us for that Victim's sake. Amen.

The Holy Eucharist.

140 CONGLETON. C.M.

ARTHUR H. BROWN.



[Alternative Tunes Nos. 124, 207.]

BEFORE Thine Altar, Saviour dear,
Thy child is kneeling low ;
I should be banished by my fear,
Did I not love Thee so.

Behold the Martyr's daily Bread—
They proved what it can do,
The food by which the Saints were fed,
Waits for the children too.

And why, O precious Saviour sweet,
Should children be afraid,
When they were welcome at Thy feet
And in Thy bosom laid?

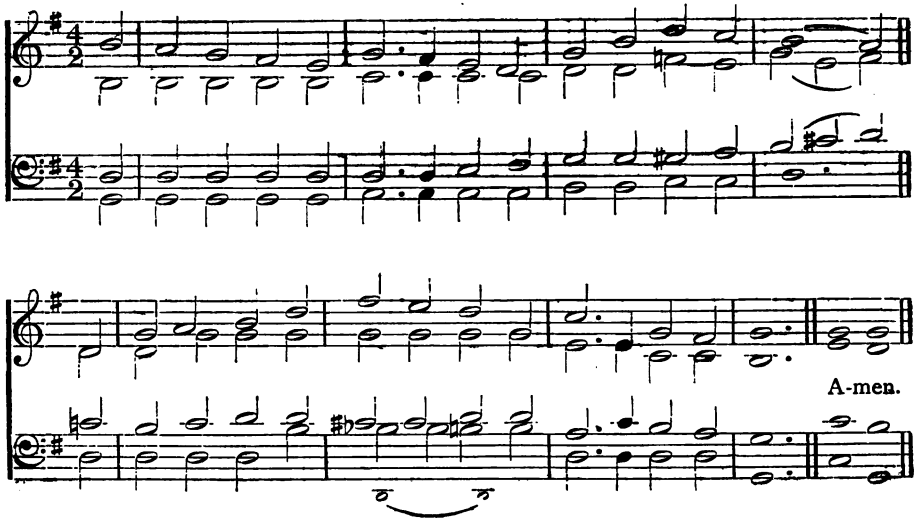
Thy mighty words, I know and feel,
Are true for evermore ;
I question not, I only kneel,
Love, wonder, and adore.

I hunger, Lord—Thy Body give
To make my body whole ;
I thirst—the Blood, by which I live
Pour on my thirsty soul ! Amen.

The Holy Eucharist.

141 OWEN (37). C.M.

REV. RICHARD OWEN.



By permission, from "New Tunes for Hymns Ancient and Modern," by the Rev. Richard Owen.

[*Alternative Tunes Nos. 124, 206.*]

A SINFUL child is drawing near
Thine altar, LORD, to-day ;
I come with mingled love and fear,
O send me not away.

I do not fear to seek Thy throne
With such a sinful soul,
Because the Bread of Life alone
Can make a sinner whole.

By all Thine unknown sufferings here,
Thy Passion and Thy Cross,
Redeemer, let me ne'er draw near
To my eternal loss.

By each Communion, teach my feet
To go from strength to strength ;
Till I, with all Thy faithful, meet
Around the Throne at length.

Praise to the Father, and the Son,
And to the Holy Ghost ;
From men, from saints whose work is done,
And from the Heavenly Host. Amen.

The Holy Eucharist.

142 S. NICHOLAS. 6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4.



O WORSHIP JESUS now,
For He is here!
Before His Altar bow,
For He is here!
The Lamb of GOD, once slain,
Is offered now again,
Pleading for sinful men
JESUS is here!

Angels are kneeling round,
For He is here!
They guard this Holy Ground,
For He is here!
And even children dare
A feeble part to bear,
And in their praise to share:
JESUS is here!

We hear His Voice so blest,
For He is here!
Stillings our hearts to rest,
For He is here!
Before His Altar Throne
Lay every burden down,
And every need make known:
JESUS is here!

Then worship and adore,
For He is here!
Then love Him more and more,
For He is here!
O Feast of priceless worth!
O death of CHRIST shown forth!
Yes! this is Heaven on earth!
JESUS is here! Amen.

The Holy Eucharist.

143 BOHEMIA. 6.5.6.5. D.

German.

[Alternative Tune No. 253.]

JESUS! we adore Thee,
 Veiled 'neath bread and wine,
 Though not yet Thy glory
 On our sight may shine:
 What Thy word commanded,
 Duly is fulfilled,
 Thou Thyself art present,
 As Thyself hast willed.
 As in Bethlehem's manger,
 As on Calvary's hill,
 Faithful hearts adored Thee,
 We adore Thee still:
 When the bread is broken,
 And the wine outpoured,
 We, with the Apostles,
 Cry—"It is the Lord."
 Lamb of GOD! who takest
 All our sins away,
 Cleanse our hearts and fill us
 With Thy love, we pray:

Once a sinless Victim,
 Thou for sin didst bleed,
 Now, our Priest for ever,
 Thou wilt intercede.
 Saints their Crowns of Glory
 Cast before Thy feet,
 Throngs of holy Angels
 Offer incense sweet;
 Yet our feeble praises
 Thou wilt not despise,
 Heavenward they are rising,
 With Thy Sacrifice.
 Friend of little children,
 Hear Thy children's prayer,
 Take Thy lambs, Good Shepherd,
 To Thy tender care:
 Guide us, guard us, feed us,
 While on earth we live,
 And our souls in dying
 To Thine arms receive. Amen.

The Holy Eucharist.

144 S. LAMBERT. 6.5.6.5.

REV. R. R. CHOPE.



[Alternative Tunes Nos. 184, 193.]

L AMB of GOD! we hail Thee
On our bended knee,
Angels veil their faces
When they worship Thee.

Though we cannot see Thee
Yet we know Thee here,
For Thy word hath spoken
And Thy word is clear:

Hail! most precious Body!
Precious Blood most dear,
Though we be not worthy,
Love shall cast out fear!

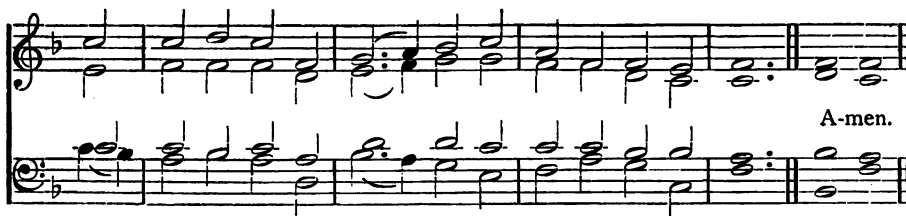
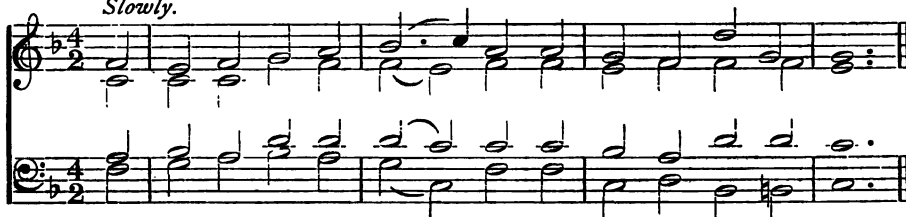
Holy gifts are given,
Holy hands must take,
Saviour! make us holy
For Thine Own dear Sake! Amen.

The Holy Eucharist.

145 CHILDREN'S WORSHIP. 7.6.7.6.

HY. SMITH.

Slowly.



A-men.

[Alternative Tunes Nos. 55, 235.]

WE worship Thee, LORD JESUS,
As children did of old,
Who sang within Thy temple
Hosannas manifold.

We worship Thee, LORD JESUS,
Who, on Thine Altar laid,
In this most awful service,
Our food and drink art made.

We worship Thee, LORD JESUS,
Who, in Thy love divine,
Art hiding here Thy Godhead,
In forms of bread and wine.

I worship Thee, LORD JESUS,
And, kneeling unto Thee,
As Thou didst come to Mary,
I pray Thee, come to me.

I worship Thee, LORD JESUS,
My King and Saviour mild;
Thou hast blessed other children,
Bless also me, Thy child. Amen.

The Holy Eucharist.

146 ECCE AGNUS. P.M.

REV. J. B. DYKES

BEHOOLD the Lamb of GOD !
 O come ye Angels all,
 In deep devotion fall
 His Throne before :
 The Victim veiled on earth in love,
 Unveiled, enthroned in Heaven above.
 Let all adore !

Behold the Lamb of GOD !
 Drop down, ye glorious skies,
 He died the Sacrifice
 For man once lost ;
 Yet lo ! for evermore He lives,
 And to His Church Himself He gives,
 Incarnate Host !

Behold the Lamb of GOD !
 All hail, Eternal Word,
 The Universal LORD
 To sinners given !
 Bestowing grace and every good,
 Feeding us with celestial Food,
 Manna from Heaven !

Behold the Lamb of GOD !
 O Thou for sinners slain,
 Let it not be in vain
 That Thou hast bled ;
 But plead the Sacrifice Divine,
 That makes the Father's Face to shine
 On quick and dead.

Behold the Lamb of GOD !
 Saints wrapped in blissful rest,
 Souls waiting to be blest
 Join in the song,
 Which we in CHRIST'S dear Church below,
 Even through trouble, toil, or woe,
 Love to prolong.

Behold the Lamb of GOD !
 Worthy is He alone
 To sit upon the Throne
 Of GOD above !
 One with the Ancient of all days,
 One with the Paraclete in praise,
 All Light—all Love. Amen.

The Holy Eucharist.

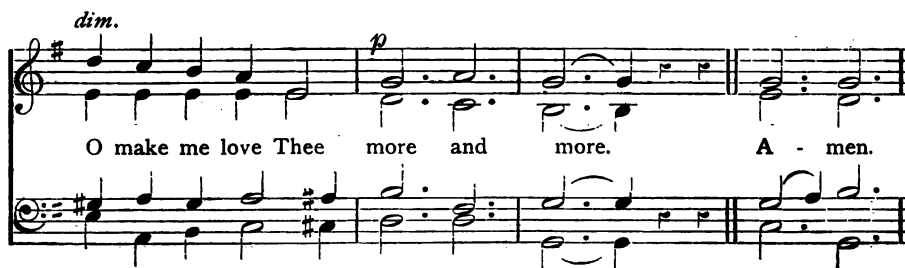
147 "JESU, MY LORD." 8s., 6 lines.

HY. SMITH.

mf Andante. ♩ = 100.



The Holy Eucharist.



JESU, my LORD, my GOD, my All,
 Hear me, Blest Saviour, when I call;
 Hear me, and from Thy dwelling-place
 Pour down the riches of Thy grace;
 JESU, my LORD, I Thee adore,
 O make me love Thee more and more.

JESU, too late I Thee have sought,
 How can I love Thee as I ought?
 And how extol Thy matchless fame,
 The glorious beauty of Thy Name?
 JESU, my LORD, I Thee adore,
 O make me love Thee more and more.

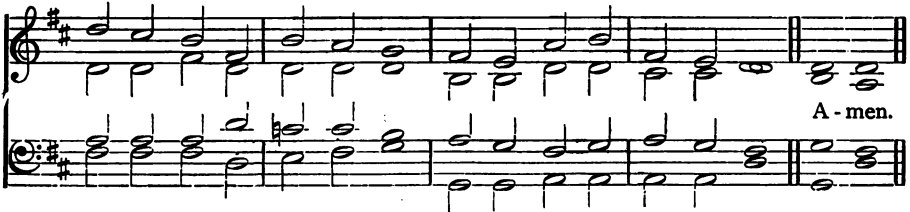
JESU, what didst Thou find in me,
 That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?
 How great the joy that Thou hast brought,
 So far exceeding hope or thought!
 JESU, my LORD, I Thee adore,
 O make me love Thee more and more.

JESU, of Thee shall be my song,
 To Thee my heart and soul belong;
 All that I have or am is Thine,
 And Thou, Blest Saviour, Thou art mine.
 JESU, my LORD, I Thee adore,
 O make me love Thee more and more. Amen.

The Holy Eucharist.

148 "LIKE THE SUNBEAMS." 6.5.6.5.7.7.

REV. RICHARD OWEN.



LIKE the sunbeams brightening
Silently around,
Thou art coming, JESUS,
Yet we hear no sound.
Light of light, O shine we pray—
In our inmost hearts to-day.

Like the roses' perfume
In some woodland spot,
Thou art present, JESUS,
Yet we see Thee not ;
Rose of Sharon ever blest,
Be our Joy, our Hope, our Rest.

What the ear perceives not,
Eye may not behold,
Now the hearts of Christians
Lovingly enfold ;
We believe with holy fear,
Seeing not, we feel Thee near. Amen.

The Holy Eucharist.

149 ARUNDEL. L.M.

S. WEBBE.



A-men.

[Alternative Tune No. 125.]

O JESUS, it was surely sweet
To sit and listen at Thy feet,
With those that in Thy life drew near
Thy words of love and grace to hear.

And sweet it was to walk with Thee
Beside the lake of Galilee,
Or safe embarked in Peter's boat,
O'er its blue waves with Thee to float.

But sweeter far it is to pray
Before Thine Altar Throne to day,
And feel the love that bids Thee lie
Thus hid in holiest mystery.

Hail, JESUS, hail! my dearest LORD,
By Seraph choirs in heaven adored,
Hail, JESUS! Who art hidden thus
On this poor earth for love of us. Amen.

The Holy Eucharist.

150 ST. ETHELBERGA. 6.5.6.5. D.

A. E. TOZER.

Copyright, by permission, from "Church Militant Hymn Book" (Mowbray).

[*Alternative Tune No. 213.*]

WHEN the loving Shepherd,
Ere He left the earth,
Shed, to pay our ransom,
Blood of priceless worth,
These His lambs so cherished,
Purchased for His own,
He would not abandon
In the world alone.

Ere He make us partners
Of His realm on high,
Happy and immortal
With Him in the sky;
Love immense, stupendous,
Makes Him here below
Partner of our exile
In this world of woe.

JESUS, Food of Angels,
Monarch of the heart,
O that I could never
From Thy Face depart;
For Thou ever dwellest
Here for love of me,
Hidden Thou remainest
GOD of Majesty.

Soon I hope to see Thee,
And enjoy Thy love,
Face to face, sweet JESUS,
In Thy heaven above;
But on earth an exile,
My delight shall be,
Ever to be near Thee,
Veiled for love of me. Amen.

The Holy Eucharist.

151 "WHEN BY THINE ALTAR." D.C.M.

H. S. IRONS.

My dear-est LORD, when I re-trace Thy won-drous love for me,

O how can I af-fec-tion place On an-y-thing but Thee? A-men.

By permission, from "Chope's Carols for Use in Church."

WHEN by Thine Altar, LORD, I kneel,
 And think upon Thy love,
 O make my heart Thy goodness feel,
 Fix it on things above.
 My dearest LORD, when I retrace
 Thy wondrous love for me,
 O how can I affection place
 On anything but Thee?
 About to pass to heaven from earth,
 On man Thy thoughts still bent,
 Thy sacred, boundless love gave birth
 To this great Sacrament.
 My dearest LORD, etc.

The manna which my Sovereign LORD
 In pity left for me,
 I take obedient to His word—
 I take it thankfully.
 My dearest LORD, etc.
 Supported by this Heavenly Bread,
 My LORD'S last pledge of love,
 With joy the rugged path I tread
 To Horeb's mount above.
 My dearest LORD, when I retrace
 Thy wondrous love for me,
 O how can I affection place
 On anything but Thee? Amen.

The Holy Eucharist.

102 VOX DISCIPULI. 10s., 6 lines.

REV. L. J. T. DARWALL.



The Holy Eucharist.



“WHO comes to Me I will no wise cast out,”
 Is this the word Thou sayest, LORD, to me?
 I, who had stayed away through fear and doubt
 Of being worthy to remember Thee.
 If saints were only bidden to Thy Board,
 I might not dare approach Thy Altar, LORD.

Yet why should thought of past or future fall
 Keep me from this most holy Sacrament?
 When “Come” is still the keynote of Thy call;
 Thou know’st my sin, Thou art omniscient,
 Yet seeing all my shame, Thou still dost say,
 “Come unto Me;” I dare not disobey.

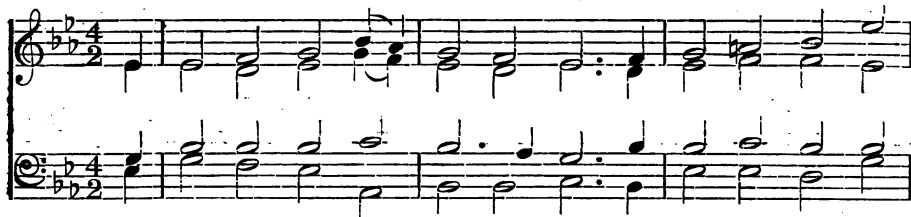
We came to Thee when first Thy servants laid
 Us in Thine arms at the Baptismal Font,
 We came to Thee in after years and paid
 The Three-fold Vow long laid to our account.
 In Baptism and the Laying on of Hands
 We heard Thy “Come”—the gentlest of commands.

And still we come whenever we repair
 Unto Thy Courts to praise Thy holy Name,
 We come too, when we kneel in secret prayer;
 And in the Sacrament Thou didst ordain
 We come most truly, Saviour, unto Thee,
 Not “cast out” ever, sinners though we be. Amen.

The Holy Eucharist.

153 EATON... 8.8.8.8.4.4.8.

WYVILL.



The Holy Eucharist.

WHEN JESUS CHRIST, the Son of GOD,
Called Jewish children to His knee,
And spoke that sweet and gracious word
"Forbid them not to come to Me,"

They felt His smile
That little while,
But O, how far more blest are we.

They saw our Saviour in the flesh,
He laid on them His loving Hands ;
Behold He comes to us afresh,
When on this Altar Throne He stands :
Now He is near,
And He will hear,
O worship Him with Angel-bands.

For Angels come and crowd around,
To look into this wondrous thing ;
That here on earth again is found
The LORD of Glory, Heaven's High King.
O praise His Name,
He is the same
Who said "The little children bring."

When to CHRIST'S Blessed Feast we come,
He gives to us His holy Grace,
And He will make our hearts His Home,
If we will only find Him place ;
His Flesh and Blood
Shall be our food
Till we behold Him Face to face. Amen.

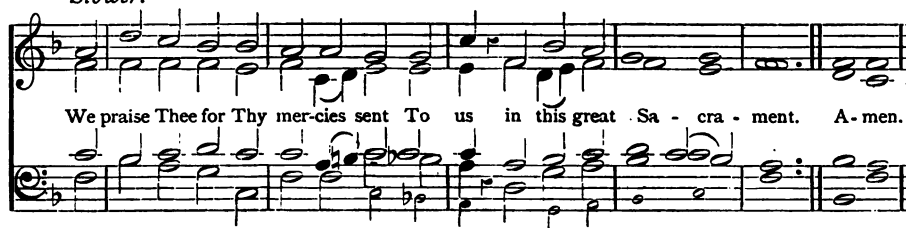
The Holy Eucharist.

154 "FATHER, WHO DOST THY CHILDREN FEED. 8.6.8.6.8.8.

Lutheran.



Slower.



FATHER, Who dost Thy children feed
With Manna from above,
Who dost Thy saving chalice give,
Filled by Thy tender love :
We praise Thee for Thy mercies sent
To us in this great Sacrament.

O Word made flesh, Whom we adore,
The living Bread from heaven,
Whose wondrous Passion, here shewn forth,
Is pledge of sin forgiven :
We praise Thee for Thy mercies sent
To us in this great Sacrament.

O Holy Spirit, who dost deign
To bless this heavenly food,
Making the Bread to be CHRIST'S Flesh,
The Wine His precious Blood :
We praise Thee for Thy mercies sent
To us in this great Sacrament.

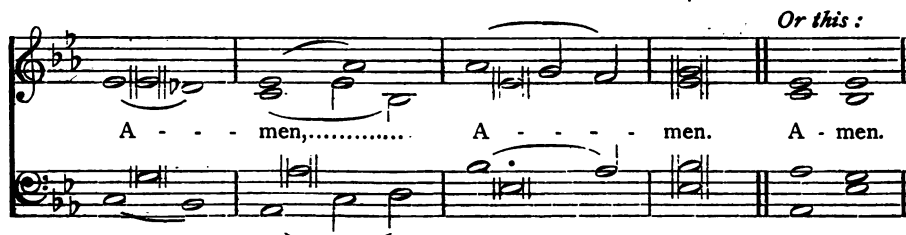
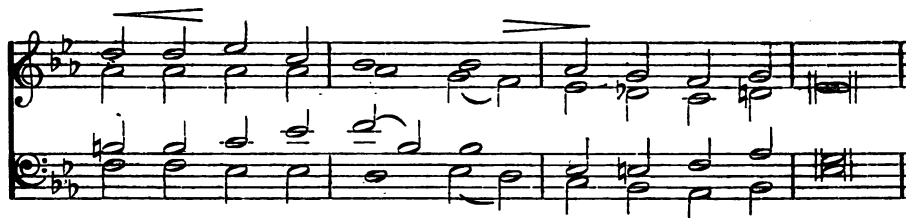
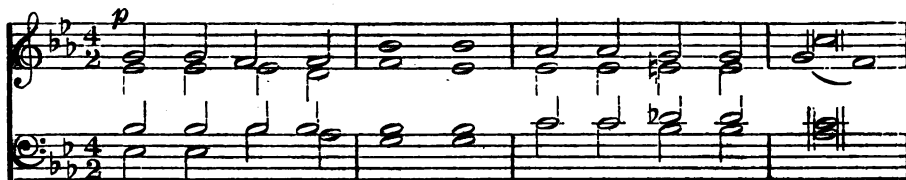
Ye holy Angels, who with us
Around GOD'S Altar bow,
Adoring there the Crucified
Whose death is pleaded now ;
O praise Him for His mercies sent
To us in this great Sacrament.

O Holy Father, Holy Son,
And Spirit whom we love,
Guide, strengthen, feed us here on earth,
Till in our Home above
We praise Thee for Thy mercies sent
To us in this great Sacrament. Amen.

The Holy Eucharist.

155 S. AUBYN. 6.5.6.5.

GEO. H. WESTBURY.



[Alternative Tune No. 242.]

JESUS, gentlest Saviour,
 GOD of might and power,
 Thou Thyself art dwelling
 In us at this hour.
 Nature cannot hold Thee,
 Heaven is all too strait
 For Thine endless glory,
 And Thy royal state.
 Out beyond the shining
 Of the farthest star,
 Thou art ever stretching
 Infinitely far.
 Yet the hearts of children
 Hold what worlds cannot,
 And the GOD of wonders
 Loves the lowly spot.
 JESUS, gentlest Saviour,
 Thou art in us now,

Fill us with Thy goodness
 Till our hearts o'erflow.
 Pray the prayer within us
 That to Heaven shall rise,
 Sing the song that Angels
 Sing above the skies.
 Multiply our graces,
 Chiefly love and fear;
 And, dear LORD, the chiefest,
 Grace to persevere.
 Oh, how can we thank Thee
 For a gift like this,
 Gift that truly maketh
 Heaven's eternal bliss?
 LORD, when wilt Thou always
 Make our hearts Thy home?
 We must wait for Heaven,
 Then the day shall come. Amen.

Eucharistic Litany.

156 PART I. 7.7.7.6.

GEO. H. WESTBURY.



PART II. 7.7.7.6.

ARTHUR H. BROWN.

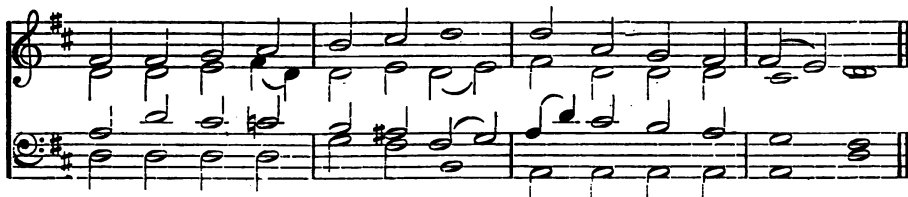


PART III. 7.7.7.6.

REV. R. OWEN.



Eucharistic Litany.



Either Tune can be used for either Part or for the whole Litany.

[Alternative Tunes Nos. 105, 348, 351, 354, 355.]

Part I.

FAITHFUL Shepherd of Thine own,
Unto Whom each sheep is known,
Low before Thine Altar Throne,
We adore Thee, JESU !

O how blest to draw so near,
Unto Thee, our Saviour dear,
Who in mystery art here ;
We adore Thee, JESU !

Thou who tenderly hast smiled,
As a little helpless Child,
On Thy Maiden-Mother mild ;
We adore Thee, JESU !

Whom the star-led Magi three,
Came from far-off lands to see,
Offering gifts most reverently ;
We adore Thee, JESU !

Kneeling on the stable floor,
In that lowly Infant poor
They the mighty GOD adore ;
We adore Thee, JESU !

So to us Thyself reveal,
That we may Thy Presence feel
As in worship low we kneel ;
We adore Thee, JESU !

Part II.

Faithful Shepherd, hear our cry,
To Thine arms Thy lambs would fly,
On Thy boundless love rely ;
Hear us, save us, JESU !

Lamb of GOD, Who tak'st away
All our sin, on Thee we lay
Every sin and grief to-day ;
Hear us, save us, JESU !

Thou all sinless, holy, pure,
For our sins didst death endure,
And hast made our pardon sure ;
Hear us, save us, JESU !

Sorrow for our sins impart,
Cleanse and soften every heart,
In Thy merits grant a part ;
Hear us, save us, JESU !

By Thy grace within us shed,
May our youthful feet be led
Paths of holiness to tread ;
Hear us, save us, JESU !

Part III.

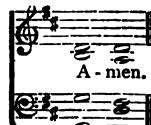
Shepherd, Who Thy life didst give
That Thy sheep in Thee might live,
Now our grateful praise receive,
Hear, accept us, JESU !

As 'neath veils of bread and wine
We adore Thee, King Divine,
May Thy Face upon us shine ;
Hear, accept us, JESU !

May our lips and lives express
Faith and love, and thankfulness,
Fill us with all holiness ;
Hear, accept us, JESU !

Make us love Thee more and more,
Till we reach the Eternal shore,
Where unveiled for evermore,
We adore Thee, JESU !

Then in worship falling prone,
There before Thy Glory Throne
We shall know as we are known,
And adore Thee, JESU !



Eucharistic Litany.

157 "WE ADORE THEE." 8.8.8.8.7.

(1st Tune.)

German.

The musical score is written for a four-part setting (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) using a simplified notation where each part is represented by a single line on a grand staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The piece consists of three systems of music. The first system has two measures. The second system has two measures, with a double bar line after the first. The third system begins with a 'rall.' (rallentando) marking and has two measures, ending with a double bar line. The notation uses various note values including quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, as well as rests and accidentals.

WE adore Thee, we adore Thee,
Bending low in prayer before Thee ;
Born for us on earth a stranger,
Laid all lowly in a manger.

We adore Thee, Son of GOD.

We adore Thee, we adore Thee,
Bending low in prayer before Thee ;
In Thy home in Galilee,
Toiling long, unweariedly.

We adore Thee, Son of GOD.

We adore Thee, we adore Thee,
Bending low in prayer before Thee ;
In Thy life of self-denial,
In Thy bitter hour of trial.

We adore Thee, Son of GOD.

We adore Thee, we adore Thee,
Bending low in prayer before Thee ;
Hanging dying on the Tree,
Yielding up Thy life for me.

We adore Thee, Son of GOD.

We adore Thee, we adore Thee,
Bending low in prayer before Thee ;
All Thy toil and sorrow ended,
Risen again, on high ascended.

We adore Thee, Son of GOD.

We adore Thee, we adore Thee,
Bending low in prayer before Thee ;
In this Sacrament of Blessing
All Thy love for us confessing.

We adore Thee, Son of GOD.

Amen.

Eucharistic Litany.

157 ADORATION. 8.8.8.8.7.

(2nd Tune.)

HY. SMITH.

p cres. *dim.*

cres. *cres.*

f *rall. e dim.* *pp*

We a-dore Thee, Son of GOD, We a-dore Thee, Son of GOD. A-men.

WE adore Thee, we adore Thee,
Bending low in prayer before Thee ;
Born for us on earth a stranger,
Laid all lowly in a manger.

We adore Thee, Son of GOD.

We adore Thee, we adore Thee,
Bending low in prayer before Thee ;
In Thy home in Galilee,
Toiling long, unweariedly.

We adore Thee, Son of GOD.

We adore Thee, we adore Thee,
Bending low in prayer before Thee ;
In Thy life of self-denial,
In Thy bitter hour of trial.

We adore Thee, Son of GOD.

WE adore Thee, we adore Thee,
Bending low in prayer before Thee ;
Hanging dying on the Tree,
Yielding up Thy life for me.

We adore Thee, Son of GOD.

We adore Thee, we adore Thee,
Bending low in prayer before Thee ;
All Thy toil and sorrow ended,
Risen again, on high ascended.

We adore Thee, Son of GOD.

We adore Thee, we adore Thee,
Bending low in prayer before Thee ;
In this Sacrament of Blessing
All Thy love for us confessing.

We adore Thee, Son of GOD.

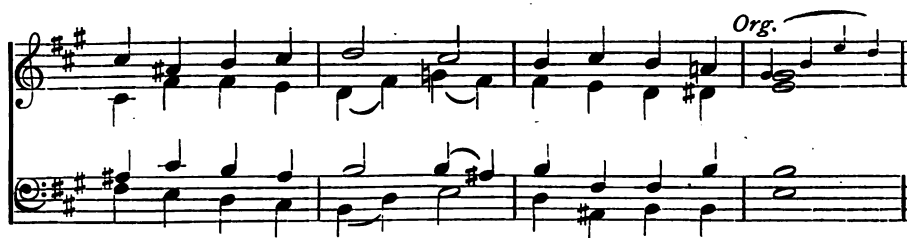
Amen.

Sunday.

158 APPLETHWAITE. 6.5., 12 lines.

(1st Tune.)

C. H. LLOYD.



Sunday.

On the Bless - ed Sun - day Hymns of praise we sing,
For the Re - sur - rec - tion Of our LORD and King. A - men.

ON the Blessed Sunday
Hymns of praise we sing,
For the Resurrection
Of our LORD and King:
Past His life of trial,
Past His death of pain;
Sing we now with gladness,
"CHRIST is risen again!"
On the Blessed Sunday
Hymns of praise we sing,
For the Resurrection
Of our LORD and King.

We on earth must labour
Like our Blessed LORD,
But each work for JESUS,
JESUS will reward:
Sunday comes to tell us
Work one day shall cease,
Sunday tells of Heaven,
Rest, and joy, and peace.
On the Blessed Sunday, etc.

In that home of gladness
Tears are wiped away,
There the lambs of JESUS
Round their Shepherd play;
There no sun can scorch them,
There no cold can chill,
There the love of JESUS
Every heart shall fill.
On the Blessed Sunday, etc.

JESU, may each Sunday
As a ladder be,
Up which we Thy children
May ascend to Thee:
Higher, ever higher,
Aided by Thy grace,
Till we see in glory
Thy unveiled Face.
On the Blessed Sunday
Hymns of praise we sing,
For the Resurrection
Of our LORD and King.
Amen.

Sunday.

158 SUNDAY. 6.5., 8 lines.

(2nd Tune.)



Sunday.

ON the blessed Sunday
Hymns of praise we sing,
For the Resurrection
Of our LORD and King :
Past His life of trial,
Past His death of pain ;
Sing we now with gladness,
"CHRIST is risen again !"

We on earth must labour
Like our blessed LORD,
But each work for JESUS,
JESUS will reward :
Sunday comes to tell us
Work one day shall cease,
Sunday tells of Heaven,
Rest, and joy, and peace.

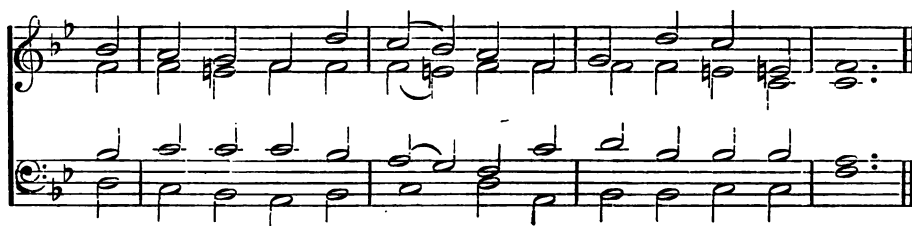
In that home of gladness
Tears are wiped away,
There the lambs of JESUS
Round their Shepherd play ;
There no sun can scorch them,
There no cold can chill,
There the love of JESUS
Every heart shall fill.

JESU, may each Sunday
As a ladder be,
Up which we Thy children
May ascend to Thee :
Higher, ever higher,
Aided by Thy grace,
Till we see in glory
Thine unveiled face. Amer.

Sunday.

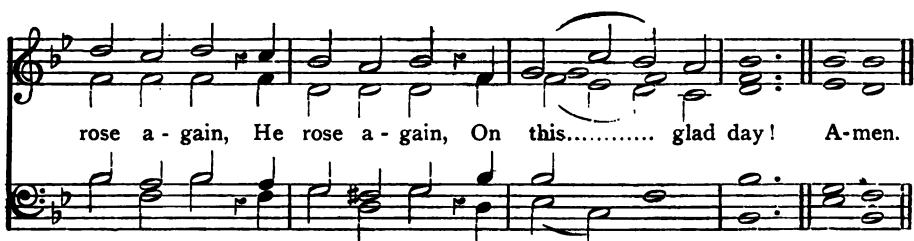
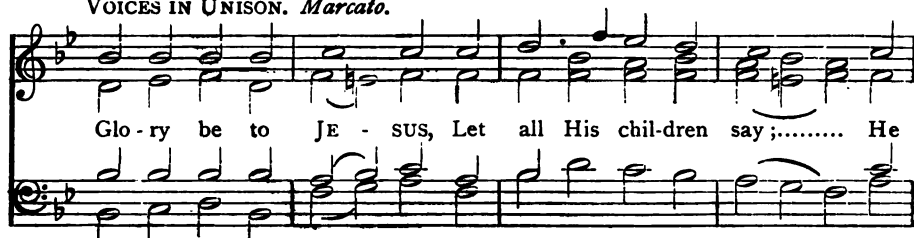
159 WIR PFLÜGEN. P.M.

German.



Sunday.

VOICES IN UNISON. *Marcato.*



A GAIN the morn of gladness,
The morn of light is here ;
And earth itself looks fairer,
And Heaven itself more near :
The bells, like Angel voices,
Speak peace to every breast,
And all the land lies quiet
To keep the Day of Rest.
Glory be to JESUS,
Let all His children say ;
He rose again, He rose again,
On this glad day !

The shining choirs of Angels
That rest not day or night,
The crown'd and palm-deck'd martyrs,
The saints arrayed in white,
The happy lambs of JESUS
In pastures fair above,
These all adore and praise Him,
Whom we too praise and love.
Glory be to JESUS, etc.

The Church on earth rejoices
To join with these to-day ;
In every tongue and nation
She calls her sons to pray ;
Across the Northern snow-fields,
Beneath the Indian palms,
She makes the same Pure Offering,
And sings the same sweet psalms.
Glory be to JESUS, etc.

Tell out, sweet bells, His praises !
Sing, children, sing His Name !
Still louder and still farther
His mighty deeds proclaim !
Till all whom He redeemed
Shall own Him LORD and King ;
Till every knee shall worship,
And every tongue shall sing.
Glory be to JESUS,
Let all His children say ;
He rose again, He rose again,
On this glad day ! Amen.

Sunday.

160 EBBSFLEET. 7.6, 8 lines.

H. HARFORD BATTLELEY.



[Alternative Tunes Nos. 106, 215, 312.]

Sunday.

O DAY of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright ;
On thee the high and lowly,
Before the Eternal Throne,
Sing Holy, Holy, Holy,
To the great THREE in ONE.

On thee at the creation,
The light first had its birth ;
On thee for our salvation
CHRIST rose from depths of earth ;
On thee our LORD victorious
The SPIRIT sent from Heaven ;
And thus on thee most glorious
A triple light was given.

Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry, dreary sand ;
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our promised land :
A day of sweet refection,
A day of holy love,
A day of resurrection
From earth to things above.

To-day on weary nations
The heavenly Manna falls,
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where Gospel-light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the Rest remaining
To spirits of the blest ;
To HOLY GHOST be praises,
To Father, and to Son ;
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee. Blest THREE in ONE. Amen.

Sunday.

161 AVNHQ. S.M.

In quick time.

J. NARES.



THIS is the day of light !
 Let there be light to-day ;
 O Dayspring, rise upon our night
 And chase its gloom away.

This is the day of rest !
 Our failing strength renew ;
 On weary brain and troubled breast
 Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.

This is the day of peace !
 Thy peace our spirits fill ;
 Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease,
 The waves of strife be still.

This is the day of prayer !
 Let heaven and earth draw near ;
 Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there,
 Come down to meet us here.

This is the first of days !
 Send forth Thy quickening breath,
 And wake dead souls to love and praise,
 Thou Vanquisher of death. Amen.

Sunday.

162 CREDITON. C.M.

T. CLARKE.



[Alternative Tunes Nos. 129, 250.]

O SUNDAY is a joyful day,
For holy worship given,
When in GOD'S house we meet to pray,
And learn the songs of heaven.

Bright festal day of holiest peace,
Of all our days the best,
When worldly occupations cease,
Foretaste of heavenly rest.

The church-bells chime o'er hill and vale,
How cheerily they ring,
As week by week they call us still,
To praise our heavenly King.

Then come, let us lift up our voice,
And sing unto the LORD ;
In Him, our rock of strength rejoice,
Him praise with one accord.

Saviour, by Whom these happy days
In this our life are given ;
Teach us to love the house of praise,
The open gate of heaven. Amen.

Sunday.

163 BLESSED DAY. P.M.

(1st Tune.)

CHARLES VINCENT, Mus.Doc.

p *mf*

I. Sweet chimes are float - ing on the air, Bless - ed Day!

p *f*

They call the world to praise and prayer, Bless - ed Day!

p *mf*

At ear - ly dawn the Sa-viour blest Rose like a Conqueror from His rest ; What

Copyright, 1907, by Charles Vincent.

Sunday.

joy and peace fill ev - 'ry breast, Bless - ed Day! A - men.

2. To-day our dear Redeemer rose,

Blessed Day !

And triumphed over all His foes,

Blessed Day !

The Church on earth adores her King,

And Alleluias sweetly ring,

While Angel choirs are echoing,

Blessed Day !

3. A glorious day for us shall dawn,

Blessed Day !

The lovely Resurrection morn,

Blessed Day !

GOD'S happy children, free from care,

Shall be received to mansions fair

And sing through countless ages there—

Blessed Day !

Amen.

Sunday.

163 SELSEY. P.M.
(2nd Tune.)

GEO. H. WESTBURY.

mp Not slow.

cres.

f

p poco rit.

A - men.

SWEET chimes are floating on the air,
Blessed Day!
They call the world to praise and prayer,
Blessed Day!
At early dawn the Saviour blest
Rose like a Conqueror from His rest;
What joy and peace fill every breast,
Blessed Day!
To-day our dear Redeemer rose,
Blessed Day!
And triumphed over all His foes,
Blessed Day!

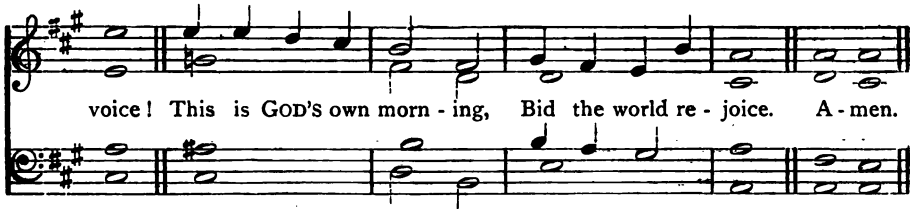
The Church on earth adores her King,
And Alleluias sweetly ring,
While Angel choirs are echoing,
Blessed Day!

A glorious day for us shall dawn,
Blessed Day!
The lovely Resurrection morn,
Blessed Day!
GOD's happy children, free from care,
Shall be received to mansions fair,
And sing through countless ages there—
Blessed Day! Amen.

Sunday.

164 LYNDHURST. 6.5.6.5. D.

Quickly.



HAPPY bells are making
Music everywhere ;
Happy Christians waking
Haste to praise and prayer.

Ring, glad bells, on Sunday,
Ring with joyous voice !
This is GOD'S own morning,
Bid the world rejoice.

Have the week-days found us
Weary or distressed ?
Foes and dangers round us ?
Now He bids us rest.
Ring, glad bells, etc.

In His Church He greets us,
Stoops from Heaven above,
At the Altar meets us,
Offering love for love.
Ring, glad bells, etc.

Oh, what can we render
For such great things given,
Saviour and Defender,
King of earth and heaven ?
Ring, glad bells, etc.

We can praise and bless Him,
Worship and adore ;
In His courts confess Him
GOD for evermore.
Ring, glad bells, etc.

We can join the chorus
Of the Angel throng ;
Saints who lived before us
Add to ours their song.
Ring, glad bells, etc.

Day of joy and gladness,
Day of pure delight,
Now all earthly sadness
Fades in Heaven's clear light.
Ring, glad bells, etc. Amen.

Sunday.

165 KING'S PYON. 7.6.7.6. D.

REV. J. BOULTBEE.

[Alternative Tunes Nos. 39, 166.]

ANOTHER blessed Sunday
Is sent us from above ;
It fills the soul with gladness,
And tells of peace and love.
Its beams so pure and holy
In quiet beauty fall,
And joyfully we hail it
The brightest day of all.

Another week is ended,
And still we live to share
A Father's kind protection,
A Saviour's loving care.
A week of countless blessings
Our grateful hearts recall,
But GOD has made the Sunday
The brightest day of all. Amen.

Sunday.

166 HOLY CHURCH. 7.6.7.6. D.

ARTHUR H. BROWN.

[Alternative Tunes Nos. 132, 165, 195.]

O SAVIOUR, Thou art present
 Whene'er we kneel to pray,
 Thy holy Ear is open
 To every word we say ;
 But oh, in prayer united
 A sweeter grace we claim,
 Where two or three together
 Are gathered in Thy Name.

We may not hope in Heaven
 To bow before the King,
 Or join the glorious anthem
 That Saints and Angels sing,
 Unless within Thy Temple
 We oft have knelt in prayer,
 And shared the special blessing
 Which Thou hast promised there.

In heaven and earth one worship
 Unites the Church in one—
 The ceaseless adoration
 Of GOD's Incarnate Son.
 So holy, holy, holy,
 We now to Thee will cry,
 And praise and laud for ever
 The Blessed Trinity. Amen.

Sunday.

167 HOLY ROOD. S.M.

ARTHUR H. BROWN.



[Alternative Tunes Nos. 196, 231.]

O SAVIOUR, set our minds
From earth-born fancies free ;
For, King of kings and LORD of lords,
We come to worship Thee.

What glorious visions rise
To cheer our earthly night,
When Light of light and GOD of GOD,
We fix on Thee our sight.

With joy we haste to fall
Before Thy mercy-seat,
The LORD of lords, the Very GOD,
The King of Heav'n to greet.

Here gathered in Thy House
We feel Thy Presence blest,
Thy piercèd Hands, Thy piercèd Feet,
Thy Heart where we may rest.

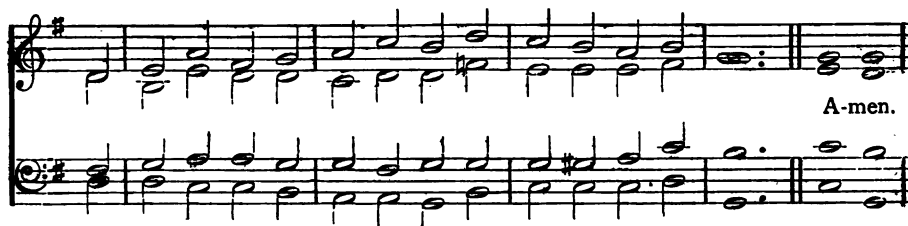
They too, will hear Thee speak
Who listen for Thy Voice,
For Thou Who art the Truth of truth
Dost every heart rejoice.

All hail, O LORD of Light,
While Angels hymn Thy praise,
And Saints their Alleluias bring,
Our joyful songs we raise. Amen.

Morning.

168 RHODESIA. 4.4.6.4.4.6.

GEO. H. WESTBURY.



[Alternative Tune No. 183.]

THE morning bright,
With rosy light,
Has waked me from my sleep;
Father, I own
Thy love alone
Thy little one doth keep.

All through the day
I humbly pray
Be Thou my Guard and Guide;
My sins forgive,
And let me live,
Blest Saviour, near Thy side.

O make Thy rest
Within my breast,
Great Spirit of all grace!
Make me like Thee,
Then I shall be
Prepared to see Thy Face. Amen.

Morning.

169 SOUTHSEA. 8.6.8.6.8.8.

(1st Tune.)

FOR TREBLE VOICES ONLY. *Brightly.*

GEO. H. WESTBURY.

O FATHER, Who hast kept us safe
Throughout the long dark night,
Receive Thy children's grateful praise
For day's returning light ;
Grant us to please Thee, LORD, to-day
In all we do, or think, or say.
Dear JESUS, once a child like us,
Thy wayward children keep,
Teach us to know Thy blessed Voice,
And follow as Thy sheep ;
For meek, obedient, pure like Thee,
The lambs of Thine own Fold should be.

O Holy Spirit ! guide us now
Along the Heavenward way,
And grant us by Thy grace to live
More nearly as we pray ;
Let Thy sweet will by us be done
As by the Angels round Thy Throne.
O Trinity of Love Divine !
All praise to Thee we give,
From Thee all gifts and blessings flow,
By Thee alone we live :
O let our lives Thy praise express,
And fill our hearts with thankfulness !

Amen.

Morning.

169 TENERIFFE. 8.6.8.6.8.8.
(2nd Tune.)

GEO. H. WESTBURY.

O FATHER, Who hast kept us safe
Throughout the long dark night,
Receive Thy children's grateful praise
For day's returning light ;
Grant us to please Thee, LORD, to-day
In all we do, or think, or say.

Dear JESUS, once a child like us,
Thy wayward children keep,
Teach us to know Thy blessed Voice,
And follow as Thy sheep :
For meek, obedient, pure like Thee,
The lambs of Thine own Fold should be.

O Holy Spirit ! guide us now
Along the Heavenward way,
And grant us by Thy grace to live
More nearly as we pray ;
Let Thy sweet will by us be done
As by the Angels round Thy Throne.

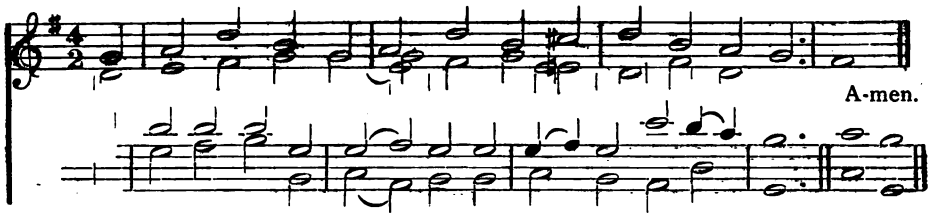
O Trinity of Love Divine !
All praise to Thee we give,
From Thee all gifts and blessings flow,
By Thee alone we live :
O let our lives Thy praise express,
And fill our hearts with thankfulness !

Amen.

Morning.

170 THRONA. 7.6.7.6.

F. A. CELLIER.



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[Alternative Tune No. 281.]

THE darkness now is over
And all the world is bright,
Praise be to CHRIST Who keepeth
His children safe at night.

We cannot tell what gladness
May be our lot to day ;
What sorrow or temptation
May meet us on our way ;

But this we know most surely,
That through all good or ill
GOD'S grace can always help us
To do His holy Will.

Then JESUS ! let the Angels,
Who watched us through the night,
Walk all day long beside us,
To guide our steps aright.

And help us to remember,
In thought and deed and word,
That we are heirs of Heaven,
And children of the LORD.

Then when the evening cometh
We'll kneel again to pray,
And thank Thee for the blessings
Bestowed throughout the day.

Amen.

Morning.

171 ASTWICK. 7.7.7.8.8.

CHAS. SHELFORD.

Not slow.

* These slurs will be required in second verse.

HOLY Father, through the night
 Thou hast kept us in Thy sight,
 Guarded us from hurtful things
 'Neath the shadow of Thy wings.
 We come to thank Thee for our sleep,
 And pray Thee still Thy Lambs to keep.
 All the long bright hours of day,
 In our work and in our play,
 Let Thy Spirit reign within,

Make us pure and free from sin.
 Guide us by Thy mighty power,
 Keep us safe in danger's hour.
 All the day Thy Holy Eye
 Rests on us continually,
 We can serve and please Thee too,
 By the things we say and do :
 O grant that morning, noon, and night,
 We may be holy in Thy sight. Amen.

Morning.

172 SURSUM CORDA. 8.6.8.6.8.8.

REV. L. J. T. DARWALL

[Alternative Tune No. 169.]

LORD, from the dangers of the night
 Thou hast protected me,
 And now in day's returning light
 I humbly offer Thee
 My thanks for night's refreshing rest,
 And sleep with which I have been blest.
 In acts of love for Thee and Thine
 O may I spend this day,
 Seeking to do Thy will, not mine,
 Thy precepts to obey,

Give me in all I do or say—
 Thy Holy Spirit's aid, I pray.

My faith, my fervour, LORD, increase,
 May I Thy Presence feel,
 And grant that wandering thoughts may
 cease
 When at Thy Throne I kneel.
 Thy grace, Thy pardon, I implore,
 Thy help and guidance evermore. Amen.

Morning.

173 LAVANT. P.M.

W. YOUNG.

mf *cres.*

mp *cres.*

pp *dim.* **REFRAIN.**

f *dim.* And Thou art ev-er near,

pp *cres.* *dim.*

Both when we wake or sleep; O JE-SUS, Sa-viour dear, Thy faithful children keep. A-men.

O JESUS, Saviour dear,
 The night has passed away,
 Once more we wake to praise Thy Name,
 And thank Thee for the day;
 We thank Thee for the hours
 In which we peaceful slept:
 What could we fear? If Thou art near
 We must be safely kept.
 And Thou art ever near,
 Both when we wake or sleep;
 O JESUS, Saviour dear,
 Thy faithful children keep.

We pray Thee, dearest LORD,
 Be with us through the day;
 Help us in everything we do,
 In all we think and say;

Keep us from evil ways,
 Make Thou our steps secure;
 No ill can harm, if Thy strong Arm
 Doth guard us safe and sure.

And Thou art ever near, etc.

We know, O LORD, that Thou
 Wast once as young as we;
 O make us kind and merciful,
 And true and brave like Thee.
 So may we follow here
 The pattern Thou hast given;
 May our feet tread where Thine have led,
 The blessed path to Heaven.

And Thou art ever near, etc.

Amen.

Morning.

174 S. SERGIUS. 6.5.6.5.

ARTHUR H. BROWN.



[Alternative Tunes Nos. 1, 237.]

LORD, the morn is breaking
In the Eastern sky,
From my sleep awaking
May I feel Thee nigh.

LORD, the morn is breaking,
Grant such grace to-day
That all sin forsaking,
I may watch and pray.

LORD, the morn is breaking,
May Thine Angel-band,
A bright phalanx making,
Round about me stand.

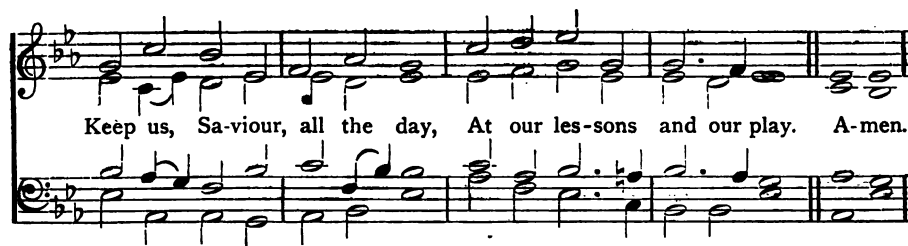
LORD, the morn is breaking,
Saviour, comfort me,
May my heart's sad aching
Pity find with Thee.

LORD, the morn is breaking,
At day's close may we,
In Thy peace partaking,
Calmly rest in Thee. Amen.

Morning.

175 GETHSEMANE. 7s., 6 lines.

REV. J. B. DYKES.



[Alternative Tune No. 43.]

LORD, we bless Thy holy Name
For Thy mercy and Thy care,
Guarding us from want and ill,
Day by day, and year by year.
Keep us, Saviour, all the day,
At our lessons and our play.

Thou hast kept us all the night,
Sleeping 'neath Thy watchful eye,
Bless us in the morning bright,
As our prayer we raise on high.
Keep us, Saviour, etc.

Keep us safe throughout the day,
Good and gentle let us be,
Treading in the narrow way
May we ever follow Thee.
Keep us, Saviour, etc.

Loving Saviour, praise to Thee
With Thy Father throned on high,
Glory to the Spirit be,
Now and for eternity.

Keep us, Saviour, all the day,
At our lessons and our play.
Amen.

Morning.

176 THANET. C.M.

HAROLD B. OSMOND, F.R.C.O.

A - men.

[Alternative Tunes Nos. 88, 92, 204.]

FATHER, let honour here be done
To Thy most holy Name ;
Another day has now begun,
GOD keep us without shame.

Thy Kingdom's cause be quickly won,
May CHRIST the earth receive ;
Another day has now begun,
GOD send a happy eve.

Here as in Heaven Thy Will be done
Where Angels please Thee still ;
Another day has now begun,
GOD shew us all His Will.

Our daily bread give to each one
Bread of Thy word and grace ;
Another day has now begun,
GOD cheer the downcast face.

Forgiveness, LORD, so dearly won,
Give us as we forgive ;
Another day has now begun,
GOD teach us how to live.

May GOD the Father, GOD the Son,
And Spirit safely send ;
Another day has now begun,
GOD keep us to the end. Amen.

Before School.

177 S. MARK. C.M.

C. SHELFORD.

[Alternative Tunes Nos. 124, 214.]

FATHER, we consecrate to Thee
The work we do this day,
May we Thy greater glory seek
In all we do and say.

To those who teach and those who learn
Thy heavenly grace impart,
And may Thy Truth like precious seed
Spring up in every heart.

Forgive our sins, receive our prayer,
O sanctify each one,
We ask it, Father, in the Name
Of Thy Belovèd Son. Amen.

Before School.

178 A SCHOOL PRAYER. 6.6.6.6.

HY. SMITH.

With devotion.

1. Dear LORD, in school to - day Do Thou with us a - bide ;

And in our work and play Be Thou our guard and guide. A - men.

2. We know that school is meant
To teach Thy Holy Will ;
That here we have been sent
Our duty to fulfil.

3. May we attention pay,
And strive to understand,
Our teachers' rule obey,
Give heed to each command.

4. For Thou didst once obey
Thy holy Mother's word ;
And all the live-long day
No duty was deferred.

5. Then bless us ere we start
Our daily tasks to do,
And grant that every heart
May keep both pure and true.

Amen.

After School.

179 MARINERS. 8.7.8.7.

Old Melody.

The musical score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in B-flat major (two flats) and 4/2 time. The melody is a simple, folk-like tune. The first system consists of two measures. The second system consists of two measures, with a double bar line after the first measure. The third system consists of two measures, with a double bar line after the first measure. The piece ends with a final chord in the second measure of the third system.

[Alternative Tunes Nos. 46, 133.]

LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
 Bid Thy children, "Go in peace";
 At Thy word our work beginneth,
 At Thy bidding let it cease.

LORD, we thank Thee Who hast taught us
 To distinguish wrong from right,
 Left us not in heathen darkness,
 Made us children of the light.

For Thy precious Gospel message
 We would praise Thee and adore;
 Be Thyself, dear LORD, our Teacher,
 Make us love Thee more and more. Amen.

After School.

180 S. MILDRED. 8.7.8.7.

ARTHUR H. BROWN.



[Alternative Tunes Nos. 131, 133, 179.]

JESUS, Thou art with the Angels,
Heavenly music Thou dost hear ;
Listen to Thy children singing
Now the evening draweth near.

We have grieved Thee, gentle Saviour,
Since we came this day to school ;
Thou hast seen our idle tempers,
Careless work and broken rule.

But Thy loving smile grew brighter,
And joy filled Thy tender breast
Every time we fought and conquered,
Every time we did our best.

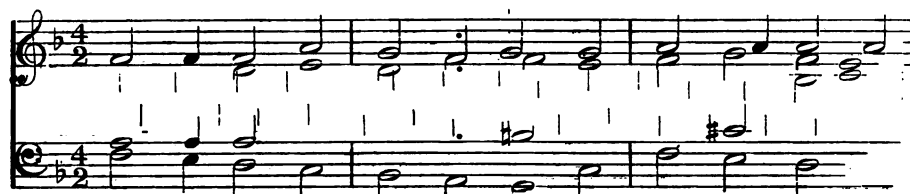
Pardon us, and give us courage
Ever to be brave and true,
Always at each moment thinking—
What would JESUS have me do ?

Bless us, LORD, and those who teach us,
On us now Thy grace outpour,
Keep us through the night in safety,
Guard us, JESUS, evermore. Amen.

After School.

181 DIX. 7s., 6 lines.

KOCHER.



Small notes for verse 3.



A - men.

[Alternative Tune No. 107.]

GOD has given us one more day,
Safely brought us to its close ;
He has seen our work and play,
All that we have done He knows :
And if we have done aright,
We are pleasing in His sight.

In the busy day of school
Lessons for our lives are taught,
How to keep to time and rule,
And be thorough as we ought :
If our work be done aright,
We are pleasing in GOD'S sight.

When our LORD came down to earth,
A little child for me and you,
From the first day of His Birth
Strong and wise by toil He grew
Therefore, if we work aright,
We are pleasing in GOD'S sight.

JESUS knows good things are hard,
And from His great Throne of Light
He will give a full reward,
If life's work be done aright—
He will say, "My child, well done !
Enter Heaven—thy prize is won."

Amen.

After School.

182 S. WERBERGH. 8s., 6 lines.

REV. J. B. DYKES.

The musical score is written for two staves, treble and bass clef. It is in the key of D major (two sharps) and 4/2 time. The first system contains 8 measures. The second system contains 8 measures. The third system is marked 'p Slower.' and contains 8 measures, ending with a double bar line. The text 'A-men.' is written below the final measure of the third system.

[Alternative Tunes Nos. 27, 139.]

AND now the daily work is o'er,
The daily round of toil complete,
And once again we stand, O LORD,
Before Thy gracious Mercy-seat ;
Blest Saviour, teach us day by day
In Thy dear Name to work and play.

Thou too wast once a child on earth,
And subject to Thy parents' will,
Thy mother knew Thee as her GOD,
And yet Thou wast obedient still ;
Blest Saviour, teach us day by day,
Like Thee to love and to obey.

No sinful word was ever known
To cross Thy lips, Thou Child Divine,
No thought unholy ever came
To darken that pure Heart of Thine ;
Blest Saviour, teach us day by day,
To follow in the narrow way.

The learned doctors were amazed
To hear the answers Thou didst make,
And dimly guessed that here was One
Who spake as never man yet spake ;
Blest Saviour, teach us every day,
And shed on us Thy wisdom's ray

The pattern of our childhood Thou,
Dear LORD, we fain would look to Thee,
And looking, learn in daily life
What Christian childhood ought to be ;
Blest Saviour, teach us day by day,
And make us more like Thee, we pray. Amen.

Evening.

183 MORNING BRIGHT. 4.4.6.4.4.6.

ARTHUR H. BROWN.

Quietly.

[Alternative Tune No. 168.]

THE daylight fades ;
 The evening shades
 Are gathering round my bed ;
 Father above,
 I praise the Love
 That guards my slumbering head.

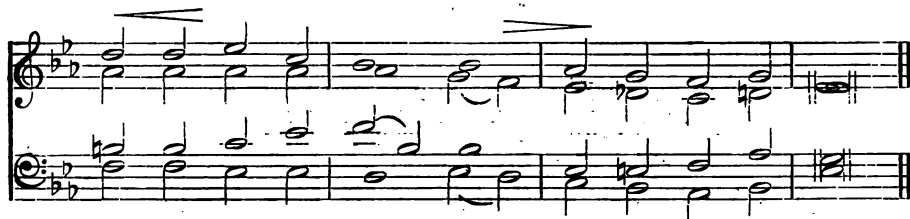
While Thou art near,
 I need not fear
 The gloom of midnight hour ;
 Blest JESUS, still
 From every ill
 Defend me with Thy power.

Pardon my sin,
 And enter in
 And sanctify my heart ;
 Spirit Divine,
 O ! make me Thine,
 And ne'er from me depart. Amen.

Evening.

184 S. AUBYN. 6.5.6.5.

GEO. H. WESTBURY.



[Alternative Tunes Nos. 144, 174.]

L ORD, the day is fading
In the golden West,
And in peace I lay me
Down and take my rest.

Underneath the shadow
Of Thy holy wing,
I will sleep till morning
Doth the daylight bring.

Give Thy holy Angels
Charge to watch o'er me,
May they, while I slumber,
Guard me lovingly.

So when life is over,
And death comes to me,
May the Angels gently
Bear my soul to Thee. Amen.

Evening.

185 S. MABYN. 8.7.8.7.

ARTHUR HENRY BROWN.



[Alternative Tunes Nos. 131, 133, 180.]

HEAR Thy children, gentle Saviour,
While we breathe our evening prayer,
Save us from all harm and danger,
Take us 'neath Thy sheltering care.

Guard us from the wiles of Satan
As we take our rest to-night ;
Ever may bright Guardian Angels
Keep us in their watchful sight.

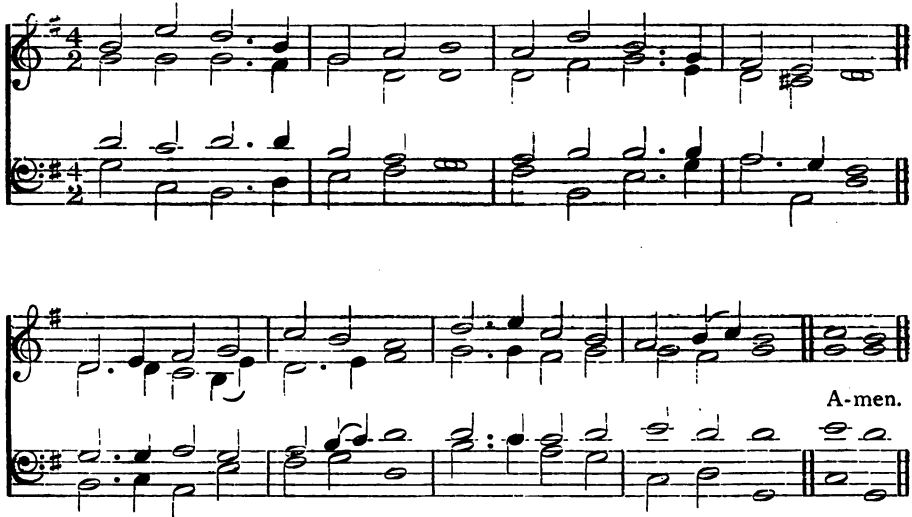
Gentle JESUS, look in pity
From Thy Glorious Throne above ;
Though we sleep, Thy heart is wakeful,
And for us it beats with love.

Shades of evening fast are falling,
Day is fading into gloom,
When the shades of death fall round us.
Take us to our heavenly home. Amen.

Ebening.

186 MORETON. 7.7.7.7.

ARTHUR H. BROWN.



[*Alternative Tunes Nos. 243 289.*]

DARK, O LORD, the world would be
If no glory came from Thee ;
Though the moon and stars on high
Shine upon us from the sky.

CHRIST my Saviour never sleeps ;
All night long a watch He keeps ;
And the blessed Angels bright
See His splendour all the night.

Let my slumber holy be,
Waking, may I think of Thee !
In Thy love lie calm and still,
Rise with joy to do Thy will. Amen.

Evening.

187 LAND OF REST. D.C.M.

R. S. NEWMAN.

THE shadows of the evening hours
 Fall from the dark'ning sky ;
 And thick upon the fragrant flowers
 The dews of evening lie.
 Before Thy throne, O LORD most High,
 We kneel at close of day ;
 Look on Thy children from the sky,
 And hear us while we pray.
 Thy servants' sorrows and their fears
 O do not Thou despise ;
 But let their humble prayers and tears
 Find favour in Thine eyes.

And as 'tis only night's dark hours
 That bring the stars in sight,
 So 'midst those woes that must be ours
 Be Thou our guiding Light.

May peace, the peace that comes from
 Upon our hearts descend, [heaven,
 And to Thine Angels charge be given
 Our weakness to defend.
 Give rest upon our earthly way,
 Our eyes with slumber close,
 Though we must labour through the day,
 O grant us now repose. Amen.

Evening.

188 "EVENING SHADOWS." P.M.

German.



Evening.



EV'NING shadows deepen,
 Sinks the sun to rest,
 All the flow'rs are sleeping,
 Birds too in their nest.
 JESU, keep me safe
 Through the long dark night,
 Till the sun arising
 Bring the morning bright.
 Ev'ning shadows deepen,
 Stars light up the sky,
 Angels now are keeping
 Silent watch on high.

I need fear no evil,
 And no harm can dread,
 For my Angel guardian
 Stands beside my bed
 Watching over me
 As I sleeping lie,

GOD Himself has sent him
 From beyond the sky.
 Near me through the shadows
 Of the long dark night,
 Till the sun arises
 Stands my Angel bright.

Hear me, holy JESU,
 As I pray to Thee
 For all little children
 Wheresoe'er they be.
 JESU, keep them safe
 If poor and sick and sad,
 Comfort and relieve them,
 Make them strong and glad.
 Teach us all to love Thee,
 Guide our steps aright,
 Through the busy day-time
 And the silent night. Amen.

Evening.

189 "JESUS, TENDER SHEPHERD, HEAR ME." 8.7.8.7.

Old Melody.

Quietly.

A - men.

[Alternative Tunes Nos. 131, 180.]

JESUS, tender Shepherd, hear me,
 Bless Thy little lamb to-night,
 Through the darkness be Thou near me,
 Keep me safe till morning light.

All the day Thy hand has led me,
 And I thank Thee for Thy care,
 Thou hast clothed me, warmed, and fed me,
 Listen to my evening prayer.

Let my sins be all forgiven,
 Bless the friends I love so well,
 Take me when I die to Heaven,
 Happy there with Thee to dwell.

Now I sign the sacred token,
 Cross my hands upon my breast;
 JESUS' name the last word spoken
 Ere I gently sink to rest. Amen.

Evening.

190 HOWDEN. 8.8.6.8.8.6.

ARTHUR H. BROWN.

[Alternative Tunes Nos. 134, 218.]

FOR all the mercies of the day
Which now has nearly passed away,
I bless and praise Thee, LORD,
Imploring Thee, ere night begins,
To pardon all my many sins
Of thought, and deed, and word.

Time is a talent to us lent,
Not to be wasted or mis-spent,
But used for Thee and Thine ;

What have I done this day to prove
For Thee and Thine my growing love,
And that Thy Will is mine ?

O Saviour, Who didst die for me,
Enable me to live for Thee
Until my life shall end ;
And when that solemn hour draws near,
Grant that I may without a fear
My soul to Thee commend. Amen.

Evening.

191 ELMSTONE. 7.7.7.4.

H. HARFORD BATTLE.



IN the dark and silent night,
Blessed LORD, be Thou my light,
So shall nothing me affright ;
Alleluia.

Fearless e'en in death's dark vale
We Thy saving presence hail,
Never shall Thy succour fail ;
Alleluia.

Waking, sleeping, still with Thee,
Blessed JESUS, may I be,
Now and through eternity ;
Alleluia.

Safely shadowed 'neath Thy wing,
Help Thy loving child to sing
Glory to the Heavenly King ;
Alleluia.

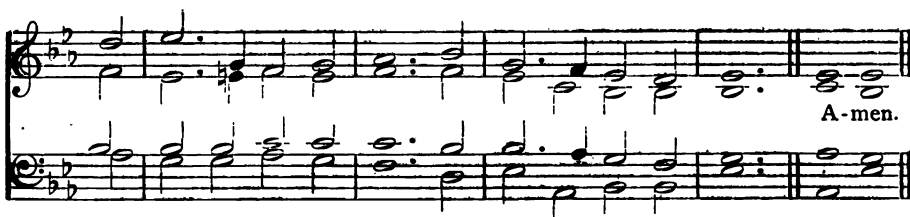
Angels sing, and so would I,
While upon my bed I lie,
Praise the glorious Trinity ;

Alleluia. Amen.

Evening.

192 "THE STARS AT LAST ARE SEEN." 6.6.6.6.

ALCOCK (adapted).



THE stars at last are seen,
And now, O GOD, to Thee
I tell what I have been,
And what I meant to be.

I meant to be so pure,
So true, so brave, so kind,
But now on looking back,
Scarce one good thing I find.

My thoughts, my deeds, my words,
That so imperfect look,
Thine Angel now records
Within Thy Holy Book.

LORD JESUS, all my guilt
I pray Thee wash away;
For me Thy Blood was spilt,
My ransom price to pay.

LORD, grant a Holy Fear
May make me hate my sin,
That urged by love of Thee
The victory I may win.

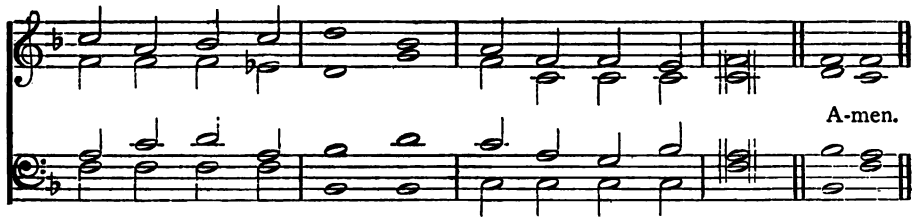
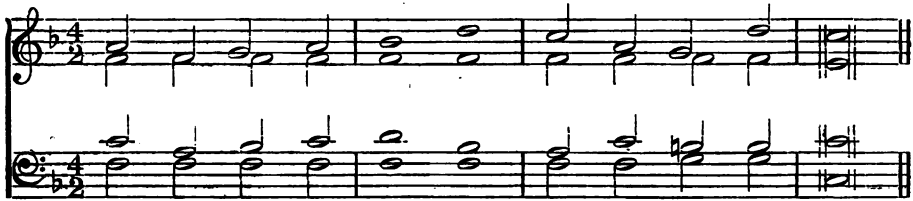
And while I lie asleep,
O let an Angel's wings
In perfect safety keep
Thy child who to Thee sings.

And should I never see
Another morning's light,
O bid me come to Thee,
Where all is clear and bright. Amen.

Evening.

193 GUARDIAN ANGELS. 6.5.6.5.

DUNCAN CUMMING.



[Alternative Tunes Nos. 144, 174.]

JESUS, loving Saviour,
At Thy Feet I lay
All the faults and failures
Of another day.

From Thy holy Heaven
Thou hast seen it all,
Heard each wrong word spoken,
Grieved o'er ev'ry fall.

But though I have pained Thee,
Still I am Thy child,
And Thou art My Saviour,
Merciful and mild.

So I kneel before Thee,
Own myself to blame,
Pardon, LORD, and pity
All the sin and shame.

Make me struggle harder
When temptations come ;
Make me fit, LORD JESUS,
For my Heavenly Home. Amen.

Evening.

194 KNIGHTON. 8.6.8.6.8.8

REV. G. C. E. RYLEY, Mus.Bac.

p Slower.

Light-en our darkness, Lord, we pray, And bring us to the per - fect day. A-men.

WE should not be afraid at night
 When all alone we lie,
 And darkness takes the place of light,
 For Angel-friends are nigh.
 Lighten our darkness, LORD, we pray,
 And bring us to the perfect day.

Their faithful watch around our beds
 The blessed Spirits keep,
 And lovingly they guard our heads
 When we are fast asleep.
 Lighten our darkness, LORD, we pray,
 And bring us to the perfect day.

We need not be afraid to hear
 The rolling tempest wild,
 For JESUS whispers in the ear—
 "Be not afraid, My child."
 Lighten our darkness, LORD, we pray,
 And bring us to the perfect day.

When JESUS calls we shall not fear
 In death to close our eyes,
 For gently will the Angels bear
 The soul to Paradise;
 Lighten our darkness, LORD, we pray,
 And bring us to the perfect day. Amen.

The Church.

195 AURELIA. 7.6.7.6. D.

S. S. WESLEY.

[Alternative Tune No. 166.]

THE Church's one foundation
Is JESUS CHRIST her LORD ;
She is His new creation
By water and the Word ;
From Heav'n He came and sought her
To be His holy Bride ;
With His own Blood He bought her,
And for her life He died.

Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One LORD, one Faith, one Birth ;
One Holy Name she blesses,
Partakes one Holy Food,
And to one hope she presses
With every grace endued.

Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore oppress,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distrest,

Yet Saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, "How long?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

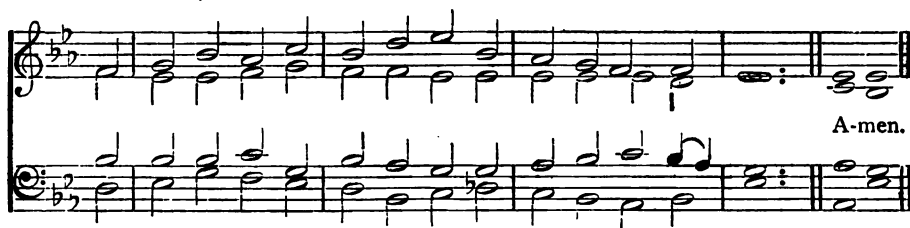
'Mid toil, and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore ;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

Yet she on earth hath union
With GOD the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won :
O happy ones and holy !
LORD, give us grace that we,
Like them the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee. Amen.

The Church.

196 EPSOM. S.M.

TURNER.



A-men.

[Alternative Tunes Nos. 77, 167.]

WE love Thy Church, O LORD,
The City of our GOD,
The Bride for whom the Saviour gave
His own most precious Blood.

We love Thy Church, O LORD,
We love her courts so fair,
In solemn fast and glorious feast
We love to worship there.

We love Thy Church, O LORD,
Each holy Rite we prize,
But most of all the Feast of Love,
The Christian sacrifice.

We love Thy Church, O LORD,
Her Saints before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thine hand.

We love Thy Church, O LORD,
For her our prayers ascend ;
To her our care and toil are given,
Till care and toil shall end.

Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Sion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
The brightest bliss of heaven. Amen.

The Church.

197 HENLOW. 8.6., 12 lines.

B. W. HORNER.

CHORUS.

f
Our Mo-ther Church, our Mo-ther Church, Thy chil-dren love thee well;

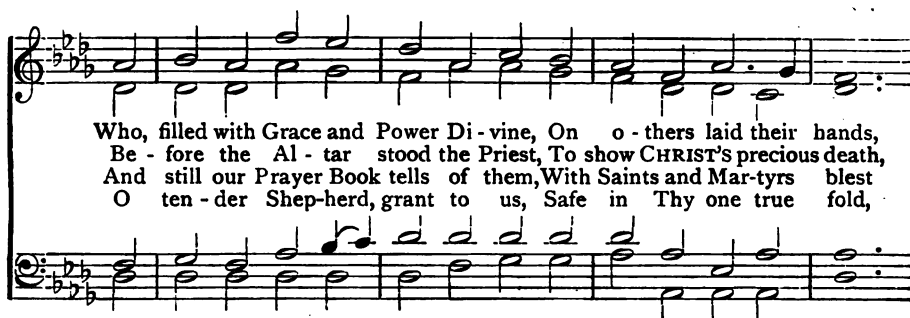
UNISON.

We love with-in thy courts to stand, Thy songs of praise to swell.

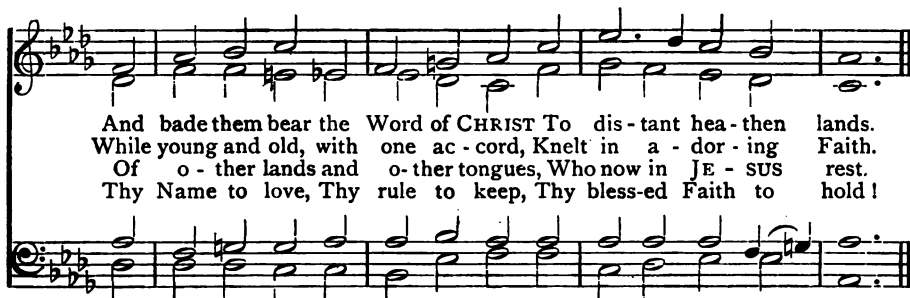
mf
1. One with the A - pos - to - lic band On whom the Spi - rit came
2. Far o'er the storm - y sea they sailed To our dear is - land home,
3. Then England's sons were strong for CHRIST, They raised the Cross on high,
4. Their Faith is ours, with them we seek A home of joy a - bove;

Up - on the day of Pen - te - cost, Like clo - ven tongues of flame;
And to the sa - cred cleans-ing Font They bade her chil-dren come;
And for their Mas-ter's hon - our dared To suf - fer and to die;
Re - ceive the self-same Sa - cra-ments, And share one Sa - viour's love.

The Church.

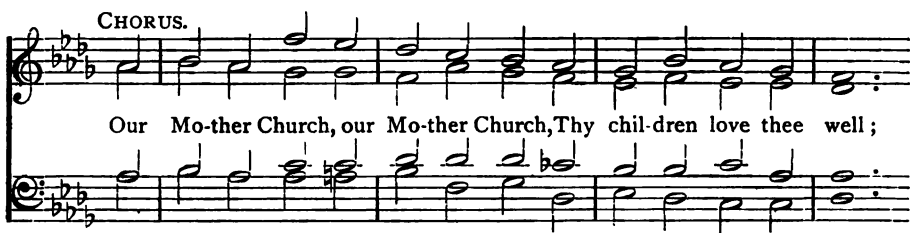


Who, filled with Grace and Power Di-vine, On o - thers laid their hands,
Be - fore the Al - tar stood the Priest, To show CHRIST'S precious death,
And still our Prayer Book tells of them, With Saints and Mar-tyrs blest
O ten - der Shep-herd, grant to us, Safe in Thy one true fold,



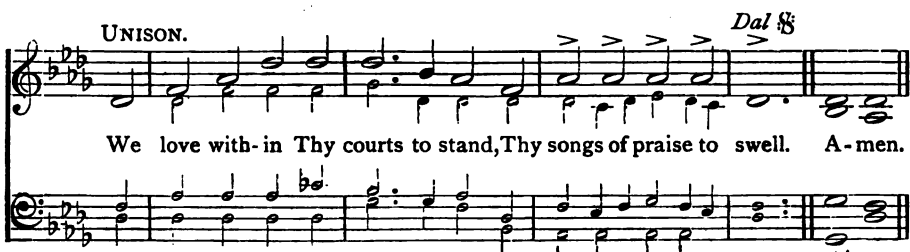
And bade them bear the Word of CHRIST To dis-tant hea-then lands.
While young and old, with one ac-cord, Knelt in a - dor - ing Faith.
Of o - ther lands and o - ther tongues, Who now in JE - SUS rest.
Thy Name to love, Thy rule to keep, Thy bless-ed Faith to hold!

CHORUS.



Our Mo-ther Church, our Mo-ther Church, Thy chil-dren love thee well;

UNISON. *Dal 8*



We love with-in Thy courts to stand, Thy songs of praise to swell. A-men.

The Church.

198 ECCLESIA. D.C.M.

REV. J. BLACKBOURNE.



[Alternative Tune No. 203.]

THE Church ! the Church ! the Holy Church !

My fathers' and my own !
On Prophets and Apostles built,
And CHRIST the Corner-stone ;
Upon this rock, 'gainst every shock,
Though gates of hell assail,
She stands secure, with promise sure—
They never shall prevail.

The Church ! the Church ! the Holy Church !

When to the Font I came,
She took me in her loving arms
And gave me my new name :
When faint and weak fresh strength I seek,
She brings me Bread from Heaven,
That Heavenly Food, that precious Blood,
Whereby new life is given.

The Church ! the Church ! I love the Church

My Saviour holds so dear ;
In His own Name she speaks, she guides,
Let none "refuse to hear."

We will rejoice whene'er her voice
Calls us to praise and prayer ;
At morning prime, or evening time,
Her worship we will share.

The Church ! the Church ! the Holy Church !

O may we add this vow
To those we made when first the Cross
Was signed upon our brow :
Assault who may, fail or betray,
Dishonour or disown,
The Church shall still be dear to us,
Her Faith shall be our own ! Amen.

The Church.

199 JERUSALEM. C.M.

T. WORSLEY STANIFORTH.



[Alternative Tunes Nos. 141, 176.]

O HAPPY fold ! O happy Church !
The living and the dead
For ever and for evermore
Unite in CHRIST their Head.

They have one faith, they have one hope,
Wherever they may be ;
And death itself can never quench
Their boundless charity.

The glorious saints for ever blest,
Who stand before GOD'S Throne,
Will hear amid their endless bliss
The feeblest infant's moan.

The nearer that they are to GOD
The deeper burns their love ;
How many helpers then have we
In that bright world above !

And in this world of grief and care,
Each day and passing hour,
GOD'S children form one family
By His Almighty Power.

One here may work, one there may pray,
One suffer and one rest ;
But all the Saints may think or do
Is joined in union blest.

O happy fold ! O happy Church !
If here so much is given,
Oh, what will our communion be
When all are safe in Heaven ! Amen.

The Church.

200 THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND. 7.6., 12 lines.

ALFRED REDHEAD.

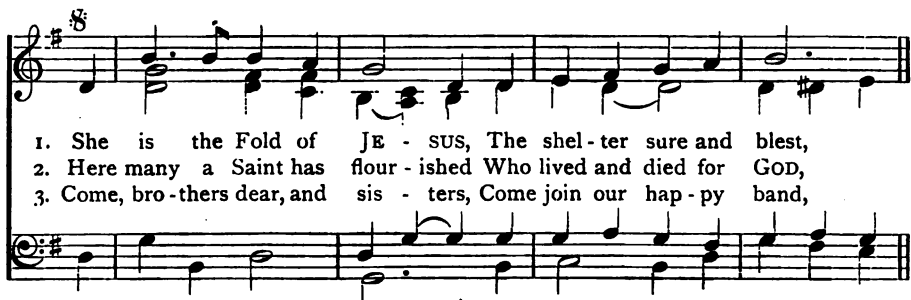
CHORUS. *Boldly.*



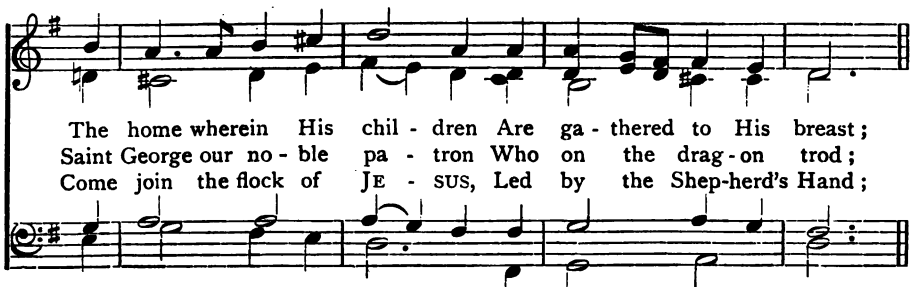
GOD bless the Church of Eng - land, True Branch of CHRIST the Vine,



Her Bish - ops, Priests, and Dea - cons, Of Ap - os - tol - ic line.

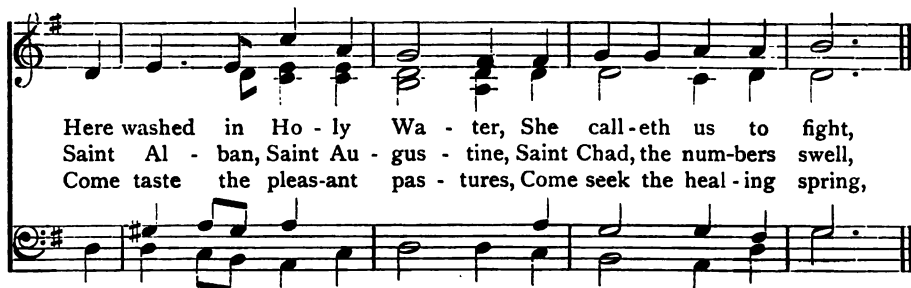


1. She is the Fold of JE - SUS, The shel - ter sure and blest,
2. Here many a Saint has flour - ished Who lived and died for GOD,
3. Come, bro - thers dear, and sis - ters, Come join our hap - py band,

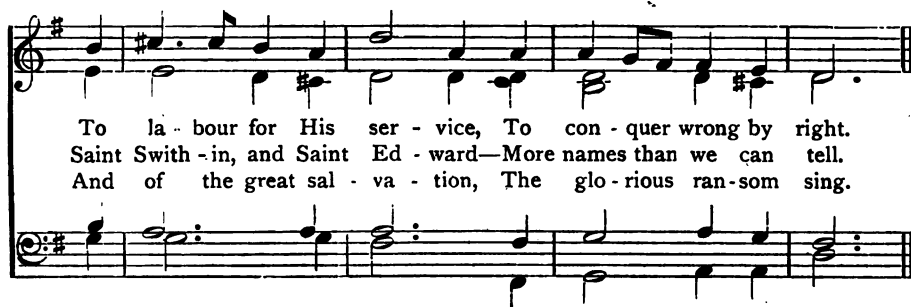


The home wherein His chil - dren Are ga - thered to His breast;
Saint George our no - ble pa - tron Who on the drag - on trod;
Come join the flock of JE - SUS, Led by the Shep - herd's Hand;

The Church.



Here washed in Ho - ly Wa - ter, She call-eth us to fight,
 Saint Al - ban, Saint Au - gus - tine, Saint Chad, the num-bers swell,
 Come taste the pleas-ant pas - tures, Come seek the heal - ing spring,



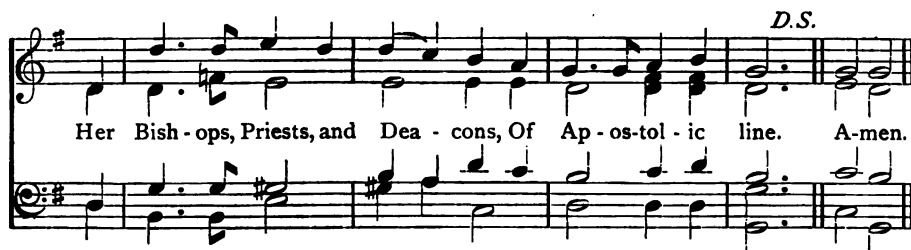
To la - bour for His ser - vice, To con - quer wrong by right.
 Saint Swith - in, and Saint Ed - ward—More names than we can tell.
 And of the great sal - va - tion, The glo - rious ran - som sing.

CHORUS.



GOD bless the Church of Eng - land, True Branch of CHRIST the Vine,

D.S.



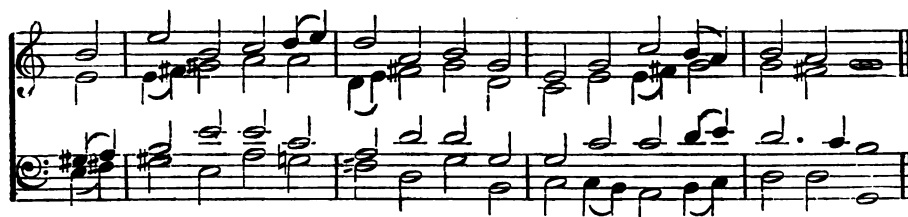
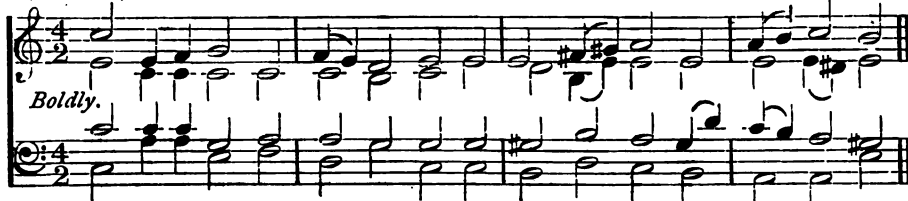
Her Bish - ops, Priests, and Dea - cons, Of Ap - os - tol - ic line. A-men.

The Church.

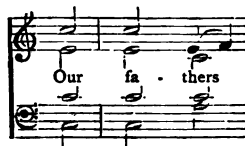
201 "FAITH OF OUR FATHERS." 8s., 6 lines.

(1st Tune.)

C. H. LLOYD, Mus. Doc.



*Verse 2 may begin thus,
if preferred :*



FAITH of our fathers ! living still,
In spite of dungeons, fire, and sword,
Oh, how our hearts beat high with joy
When'er we hear that glorious word—
Faith of our fathers ! Holy Faith !
We will be true to thee till death.

Our fathers, chained in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free,
How sweet would be their children's fate
If they, like them, could die for thee !
Faith of our fathers, etc.

Faith of our fathers, faith and prayer
Have kept our country brave and free,
And through the truth that comes from
GOD

Her children have true liberty !
Faith of our fathers, etc.

Faith of our fathers ! we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife ;
And preach thee, too, as love knows how,
By kindly words and virtuous life.

Faith of our fathers, etc. Amen.

Another Tune for the above Hymn will be found at the end of the book, page 462.

The Church.

202 S. ASAPH. 8.7.8.7. D.

W. S. BAMBRIDGE.

GRACIOUS words of thee are spoken,
 Sion, City of our GOD ;
 He whose Word cannot be broken
 Chose thee for His loved abode.
 On the Rock of Ages founded
 What can raging storms avail ?
 By Salvation's walls surrounded
 Gates of hell shall not prevail.
 Here the bright baptismal waters
 Flow from GOD'S Eternal Throne ;
 And to GOD'S dear sons and daughters
 Comes the Holy Spirit down.

Here the Bread of Life is broken
 To become the children's food ;
 And the words of pardon spoken—
 Pardon through the Precious Blood.

For the Holy Church of JESUS
 Is the spotless Bride of CHRIST ;
 Guardian of the Sacred Scriptures,
 Guardian of the Eucharist.
 Father, may Thy children never
 From the Church of JESUS rove,
 Till we die, and live for ever
 In the glorious Church above.

Amen.

General Hymns.

203 PALESTINE. D.C.M.

Old Melody.

All this, and all the Church doth teach, My GOD, I do be - lieve,

For Thou hast bid us hear the Church, And Thou can'st not de - ceive. A-men.

[Alternative Tune No. 198.]

THERE is one true and only GOD,
 Our Maker and our LORD,
 And He created everything
 By His Almighty Word.
 All this, and all the Church doth teach,
 My GOD, I do believe,
 For Thou hast bid us hear the Church,
 And Thou can'st not deceive.
 But in this One and only GOD
 There yet are Persons Three ;
 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 One Blessed Trinity.
 All this, and all the Church, etc.

The Second Person, GOD the Son,
 Came down on earth to dwell,
 Took flesh, and died upon the Cross,
 To save our souls from hell.
 All this, and all the Church, etc.
 The good with GOD in heaven above
 Will ever happy be,
 While sinners banished from His sight
 Will mourn eternally.
 All this, and all the Church doth teach,
 My GOD, I do believe,
 For Thou hast bid us hear the Church,
 And Thou can'st not deceive.

Amen.

General Hymns.

204 BEETHOVEN. C.M.

BEETHOVEN.



[Alternative Tunes Nos. 141, 199.]

MY GOD, how wonderful Thou art !
Thy Majesty how bright !
How beautiful Thy Mercy-Seat
In depths of shining light !

How dread are Thine Eternal years,
O Everlasting LORD,
By prostrate Spirits, day and night,
Unceasingly adored !

How wonderful, how beautiful
The sight of Thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity !

Oh, how I fear Thee, Living GOD !
With deepest, tenderest fears ;
And worship Thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears.

Yet I may love Thee too, O LORD !
Almighty as Thou art,
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

O then this poor and sinful heart
In pity deign to take,
And make it love Thee for Thyself,
And for Thy Glory's sake. Amen.

General Hymns.

205 BURBAGE. L.M.
Moderato.

T. WORSLEY STANIFORTH.



[Alternative Tune No. 125.]

O HEAVENLY Father, day by day,
My love of Thee grows more and more,
Thy gifts are strewn upon my way,
Like sands upon the great sea-shore.

Though poverty, and work, and woe,
The masters of my life may be,
In darkest days who does not know
Darkness is light with love of Thee.

When times were worst I oft have said
No hope have I but in my GOD,
And yet in this I did but tread
The very path my Saviour trod.

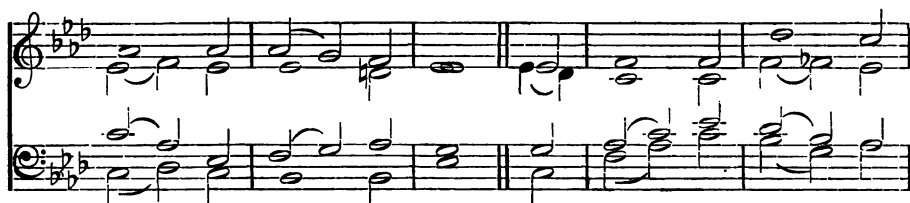
Then keep me from this world's vain mirth,
And let me poor and lowly be,
What joy had JESUS CHRIST on earth,
Except the joy of loving Thee?

Give me the grace to love Thee more,
For that is all Thy children need,
And Father, when life's cares are o'er,
O, I shall love Thee then indeed. Amen.

General Hymns.

206 EVENLEV. C.M.

C. SHELFORD.



[Alternative Tunes Nos. 124, 176, 232.]

OH may we feel how great GOD is
When we kneel down to pray ;
He listens from His awful Throne
To hear what children say.

The very Angels scarce can bear
To gaze upon the light
That pours down from His Majesty,
So awful and so bright.

They veil their faces when they sing,
And then they prostrate fall
Before their Sovereign LORD and GOD,
And on His Name they call.

We join with Angels when we kneel,
And Holy, Holy, cry,
And though we cannot see His Face
We know the LORD is nigh.

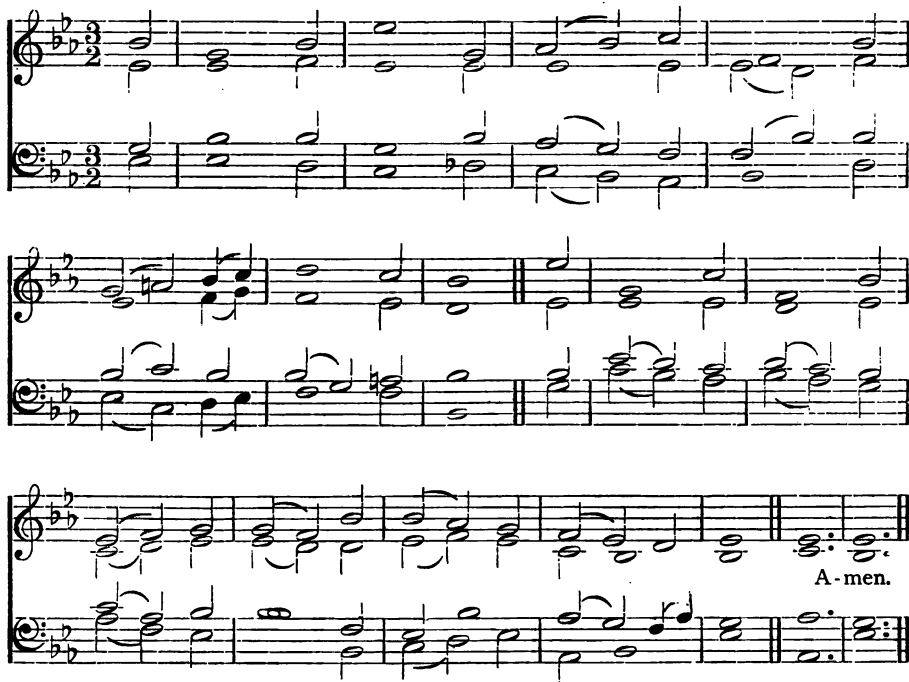
We must not dare to talk and laugh,
Not thinking what we say ;
We must not look from side to side
When we kneel down to pray.

To Thee, O Holy GOD, we speak,
Thy greatness may we feel,
And put all idle thoughts away
When at our prayers we kneel. Amen.

General Hymns.

207 BELGRAVE. C.M.

W. HORSLEY.



[Alternative Tunes Nos. 108, 140.]

THERE is an Eye that never sleeps
Beneath the wing of night ;
There is an Ear that never shuts
When sink the beams of light.

There is an Arm that never tires
When human strength gives way ;
There is a Love that never fails
When earthly loves decay.

That Eye is fixed on seraph throng,
That Arm upholds the sky ;
That Ear is filled with Angel songs,
That Love is throned on high.

There is a Power that man can wield
When mortal aid is vain,
That Eye, that Arm, that Love to reach,
That Listening Ear to gain.

That Power is Prayer which soars on high
Through JESUS to the Throne,
And moves the Hand which moves the world,
To bring salvation down. Amen.

General Hymns.

208 STAPLEFORD. 8.7., 6 lines.

ARTHUR H. BROWN.

[Alternative Tune No. 262.]

LEAD us, Heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea ;
Guide us, guard us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee ;
Yet possessing every blessing
If our GOD our Father be.

Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us,
All our weakness Thou dost know,
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe ;
Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

Spirit of our GOD, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy,
Love with every feeling blending,
Pleasures that can never cloy ;
Thus provided, pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy. Amen.

General Hymns.

209 NO NAME SO SWEET. 8.7.8.7. D.

J. M. BENTLEY.

mp

dim.

REFRAIN.

We love to sing un - to our King, And hail Him Bless-ed JE - SUS!

rit.

For there's no word ear ev - er heard, So dear, so sweet as JE - SUS! A-men.

THERE is no name so sweet on earth,
 No name so dear in Heaven,
 As that, before His wondrous Birth,
 To CHRIST the Saviour given.
 We love to sing unto our King,
 And hail Him Blessed JESUS!
 For there's no word ear ever heard,
 So dear, so sweet as JESUS!
 'Twas Gabriel first that did proclaim
 To Mary, blessed Mother,
 The Name which now and evermore
 We praise above all other.
 We love to sing, etc.

Then when He hung upon the Tree,
 They wrote His Name above Him,
 That all might see the reason we
 For evermore must love Him.

We love to sing, etc.

And now although He reigns in Heaven,
 From us He ne'er will sever;
 He knows our needs, for us He pleads
 His precious death for ever.

We love to sing unto our King,
 And hail Him Blessed JESUS!

For there's no word ear ever heard,
 So dear so sweet as JESUS! Amen.

General Hymns.

210 HARTEST. 7.6.7.6. D.

ARTHUR II. BROWN.

[Alternative Tunes Nos. 106, 215.]

<p>O CHRIST, the Prince of Glory, How wonderful Thou art ! The vision of Thy beauty Brings joy to every heart. We sing Thy radiant splendour, Thy truth and matchless worth, O Light and bliss of Heaven, O only hope of earth !</p>	<p>From highest heaven Thou camest In lowliness to live, And for Thy guilty children Thy precious life to give. Who heard Thy call and followed, The LORD of Life possessed, The sad and heavy-laden In Thee found perfect rest.</p>	<p>With bitter scorn and malice Men paid Thy charity ; Upon the Cross they nailed Thee And left Thee there to die. But by Thy death and passion Thy Holy Church was spread ; On every tribe and nation The Gospel light was shed.</p>
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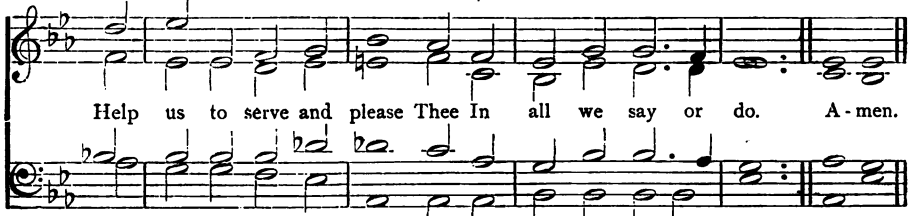
The choirs of Heaven exalt Thee,
 They chant their anthems blest,
 While hymns of adoration
 Rise from the Saints at rest.
 Earth's melodies are blended
 With that celestial strain,
 For life with Thee is gladness,
 And death with Thee is gain.

We pray Thee, Prince of Glory,
 That when we're called to die,
 Thy Angel-guards may bear us
 To Thy bright home on high ;
 To see Thine unveiled beauty,
 Thy majesty adore,
 And through the countless ages
 To praise Thee more and more. Amen.

General Hymns.

211 S. NINIAN. 7.6.7.6. D.

H. A. PROTHERO.



[Alternative Tunes Nos. 160, 195.]

CHRIST is our King and Master,
He died to set us free;
To shew us how He loved us
He bled on Calvary.

We hail Thee, blessed JESUS,
Our King and Saviour too;
Help us to serve and please Thee
In all we say or do.

Our hearts are made to love Thee,
Our tongue Thy praises tells,
Our bodies are the temples
In which Thy Spirit dwells.
We hail Thee, etc.

Our hands must labour for Thee,
And do the good they can,
Our feet tread in Thy footprint,
O Holy Son of Man.

We hail Thee, etc.
Crowns wait for us in Heaven,
And shining harps of gold,
There many lovely mansions
Their glory will unfold.

We hail Thee, etc.
And if we serve Thee truly,
Thou'll speak the gracious word:
Come, faithful servants, enter
The glory of your LORD.
We hail Thee, etc.

Amen.

General Hymns.

212 S. ALBAN (132). II.II.II.II.

From S. Alban's, Holborn, Tune Book.

[Alternative Tunes No. 238, 265.]

O DIVINEST Childhood of my Saviour dear,
How in very weakness does His strength appear!
Hither speed, ye Angels, on exultant wing,
View in this poor manger Heaven's eternal King.

Does not this sweet Infant seem to thee to say—
"Cast thy heartless trusting in thyself away;
Know that if thou learn not to resemble Me,
Happiness celestial ne'er can fall to thee.

"Come, ye little children, unto Me draw nigh,
For the pure and childlike dwell with Me on high,
Who in love and meekness, from all malice free,
Serve their dear Redeemer with simplicity.

"I, Who pride and greatness evermore abase,
On the poor and lowly lavish all My grace;
And to humble spirits heavenly things reveal,
Which My secret judgments from the proud conceal." Amen.

General Hymns.

213 PASTOR BONUS. 6.5.6.5. D.

SIR J. STAINER.

[Alternative Tune No. 136.]

CHRIST, Who once amongst us
 As a Child did dwell,
 Is the children's Saviour,
 And He loves us well:
 If we keep our promise
 Made Him at the Font,
 He will be our Shepherd,
 And we shall not want.
 There it was they laid us
 In those tender Arms,
 Where the lambs are carried
 Safe from all alarms;
 If we trust His promise
 He will let us rest
 In His Arms for ever,
 Leaning on His Breast.
 Though we may not see Him
 For a little while,
 We shall know He holds us,
 Often feel His smile;

Death will be to slumber
 In that sweet embrace,
 And we shall awaken
 To behold His Face.
 He will be our Shepherd
 After as before,
 By still heavenly waters
 Lead us evermore;
 Make us lie in pastures
 Beautiful and green,
 Where none thirst or hunger,
 And no tears are seen.
 JESUS, our good Shepherd,
 Laying down Thy life,
 Lest Thy sheep should perish
 In the cruel strife.
 Help us to remember
 All Thy love and care,
 Trust in Thee and love Thee
 Always, everywhere. Amen.

General Hymns.

214 SAWLEY. C.M.

J. WALCH.

[Alternative Tunes Nos. 50, 57, 232.]

THERE is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear LORD was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

We may not know, we cannot tell
What pains He had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to Heaven,
Saved by His precious Blood.

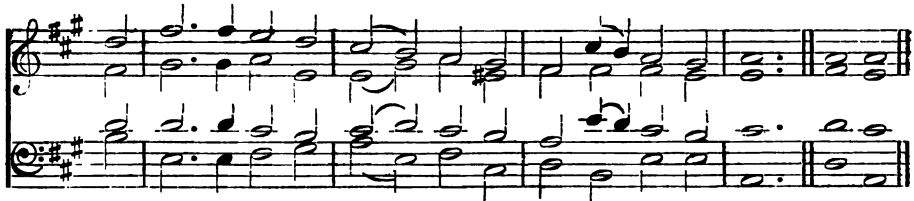
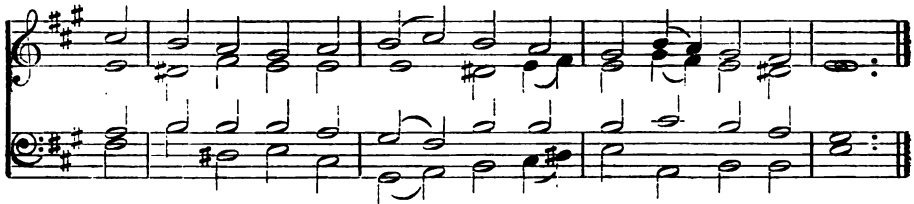
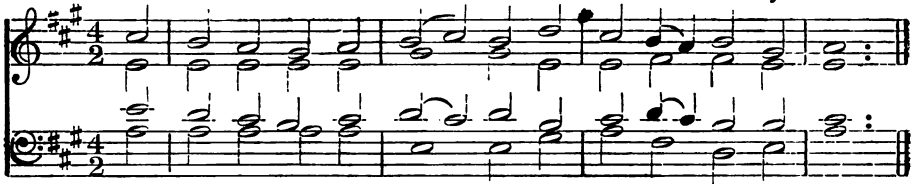
There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin,
He only could unlock the gate
Of Heaven, and let us in.

Oh, dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming Blood,
And try His works to do. Amen.

General Hymns.

215 "WHEN, HIS SALVATION BRINGING." 7.6.7.6. D.

SIR J. BARNBY.



[Alternative Tune No. 312.]

WHEN, His salvation bringing,
To Sion JESUS came,
The children all stood singing
Hosanna to His Name ;
Nor did their zeal offend Him,
For, as He rode along,
He let them still attend Him,
And smiled to hear their song.
And since the LORD retaineth
His love for children still,
Though now as King He reigneth
On Sion's heavenly hill,

We'll flock around His banner
Who sits upon His Throne,
And cry aloud "Hosanna !"
To David's royal Son.
Yet should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their Hosannas raise.
Nor will we only render
The tribute of our words,
For while our hearts are tender,
They too shall be the LORD'S. Amen

General Hymns.

216 EXETER. 8.8.6.8.8.6.

S. WESLEY.



THE Lamb of GOD by Jordan stands,
And seeks at John the Baptist's hands
The sign of sin forgiven ;
The holy Prophet pours with dread
The water on the sinless Head
Of JESUS, King of Heaven.

Behold, from out the opening skies
The Father's Voice now glorifies
His well-belovèd Son :
And like a Dove, all pure and bright,
The Holy Ghost is seen to light
Upon that spotless One.

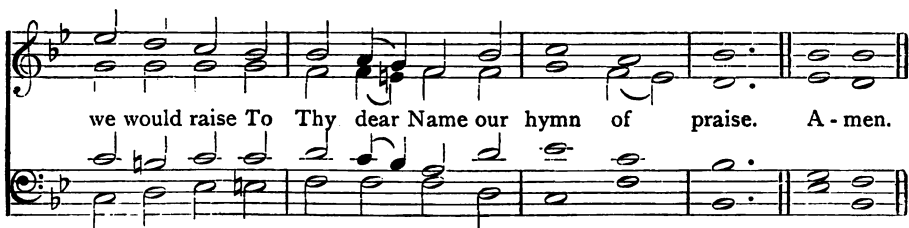
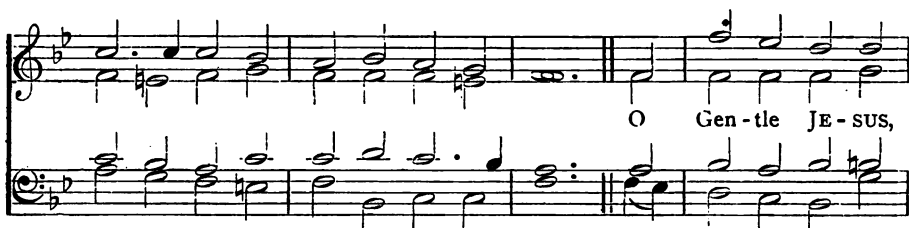
On us who long in darkness lay,
Now shines on our Baptismal Day
The Spirit from above ;
To us angelic voices come,
To welcome to their Father's Home
The children of His love.

LORD, who such wondrous love hast shewn
In calling us to be Thine own,
Give us Thy Grace alway ;
That living in Thy faith and fear,
We may be found Thy children dear
Upon the Judgment Day. Amen.

General Hymns.

217 CASTERTON. 6.6.8.6.8.8.

HAYDN.



THE crowds had silent stood
 All through the long hot day,
 Then JESUS said—"Give them to eat
 Lest some faint by the way."
 O Gentle JESUS, we would raise
 To Thy dear Name our hymn of praise.

A voice cried in distress,
 "Have mercy, LORD, on me!"
 The Saviour stopped to heal and bless,
 He made the blind eyes see.
 O Gentle JESUS, etc.

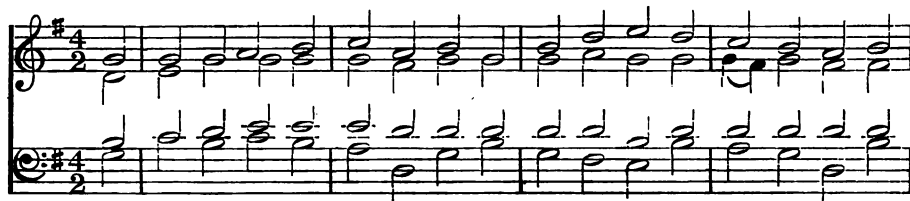
The little children came,
 And to His side they pressed,
 "Forbid them not," He said, "nor blame,"
 Then drew them to His breast.
 O Gentle JESUS, etc.

And still He loves to share
 Our troubles great or small;
 And we may trust the loving care
 That watches over all.
 O Gentle JESUS, we would raise
 To Thy dear Name our hymn of praise.
 Amen.

General Hymns.

218 OXFORD. 8.8.6.8.8.6.

W. BOYCE.



FAR o'er the lake of Galilee
 There rolled a dark and angry sea,
 The foaming waves rose high :
 'Twas dark, and JESUS had not come
 To guide His servants to their home,
 Or show that He was nigh.

In vain they strove to reach the shore,
 For though they toiled with anguish sore,
 No way the vessel made ;
 When lo ! a radiant Form drew nigh,
 And answered to their startled cry,
 " 'Tis I, be not afraid."

'Twas He Who made the earth and sea,
 That walks the waves so royally,
 JESUS, the Son of GOD :
 The stormy winds no longer blow,
 And calm the raging waters flow,
 Which those Blest Feet have trod.

So, in the Church CHRIST loves so well,
 Unseen it pleases Him to dwell ;
 And still His word we hear—
 " Fear not, but toil throughout the night,
 And surely with the morning light
 Once more I shall appear ! " Amen.

General Hymns.

219 DUNELM. L.M.

CH. VINCENT, Mus.Doc.

[Alternative Tunes Nos. 117, 125.]

O HOLY LORD, content to fill
 In lowly home the lowliest place ;
 Thy childhood's law a mother's will,
 Obedience meek Thy brightest grace.

Lead every child that bears Thy Name
 To walk in Thine own guileless way,
 To dread the touch of sin and shame,
 And humbly, like Thyself, obey.

Oh, let not this world's scorching glow
 Thy Spirit's quickening dew efface,
 Nor blast of sin too rudely blow,
 And quench the trembling flame of grace.

Gather Thy lambs within Thine Arm,
 And gently in Thy Bosom bear ;
 Keep them, O LORD, from hurt and harm,
 And bid them rest for ever there.

So shall they, waiting here below,
 Like Thee their LORD, a little span,
 In wisdom and in stature grow,
 And favour with both GOD and man. Amen.

General Hymns.

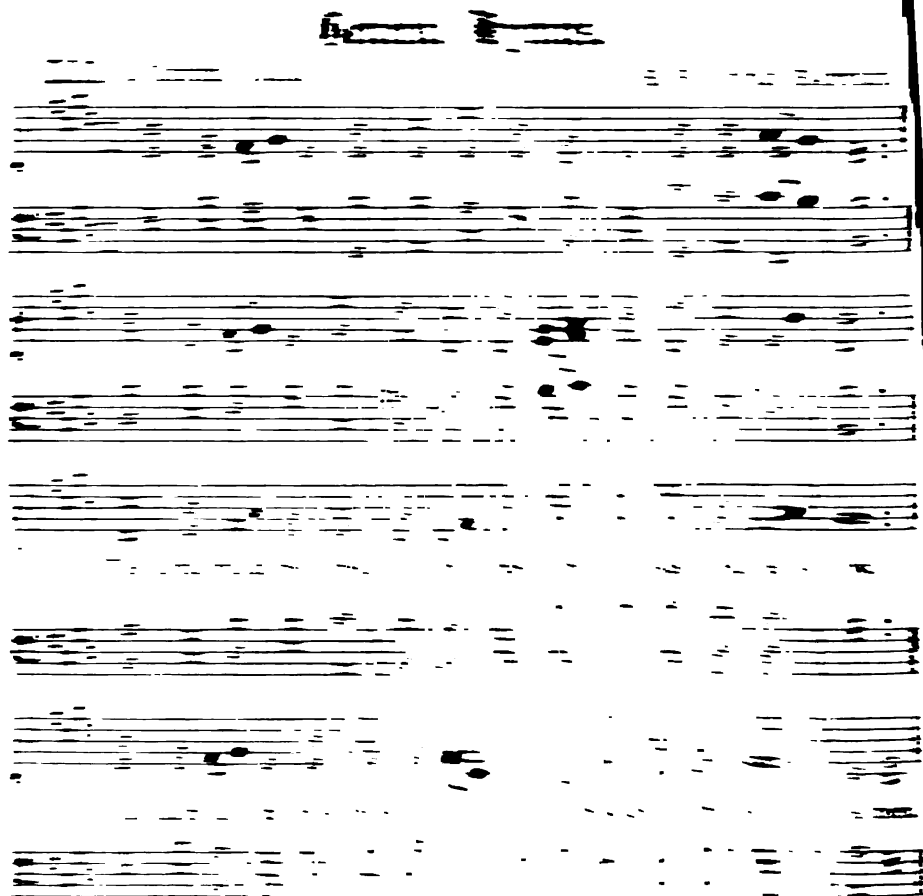
220 S. MARTIN-LE-GRAND. D.C.M.

ARTHUR H. BROWN.

[Alternative Tune No. 187.]

O BRIGHTNESS of eternal light,
 I worship at Thy feet ;
 Though all unworthy in Thy sight,
 Thy mercies I repeat.
 To save our souls from sin and strife
 Is still Thy work divine ;
 The gates of everlasting life,
 O gracious LORD, are Thine.
 I love to praise Thee when the sun
 Pours forth his early light,
 And when the bright stars one by one
 Come twinkling out at night :
 If I am free from care or loss,
 I love to praise Thy Name ;
 If I am called to bear the Cross,
 I bless Thee all the same.

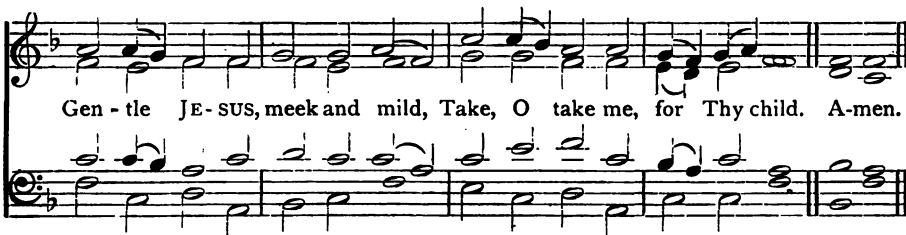
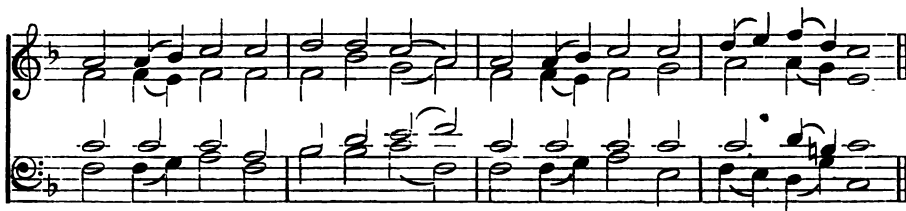
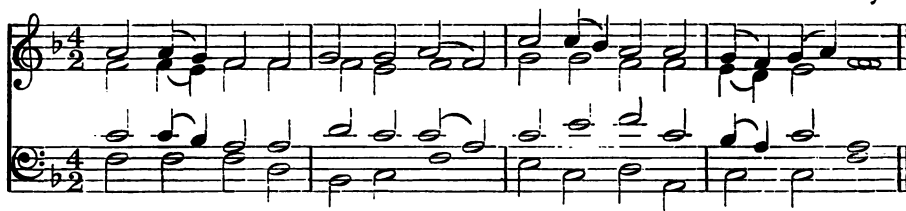
If roses on my path I meet,
 I feel the gift is Thine ;
 If thorns spring up to pierce my feet,
 I still will not repine.
 The blessings sent to win my love,
 O LORD, I freely take ;
 The trials sent my faith to prove
 I bear for Thy dear sake.
 Then let me on my journey go,
 And fear not for the end ;
 It matters not who is my foe
 If JESUS is my Friend.
 In Thee, sweet LORD, I put my trust ;
 O guard me while I live ;
 And when this dust returns to dust,
 My soul in heaven receive. Amen.



General Hymns.

222 "GENTLE SAVIOUR." 7s., 6 lines.

Old Melody.



Gen - tle JE - SUS, meek and mild, Take, O take me, for Thy child. A-men.

GENTLE Saviour, meek and mild,
Take, O take me, for Thy child ;
All my life O let it be
My best joy to think of Thee.
Gentle JESUS, meek and mild,
Take, O take me, for Thy child

When my eyes are closed in sleep,
Through the night my slumbers keep,
Make my latest thought to be
How to give my heart to Thee.
Gentle JESUS, meek and mild,
Take, O take me, for Thy child.

Teach me when the sunbeam bright
Calls me with its golden light,
How my waking thoughts may be
Turned, dear Saviour, unto Thee.
Gentle JESUS, meek and mild,
Take, O take me, for Thy child.

Thus, sweet Saviour, day and night
Thou shalt guide my steps aright,
And my dying words shall be,
" LORD, I give my soul to Thee."
Gentle JESUS, meek and mild,
Take, O take me, for Thy child. Amen.

General Hymns.

223 OAKHILL. 7.6.7.6. D.

W. YOUNG.

[Alternative Tune No. 132.]

DEAR Saviour ! Who hast called us
To be Thy very own,
And told us that our Angels
Behold Thee on Thy Throne ;
O teach us how to serve Thee
As loving children may,
Thy blessed Will fulfilling
In all things day by day.
We see Thee not amidst us,
We cannot wash Thy Feet,
Nor like to Martha serve Thee
As Thou dost sit at mea^t.

Yet Thou hast sweetly told us
How we may do Thy will,
How in the poor and suffering,
Thou, LORD, art with us still.
That when we cheer the lonely,
And help the poor and sad,
Wipe tears from eyes now weeping,
And make the mourner glad ;
The help we love to render
Is dearly prized by Thee,
Who sayest—" Blessed children,
Ye did it unto Me." Amen.

General Hymns.

224 S. JOHN. 7.6.7.6.7.7.

R. CECIL.



DO not quarrel, do not chide ;
 You must love each other :
 Every comrade at your side
 Is your Christian brother :
 You have all been born anew ;
 Love and peace are fit for you.

You became by that new birth
 To the LORD most holy,
 For His sainted ones on earth
 Peaceful are and lowly.
 Ye are Saints, and ye must be
 Worthy of such company.

Give not back the hasty blow,
 Though 'tis given wrongly ;
 Let the foolish scoffer go,
 Though he tempt thee strongly :
 Keep thy gentle LORD in mind,
 Who was always meek and kind.

He gave back no angry word
 When they did offend Him ;
 He that was the Angels' LORD
 Called none to defend Him,
 Not when hated and abused,
 Scorned, and spitted on, and bruised.

But He suffered patiently
 Pain and cruel chiding :
 Meek and patient you must be,
 In His Church abiding ;
 Pride and anger would be shame
 For the Saints who bear His Name. Amen.

General Hymns.

225 "ALL THINGS BRIGHT AND BEAUTIFUL." 7.6.7.6.

CHORUS.

W. YOUNG.

f

All things bright and beau - ti - ful, All crea-tures great and small,

rall.

All things wise and won - der - ful, The LORD GOD made them all.

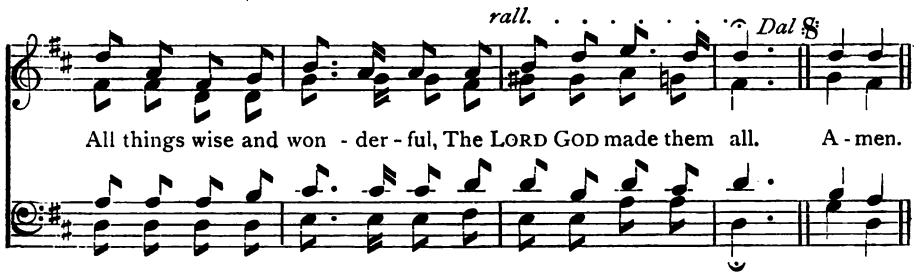
mf a tempo.

1. Each lit - tle flower that o - pens, Each lit - tle bird that sings, He

made their glow - ing col - ours, He made their ti - ny wings.

General Hymns.

CHORUS.



2. The rich man in his castle,
The poor man at his gate,
GOD made them high or lowly,
And ordered their estate.
All things bright, etc.

3. The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset and the morning,
That brightens up the sky.
All things bright, etc.

4. The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,
He made them every one.
All things bright, etc.

5. The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows where we play,
The rushes by the water
We gather every day.
All things bright, etc.

6. He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is GOD Almighty,
Who hath made all things well.
All things bright, etc. Amen.

General Hymns.

226 STURRY. 6.5.6.5.

H. HARFORD BATTLE.



[Alternative Tunes Nos. 174, 193, 237.]

DO no sinful action,
Speak no angry word,
Ye belong to JESUS,
Children of the LORD.

CHRIST is kind and gentle,
CHRIST is pure and true,
And His little children
Must be holy too.

There's a wicked spirit
Watching round you still,
And he tries to tempt you
To all harm and ill.

But ye must not hear him,
Though 'tis hard for you
To resist the evil,
And the good to do.

For ye promised truly
In your infant days,
To renounce him wholly,
And forsake his ways.

Ye are new-born Christians,
Ye must learn to fight
With the bad within you,
And to do the right.

CHRIST is your own Master,
He is good and true,
And His little children
Must be holy too. Amen.

General Hymns.

227 "ON THE GOODS THAT ARE NOT THINE." 7.8.7.8.

G. COPLAND.



ON the goods that are not thine,
Little Christian, lay no finger ;
Round thy neighbour's better things
Let no wistful glances linger.

Pilfer not the smallest thing,
Touch it not, howe'er thou need it,
Though the owner have enough,
Though he know it not, or heed it.

Taste not the forbidden fruit,
Though resistance be a trial ;
Grasping hand and roving eye,
Early teach them self-denial.

Upright heart and honest name
To the poorest are a treasure,
Better than ill-gotten wealth,
Better far than pomp or pleasure.

Poor and needy though thou art,
Gladly take what GOD has given,
With clean hand and humble heart,
Passing through the world to Heaven. Amen.

General Hymns.

228 TOTTENHAM. C.M.

GREATOREX.



[Alternative Tune No. 140.]

SPEAK carefully, O Christian child,
The angels hover near,
And every wicked word you say
Those blessed spirits hear.

They cannot bear a sinful jest,
An oath or wilful lie,
And if they hear you say such words,
Away those angels fly.

Up to GOD's blessed Throne they go,
A dreadful book is there,
Where they write down each sinful word
That people utter here.

Take care then, Christian child, take care,
Of every word you say,
Remember death, remember hell,
And the great Judgment day. Amen.

General Hymns.

229 "LEANING ON THEE." 8.8.8.4.

K. E. HICKS.



LEANING on Thee, my Guide, my Friend,
My Gracious Saviour, I am blest,
Though weary, Thou dost condescend
To be my rest.

Leaning on Thee with childlike faith,
To Thee the future I confide,
Each step of life's untrodden path
Thy love shall guide.

Leaning on Thee I breathe no moan,
Though faint with languor, parched with
Thy will has now become my own, [heat,
That will is sweet.

Leaning on Thee, 'midst torturing pain,
With patience Thou my soul dost fill,
Thou whisperest, "What did I sustain?"
Then I am still.

Leaning on Thee, though faint and weak,
Too weak another voice to hear,
Thy heavenly accents comfort speak,
"Be of good cheer."

Leaning on Thee no fear alarms,
Calmly I stand on death's dark brink,
I feel the Everlasting Arms,
I cannot sink. Amen.

General Hymns.

230 CAMPSEA ASH. 8.7.8.7.3.

Rather slowly.

ARTHUR H. BROWN.



LORD, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering full and free,
Showers the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some drops descend on me—Even me.

Pass me not, O gracious Father,
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let Thy mercy light on me—Even me.

Pass me not, O gracious Saviour!
Let me love and cling to Thee;
I am longing for Thy favour; [me.
Whilst Thou'rt calling, oh call me—Even

Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of JESUS' merit, [me.
Speak the word of power to me—Even

Have I long in sin been sleeping,
Long been slighting, grieving Thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
O forgive and rescue me—Even me.

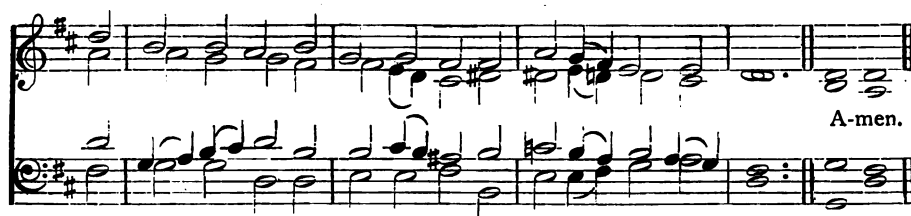
Love of GOD, so pure and changeless;
Blood of CHRIST, so rich and free;
Grace of GOD, so strong and boundless,
Magnify it all in me—Even me.

Pass me not; but, pardon bringing,
Bind my heart, O LORD, to Thee;
Whilst the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, O bless me—Even me. Amen.

General Hymns.

231 VESPER. S.M.

H. HARFORD BATTLE.



[Alternative Tunes Nos. 96, 196.]

COME, Blessed Paraclete !
We call Thee to our side,
When roads are rough, uphold our feet,
When dark, be Thou our Guide.

Come, Fire from Heaven above !
Oh, purge our hearts from ill,
Then make them glow with holy love
And burn to do Thy will.

Come, Light that dwells on high !
Shed but one piercing ray,
All haunting doubts like phantoms fly,
All shadows pass away.

Come, rushing, mighty Wind !
Convince us with a word,
Force every proud and stubborn mind
To know Thee GOD and LORD.

Come, holy, heavenly Dove !
Brood o'er these hearts of ours,
Then peace and purity and love
Shall spring like summer flowers.

Come, Holy Spirit, come !
Give strength unto the weak ;
Sore pressed are we and far from Home.
Fainting, Thy help we seek.

Come, Comforter Divine,
And calm each troubled breast ;
One word from that dear Voice of Thine
Can hush our griefs to rest ! Amen.

General Hymns.

232 HOWARD. C.M.

J. WILSON'S Psalmody.

[Alternative Tunes Nos. 124, 177.]

O HOLY GHOST, Eternal Light,
Send forth Thy piercing ray,
Without Thee all is hopeless night,
But with Thee glorious day.

We dare not hope for tongues of fire,
We may not here behold
The Holy Dove with silver wings
And feathers bright as gold.

But we may claim and make our own
The Sevenfold Gifts of Grace,
The lamps that burn before Thy Throne
To light our earthly race.

As one by one the souls press in
Thy glorious love to share,
A double portion send to us,
A sevenfold gift of prayer.

All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
While endless ages run. Amen.

General Hymns.

233 BROOKFIELD. L.M.

T. B. SOUTHGATE.



[Alternative Tune No. 125.]

CREATOR Spirit, Holy Guest,
Take up within our souls Thy rest,
Come with Thy grace and heavenly aid,
And fill the hearts which Thou hast made.

O highest Gift of GOD most high,
O Comforter, to Thee we cry,
Thou art our Joy in every woe,
Our Guide and Friend while here below.

O kindle Love in every heart,
To every mind Thy Light impart,
With Wisdom pure and Virtue high,
And Ghostly Strength our souls supply.

Drive far away the foe we dread,
And give us Thy sweet Peace instead,
So may we in the narrow way
Shine bright unto the perfect day.

O teach us while we live below,
The Father and the Son to know,
And Thou, O Holy Spirit, be
Adored and praised eternally. Amen.

General Hymns.

234 WAREHAM. L.M.

W. KNAPP.

A - men.

[Alternative Tunes Nos. 149, 233.]

COME, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
And fill me with celestial love,
For Thou delightest to impart
The richest treasures to the heart.

When I am tempted to do wrong,
O make my will for good more strong,
And give me faith and charity,
That I may trust and hope in Thee.

Thou knowest I am frail and weak,
Then teach me, LORD, Thy strength to seek,
That so enabled by Thy might
I may the powers of evil fight.

Come, Holy Spirit, ever blest,
O come and rule within my breast,
I long to be a holy child,
O make me humble, gentle, mild. Amen.

General Hymns.

235 JERUSALEM. 7.6.7.6.

REV. J. B. DYKES.



[Alternative Tunes Nos. 4, 55.]

COME, O Creator Spirit !
Visit this soul of Thine ;
This heart of Thy creating
Fill Thou with grace divine.

O Comforter most blessed !
The Gift of GOD above !
Who sevenfold gifts bestowest,
The Fount of Light and Love.

Pour love into our hearts,
Our senses touch with light ;
Make strong our human frailty
With Thy supernal might.

From our fierce foe defend us ;
Thy peace in us fulfil ;
So, Thou before us leading,
May we escape each ill.

The Father and the Son
Through Thee may we receive ;
In Thee, from Both proceeding,
Through endless time believe. Amen.

General Hymns.

236 OXFORD. II.II.II.II.

T. WARD.

Not quick.



I MET the Good Shepherd but now on the plain,
As homeward He carried His lost one again;
I wondered how gently His burden He bore,
And as He passed by me, I knelt to adore.

O Shepherd, Good Shepherd, Thy wounds they are deep;
The wolves have sore hurt Thee in saving Thy sheep;
Thy raiment all over with crimson is dyed,
And what is this rent they have made in Thy Side?

Ah me, how the thorns have entangled Thy hair,
And cruelly wounded that forehead so fair!
How feebly Thou drawest Thy faltering breath,
And lo, on Thy face is the paleness of death!

O Shepherd, Good Shepherd, and is it for me
Such grievous affliction hath fallen on Thee?
Oh, then let me strive, for the love Thou hast borne,
To give Thee no longer occasion to mourn. Amen.

General Hymns.

237 S. ALBAN'S (289). 6.5.6.5. Melody from S. Alban's, Holborn, Tune Book.



[Alternative Tunes Nos. 174. 242.]

FAITHFUL Shepherd, feed me
In the pastures green,
Faithful Shepherd, lead me
Where Thy steps are seen.

Hold me fast, and guide me
In the narrow way,
So, with Thee beside me,
I shall never stray.

Daily bring me nearer
To the heavenly shore;
May I love and serve Thee
Ever more and more.

Hallow every pleasure,
Sanctify my pain;
Be Thyself my Treasure,
Though none else I gain.

Give me joy or sadness;
This be all my care,
That eternal gladness
I with Thee may share.

Day by day prepare me
As Thou seest best;
Then let Angels bear me
To Thy promised rest. Amen.

General Hymns.

238 BUXTONA. II. II. II. II.

T. WORSLEY STANIFORTH.



[Alternative Tunes Nos. 265, 273.]

JESUS is our Shepherd! wiping every tear!
Folded on His bosom, what have we to fear?
Only let us follow whither He doth lead,
To the thirsty desert, or the dewy mead.

JESUS is our Shepherd—well we know His Voice!
How its gentlest whisper makes the heart rejoice:
Even when He chideth, loving is His tone;
None but He shall guide us—we are His alone.

JESUS is our Shepherd! for the sheep He bled;
Every lamb is sprinkled with the Blood He shed;
Then on each He setteth His own sacred Sign,
For the young and tender must, saith He, be Mine.

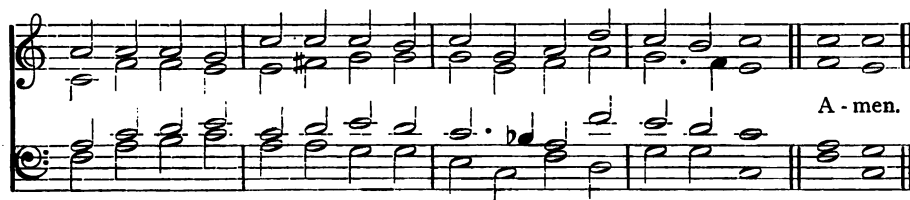
JESUS is our Shepherd! guarded by His Arm,
Though the wolves may raven, none may do us harm.
When we tread death's valley, through the fearful gloom
He will still be with us, Who o'ercame the tomb.

JESUS is our Shepherd! He will lead us on
To that Blessed Country whither He has gone.
Let us sing His praises with a thankful heart,
Till in Heaven we meet Him, never more to part. Amen.

General Hymns.

239 ANGELI. 8.7.8.7.4.7.

W. HORSLEY.



[Alternative Tune No. 262.]

SAVIOUR, like a Shepherd lead us,
 Much we need Thy tender care ;
 In Thy pleasant pastures feed us,
 For our use Thy fold prepare.
 Blessed Saviour ! Blessed Saviour !
 Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.

We are Thine, do Thou befriend us,
 Be the Guardian of our way ;
 Keep Thy flock ; from sin defend us,
 Seek us when we go astray.
 Blessed Saviour ! Blessed Saviour !
 Hear Thy children when they pray.

At the Font Thou didst receive us,
 Made Thy children then were we,
 Thou hadst mercy to relieve us,
 Grace to cleanse, and power to free :
 Blessed Saviour ! Blessed Saviour !
 Early were we brought to Thee.

Early let us seek Thy favour,
 Early let us do Thy will,
 And our hearts, O Blessed Saviour,
 With Thy Holy Spirit fill ;
 Blessed Saviour ! Blessed Saviour !
 Thou hast loved us—love us still. Amen.

musical pc 156
General Hymns.

240 LONGHOPE. 6.5, 12 lines.

REV. G. C. E. RYLEY, Mus.Bac.



General Hymns.

a tempo.

JE - SUS, gen - tle Shep - herd, Sa - viour, lov - ing, mild,

Give Thy grace and bless - ing Un - to me Thy child. A-men.

[Alternative Tune No. 329.]

FROM the fold of JESUS,
 I, a wayward child,
 Far away had wandered
 Into deserts wild.
 But my Shepherd sought me,
 Took me in His arms,
 Far from danger brought me
 Safe from all alarms.
 JESUS, gentle Shepherd,
 Saviour, loving, mild,
 Give Thy grace and blessing
 Unto me Thy child.

In His hand He held me,
 Pardon'd all my sin,
 To His fold He brought me,
 Bade me enter in.

Now all day I'm joyful,
 Happy in His love,
 And my life is peaceful,
 Guarded from above.
 JESUS, gentle Shepherd, etc.

Now I follow JESUS,
 He shall be my Guide,
 Nothing shall entice me
 From my Shepherd's side.
 Soon from earth's temptations
 He will give me rest,
 And in Heaven's bright mansions
 Make me ever blest.
 JESUS, gentle Shepherd,
 Saviour, loving, mild,
 Give Thy grace and blessing
 Unto me Thy child. Amen.

General Hymns.

241 "WE ARE LAMBS OF JESUS' FOLD." 7-7-7-7.

J. M. BENTLEY, Mus.Doc.

REFRAIN. UNISON. *Smoothly.*



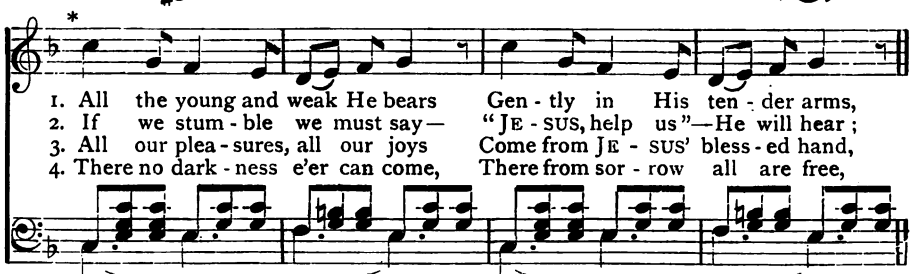
We are lambs of JE - SUS' fold,..... Tend-ed by our Shepherd's

cres. 2 TREBLES *ad lib.* *Slower.*



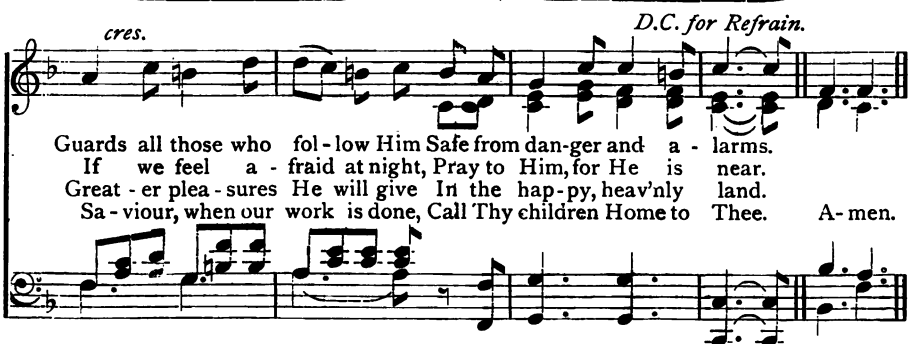
care, Day by day He leads His flock In - to pastures green and fair.

*



1. All the young and weak He bears Gen - tly in His ten - der arms,
 2. If we stum - ble we must say — "JE - SUS, help us" — He will hear ;
 3. All our plea - sures, all our joys Come from JE - SUS' bless - ed hand,
 4. There no dark - ness e'er can come, There from sor - row all are free,

cres. *D.C. for Refrain.*



Guards all those who fol - low Him Safe from dan - ger and a - larms.
 If we feel a - fraid at night, Pray to Him, for He is near.
 Great - er plea - sures He will give In the hap - py, heav'nly land.
 Sa - viour, when our work is done, Call Thy children Home to Thee. A - men.

* The middle part may be sung as a Solo, in which case the Refrain also should be sung by the Soloist, and repeated *Tutti*.

General Hymns.

242 GUARDIAN ANGELS. 6.5.6.5.

DUNCAN CUMMING.



[Alternative Tunes Nos. 1, 237.]

WHEN my bad companions
Try to make me sin,
Then GOD's Holy Spirit
Speaks my heart within.

Then my Guardian Angel
Whispering seems to say,
"Faithful child of JESUS,
With your Shepherd stay."

JESUS CHRIST has travelled
Far to bring me home,
From this happy sheepfold
Wherefore should I roam.

Tenderly He bore me
From the desert wild;
In the Font baptizèd
I became His child.

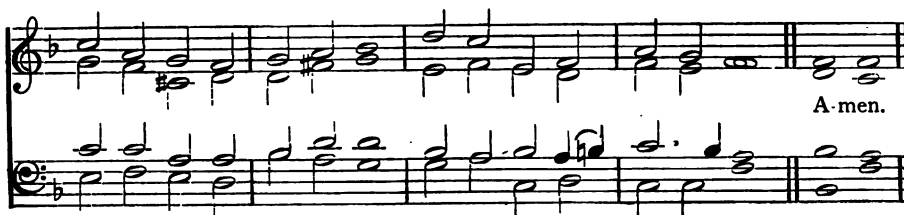
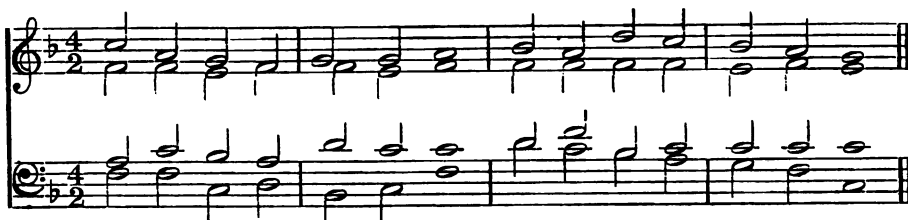
Now in Heaven so glorious
He prepares a place,
Where, if I am faithful,
I shall see His Face.

So when sorely tempted,
I will kneel and pray--
Keep me safe, Good Shepherd,
In the narrow way. Amen.

General Hymns.

243 BATTISHILL 7.7.7.7.

J. BATTISHILL.



A. men.

[Alternative Tunes Nos. 186, 289.]

LORD, to serve Thee is most sweet,
For Thy service make us meet ;
Show us what the work must be
Thou wilt have us do for Thee.

Thou, unwearied, day by day,
Seekest those who go astray,
In Thy sacred Arms dost hold
Lambs that wander from the fold.

JESUS, help Thy servants true
Thy most blessed work to do ;
Gather in the souls that stray
From the safe and heavenly way.

When our work is done below,
Oh, what joy 'twill be to know
Something of Thy rapture deep,
Who hast sought and found Thy sheep !

May we, LORD, win souls for Thee,
Then, through all Eternity,
Shine as stars in glory bright,
Near to Thee, the Light of Light. Amen.

General Hymns.

244 CAMELFORD. 7.6.7.6.

HAROLD B. OSMOND, F.R.C.O.



WORK! for the time is flying,
Think not of idle rest;
Work! for the day is dying,
Will you have done your best?

Work! for the hour that's speeding
Never can come again;
Work! each moment is needing
Work with both heart and brain.

Work! for CHRIST's love is pleading,
In accents clear and true:
"See, child, My Hands are bleeding,
Bleeding with toil for you:

"That so, in home or workshop,
Or school—where'er you are,
You may have My example
To be your guiding star."

Dear LORD, my willing labour
Henceforth I'll yield to Thee;
Accept it, O my Saviour,
Who toiled so much for me. Amen.

General Hymns.

245 S. CHRISTOPHER.

HAROLD B. OSMOND, F.R.C.O.



REFRAIN.



General Hymns.



THE morning hours are few and fleet,
 The day is quickly done,
 With many duties incomplete
 We reach the setting sun ;
 But still our courage must not fail,
 Though trials cloud the way,
 For on to-morrow we must join
 The work begun to-day.
 'Tis onward, onward we must go
 Our calling to fulfil,
 With sin and Satan raging so,
 There is no standing still.

Still pressing on where duty calls,
 Still keeping Heaven in view,
 We'll work for JESUS, for we know
 There's always work to do.

We may not live to see the end
 Of labour we've begun ;
 And every day the soul must grieve
 For something left undone.
 'Tis onward, etc.

O GOD, direct each onward step,
 Instruct us every day,
 And give us strength and courage now
 To tread the narrow way.
 We praise Thee for the love that lights
 These hearts and homes of ours,
 And bless Thee for the joy that crowns
 Our consecrated hours.

'Tis onward, onward we must go,
 Our calling to fulfil,
 With sin and Satan raging so,
 There is no standing still. Amen.

General Hymns.

246 S. ALBAN (335). 6.5, 12 lines. From S. Alban's, Holborn, Tune Book.

[Alternative Tunes Nos. 79, 317.]

THINE by our creation,
Thine by second birth,
Thine by our redemption
From the curse of earth.
Thine by daily favour
Granted full and free,
Thine through this life's changes
And eternity.

Have we nought to offer?
Have we nought to bring
Unto Thee our Saviour,
Unto Thee our King?

Of the gifts Thou gavest
Must we offer Thee,
Giving back in gladness
What belongs to Thee;
All our life, our talents,
All our strength, our skill,
All our work, our worship,
All our own free will.

LORD, ourselves we offer,
All we have we bring
Unto Thee our Saviour,
Unto Thee our King.

Temples of Thy Spirit,
Father, let us be
Dedicated wholly
Ever unto Thee;
Looking unto JESUS,
Holy Guide and Friend,
Treading in His footsteps
Till our journey's end.

LORD, ourselves we offer,
All we have we bring
Unto Thee our Saviour,
Unto Thee our King.
Amen.

General Hymns.

247 SLINGSBY. 4.4.7.4.4.7.

E. S. CARTER.



[Alternative Tune No. 6.]

MAKE us holy,
Very holy,
O good Master, hear our prayer,
We are sinful,
We are wilful,
Make Thy children pure and fair.

Make us truthful,
Very truthful,
Thy blest Spirit here bestow ;
May He guide us,
May He chide us,
Till our tongues no falsehood know.

Make us fearless,
Very fearless,
Walking bravely in the way ;
Acting rightly,
Shining brightly,
Till we reach that perfect day.

Make us grateful,
Very grateful,
For Thy mercies day by day ;
For Thy kindness,
And Thy goodness,
May we thanks unfailing pay.

Make us peaceful,
Very peaceful,
When our hearts with passion swell ;
Those are blessed,
Ever blessed,
Who their evil passions quell.

Make us earnest,
Very earnest,
Doing all the good we may ;
Make us lowly,
Ever lowly,
Following on in life's long way.

Make us prayerful,
Very prayerful,
Master, teach us how to pray ;
Plenteous grace
And every blessing,
Then will help us on our way.

Make us modest,
Very modest,
From pollution make us free ;
Pure in spirit,
If Thou keep us,
All Thy Glory we shall see. Amen.

General Hymns.

248 "O JESUS! GOD AND MAN." 6.8.6.8.

HENRY SMITH.



O JESUS! GOD and Man!
For love of children once a Child!
O JESUS! GOD and Man!
We hail Thee, Saviour, sweet and mild.

O JESUS, GOD and Man!
Make us poor children dear to Thee,
And lead us to Thyself,
'To love Thee for eternity.

O JESUS! Mary's Son!
On Thee for grace we children call;
Make us all men to love,
But to love Thee beyond them all.

O JESUS! bless our work,
Our sorrow soothe, our sins forgive;
O happy, happy they
Who in the Church of JESUS live.

O GOD, most great and good!
At work or play, by night or day,
Make us remember Thee,
Who dost remember us alway. Amen.

General Hymns.

249 ARUNDEL. 8.7.8.7.

REV. J. B. DYKES.

A - men.

[Alternative Tunes Nos. 131, 247.]

LORD, a little band and lowly,
We are come to worship Thee;
Thou art great, and high, and holy,
Grave and quiet let us be.

Fill our hearts with thoughts of JESUS,
And of Heaven where He is gone;
And let nothing ever please us
He would grieve to look upon.

For we know the LORD of Glory
Always sees what children do,
And is writing now the story
Of our thoughts and actions too.

LORD, a little band and lowly,
We are come to come to worship Thee;
Thou art great, and high, and holy,
Grave and quiet let us be. Amen.

General Hymns.

250 S. GEORGE. C.M.

German.



[Alternative Times Nos. 123, 124.]

I KNOW it would be very wrong
On this GOD'S holy day,
Because my clothes are old and worn,
From church to stop away.

I do not think GOD looks to see
What kind of clothes I wear ;
Ah no ! but He will surely look
To see if I am there.

I know that JESUS once was poor,
And still more poor than we ;
Then I will love my poverty,
That I like Him may be.

When I have reached my Heavenly home
I shall have garments fair,
For GOD will give me robes of white,
Like those the Angels wear. Amen.

General Hymns.

251 "GOD BE WITH US." 8.7.8.7.



[Alternative Tunes Nos. 133, 180.]

GOD be with us—tender Father,
Saviour, Comforter most dear,
Thou art mighty, Thou art loving,
All is well when Thou art near.

GOD be with us—in our worship,
As within Thy House we kneel,
May our prayers ascend to Heaven,
Grant us all we say to feel.

GOD be with us—may we seek Thee
In our childhood's happy home,
For the Saviour's voice said sweetly,
"Let the little children come."

GOD be with us—may our teachers
Guide us in Thy holy way,
May we learn Thy law, and keep it
At our lessons and our play.

GOD be with us—may our leaders
Rule according to Thy Will ;
On our Clergy pour Thy blessing,
With Thy grace their spirits fill.

GOD be with us—make our soldiers
Strong, courageous in the fight ;
England's ever-glorious motto
Is, "For GOD and for the right."

GOD be with us—living, dying,
Ever, LORD, with us abide,
May our shield be faith unchanging,
And our hope CHRIST crucified. Amen.

General Hymns.

252 BLEAN. 8.7.8.7.4.7.

REV. G. C. E. RYLEY, Mus.Bac.

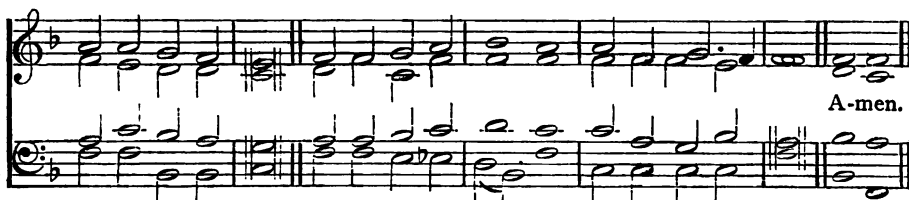
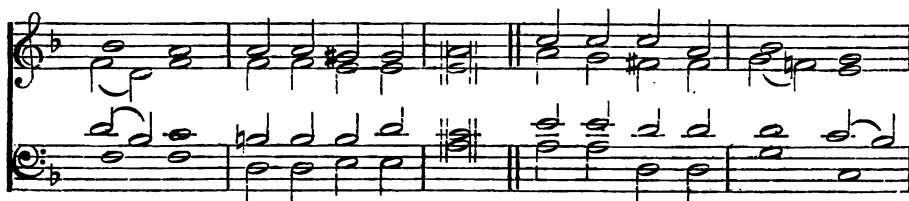
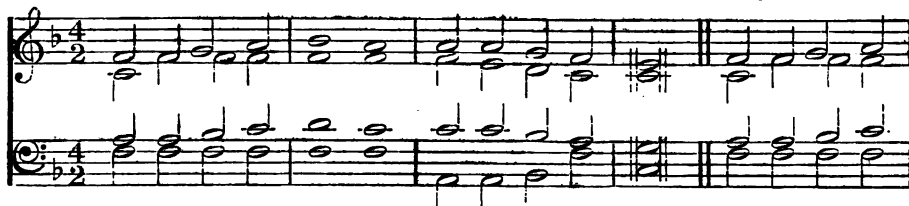
[Alternative Tune No. 262.]

GOD has said, "For ever blessed
 Those who seek Me in their youth ;
 They shall find the path of wisdom,
 And the narrow way of truth."
 Guide us, Saviour,
 In the narrow way of truth.
 Be our strength, support our weakness,
 Be our wisdom and our guide ;
 May we walk in love and meekness,
 Nearer to our Saviour's side.
 Nought can harm us,
 While we're near our Saviour's side.
 Then, when evening shades shall gather,
 We may turn our trustful eye
 To the dwelling of our Father,
 In our home beyond the sky.
 Gently passing
 To our home beyond the sky. Amen

General Hymns.

253 MAGDALENE. 6.5.6.5.D.

REV. J. B. DYKES.



[Alternative Tunes Nos. 143, 150.]

IN the hour of trial,
 I JESUS, think of me,
 Lest by base denial
 I depart from Thee.
 When Thou seest me waver,
 With a look recall,
 Nor for fear or favour
 Suffer me to fall.

With its witching pleasures
 Should this vain world charm,
 All its tempting treasures
 Spread to work me harm,
 Bring to my remembrance
 Sad Gethsemane,
 Or, in darker semblance,
 Cross-crowned Calvary.

Should Thy mercy send me
 Sorrow, toil, and woe;
 Or should pain attend me
 On my path below;
 Grant that I may never
 Fail Thy hand to see,
 Grant that I may ever
 Cast my care on Thee.

When to dust and ashes
 In death's arms I sink,
 While Heaven's glory flashes
 O'er the shelving brink;
 On Thy strength relying
 Through that mortal strife,
 LORD, receive me, dying,
 To Eternal Life. Amen.

General Hymns.

254 MENDIP. 6.4.6.4. D.

HY. SMITH.



FIERCE was the wild billow,
Dark was the night,
Oars laboured heavily,
Foam glittered white;
Trembled the mariners,
Peril was nigh,
Then said the GOD of GOD,
"Peace, it is I."

Ridge of the mountain wave,
Lower thy crest!
Wail of Euroclydon,
Be thou at rest!

Sorrow can never be,
Darkness must fly,
Where saith the Light of Light,
"Peace, it is I."

JESUS, Deliverer,
Come Thou to me,
Soothe Thou my voyaging
Over life's sea;
Then, when the storm of death
Roars, sweeping by,
Whisper, O Truth of Truth,
"Peace, it is I." Amen.

General Hymns.

255 EXODUS. 6.6.8.6.4.7.

REV. EDWARD L. HOPKINS.

Al - le - lu - ia! We are trav-iling home to heaven! A - men.

FROM Egypt's bondage come,
Where death and darkness reign,
We seek our new, our better home,
Where we our rest shall gain.
Alleluia!

We are travelling home to heaven!

To Canaan's sacred bound
We haste with songs of joy,
Where peace and liberty are found,
And sweets that never cloy.
Alleluia!

We are travelling home to heaven!

There sin and sorrow cease,
And all the strife is o'er;
There we shall dwell in endless peace,
And never hunger more.
Alleluia!

We are travelling home to heaven!

There in celestial strains
The ransomed captives sing;
There love in every bosom reigns,
For GOD Himself is King.
Alleluia!

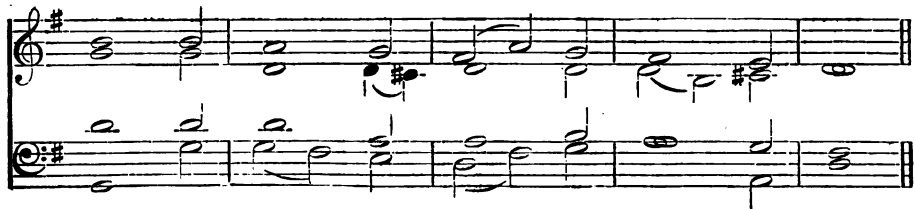
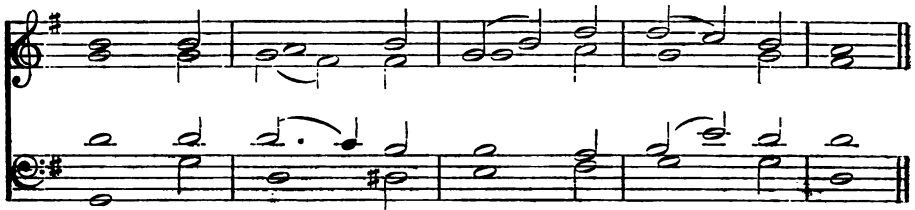
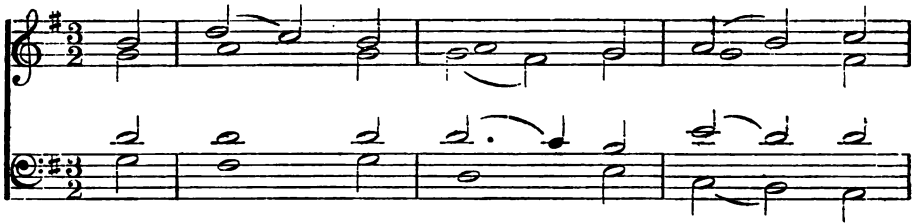
We are travelling home to heaven!

How sweet the prospect is!
It cheers the pilgrim's breast,
As journeying through the wilderness
We seek the promised rest.
Alleluia!
We are travelling home to heaven! Amen.

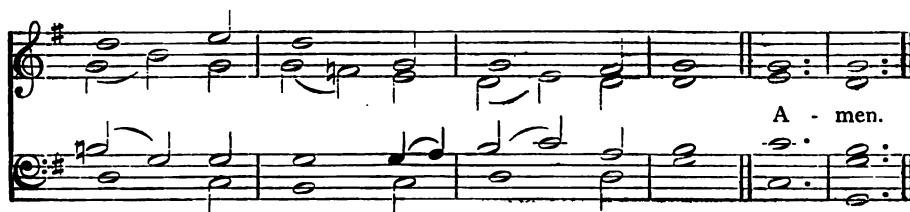
General Hymns.

256 WEST HILL. 8s., 6 lines.

C. SHELFORD.



General Hymns.



[Alternative Tune No. 27.]

FATHER of Lights, our Father good,
 Without Thy gifts Thy children die;
 Thou givest life, and breath, and food,
 And all things perfect from on high—
 Though all is straight from Thee received,
 Our hearts are hard and Thou art grieved.

O GOD the Son whose love unknown
 For Thy poor wandering lambs and sheep,
 From highest Heaven brought Thee down,
 Thy long-lost flock to save and keep—
 Though life is fresh from Thee received,
 Our hearts are hard and Thou art grieved.

O GOD the Spirit wise and strong,
 Bringer of comfort and of love,
 Thou bearest with Thy children long,
 Thou meek and gentle Heavenly Dove—
 For after gifts from Thee received,
 Our hearts are hard and Thou art grieved.

GOD, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 On whom for all things we depend,
 Forgive e'en us who grieve Thee most,
 And bless and keep us to the end—
 And while Thy mercies we receive,
 Let us no more Thy Spirit grieve. Amen.

General Hymns.

257 "O LORD JESUS, LAMB OF GOD." 7.6.7.6. D.

ALFRED REDHEAD.

i. O LORD JE - SUS, Lamb of GOD! Thou wast pure and

The first system of the hymn is written in D major (two sharps) and 4/4 time. It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a half note 'i.' followed by the lyrics 'O LORD JE - SUS, Lamb of GOD! Thou wast pure and'. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and a treble line with chords and single notes.

ho - ly, Mer - ci - ful, and kind, and good,

The second system continues the melody. The vocal line has a half note 'ho - ly,' followed by 'Mer - ci - ful, and kind, and good,'. The piano accompaniment continues with similar harmonic support, including a repeat sign at the beginning of the system.

Lov - ing, meek, and low - - ly: Thou dost bid us

The third system concludes the hymn. The vocal line has a half note 'Lov - ing, meek, and low - - ly:' followed by 'Thou dost bid us'. The piano accompaniment provides a final harmonic resolution.

General Hymns.

gaze on Thee, And Thy foot-steps fol - low, Look - ing thro' life's

toil - some day For, a bright to - mor - row. A - men.

2. O LORD JESUS, Lamb of GOD !
We are often weary ;
Sin and pain are all around,
And the world seems dreary :
But, we pray Thee, think on us
In our hours of sadness,
For Thy grace and love can turn
Sorrow into gladness.
3. O LORD JESUS, Lamb of GOD !
In that home of glory,
Which Thou hast made known to us
In the gospel story,

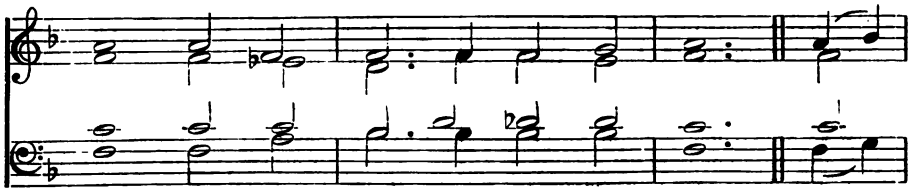
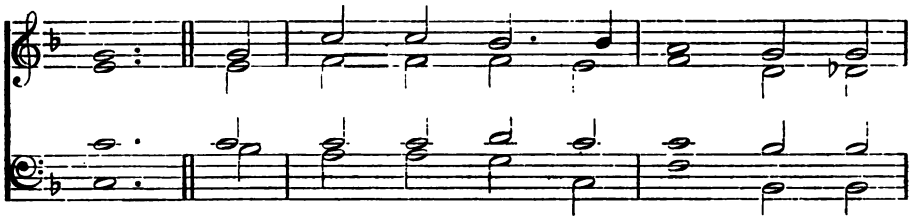
There are holy virgin souls
Whom, dear LORD, Thou knowest,
They in rapture follow Thee
Wheresoe'er Thou goest.

4. O LORD JESUS, Lamb of GOD !
Look on us with pity,
Through Thy mercy we are heirs
Of Thy heavenly city.
We are lambs of Thine own flock,
Oh, let nothing sever
That sweet tie that binds us fast
Unto Thee for ever. Amen.

General Hymns.

258 RUTHERFORD. 7.6.7.6. D.

Old Melody.



General Hymus.



[Alternative Tunes Nos. 116, 223.]

O BLESSED Saviour, help me,
 For I am very poor,
 A stranger and a pilgrim
 I have no earthly store ;
 Thy love, O dear Redeemer,
 Shall cheer me on my way,
 Shall guide my doubting footsteps
 And be my strength and stay.

O Blessed Saviour, help me,
 I have a Friend in Thee,
 A Friend who died to save me,
 Who shed His Blood for me.
 To Thee, O Great Absolver,
 I bring my shame and sin ;
 Forgive my every trespass,
 And make me pure within.

O blessed Saviour, help me
 To follow Thee each day,
 Feed me with Bread from Heaven,
 And lead me on my way.
 And may Thy Holy Spirit
 Direct and rule my heart,
 That from the path of duty
 I never may depart.

O blessed Saviour, help me,
 Fit me to see Thee soon,
 Encircled with the rainbow
 And seated on Thy Throne ;
 There with Thy blood-bought children
 My joy may ever be
 To sing Thy endless praises,
 And gaze, dear LORD, on Thee. Amen.

General Hymns.

259 "WHEN JESUS CHRIST LIVED HERE." 8.7.8.7.6.6.8.7.

W. YOUNG.

♩ = 96.

Smoothly.

"For - bid them not," said He,
 "For - bid them not," said He,..... "But let them come to Me,".....
 "But let them come to Me,"

For He was once a lit - tie Child, The Babe—the Son of Ma - ry. A - men.

WHEN JESUS CHRIST lived here on
 earth,
 Our GOD, the King of Glory,
 He took young children in His Arms,
 We know the wondrous story.
 "Forbid them not," said He,
 "But let them come to Me,"
 For He was once a little Child,
 The Babe—the Son of Mary.

The mothers brought their children dear,
 About our Saviour pressing ;
 He laid His Hands upon their heads,
 His sacred Hands, in blessing.
 "Forbid them not," etc.
 Into My Kingdom they shall come,
 The happy land of Heaven,
 Where all the blessed children are
 That GOD to Me has given.
 "Forbid them not," etc. Amen.

General Hymns.

260 SWEET STORY OF OLD. 12.9.12.9.

HY. SMITH.

Smoothly.

OH! how oft when I read that sweet story
that tells

How when JESUS lived here among men,
He called little children like lambs to His
Arms,

Do I wish I had been with them then!

How I wish that His hands had been laid
on my head,

And that I had been placed on His knee,
How I wish I had seen His kind look when
He said,

"Let the little ones come unto Me!"

And still the Good Shepherd stands ready
to bless,

And to welcome the lambs to His fold,
And His love for His little ones now is not
less

Than it was for those children of old.

At the Font He takes each little child in
His Arms,

And baptizes it free from all stain,
Then sets His own mark on its innocent
brow,

As a token to know it again.

And when His dear Presence we wish to
enjoy,

We may gladly and thankfully go
To that holiest Place, where the LORD of
all grace
Every blessing is wont to bestow.

Oh! then to His Altar we'll often repair,
Where by faith His kind Face we shall
see,

And shall hear His sweet Voice, as He says
to us there,

"Let the little ones come unto Me."

Amen.

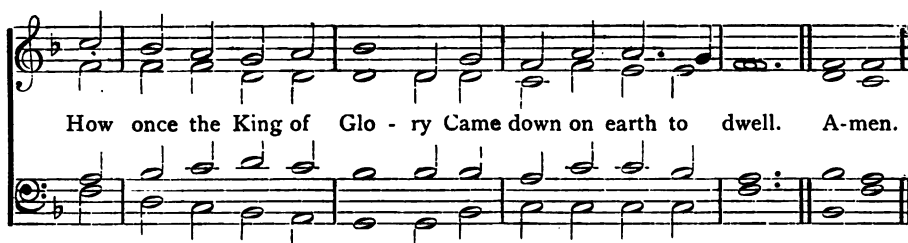
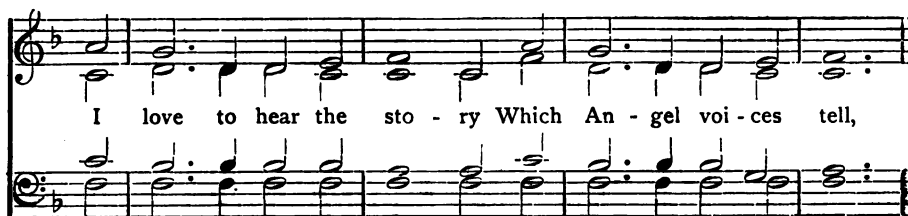
General Hymns.

261 BOWDLER, No. 178. 7.6., 12 lines.

CYRIL BOWDLER.



General Hymns.



I LOVE to hear the story
 Which Angel voices tell,
 How once the King of glory
 Came down on earth to dwell.
 I am both weak and sinful,
 But this I surely know,
 The LORD came down to save me,
 Because He loves me so.
 I love to hear the story
 Which Angel voices tell,
 How once the King of Glory
 Came down on earth to dwell.

I'm glad my blessed Saviour
 Was once a child like me,
 To show how pure and holy
 His little ones might be ;

And if I try to follow
 His footsteps here below,
 He never will forget me
 Because He loves me so.
 I love to hear the story, etc.

To sing His love and mercy
 My sweetest songs I'll raise ;
 And though I cannot see Him
 I know He hears my praise ;
 For He has kindly promised
 That even I may go
 To sing among His Angels,
 Because He loves me so.

I love to hear the story
 Which Angel voices tell,
 How once the King of Glory
 Came down on earth to dwell.

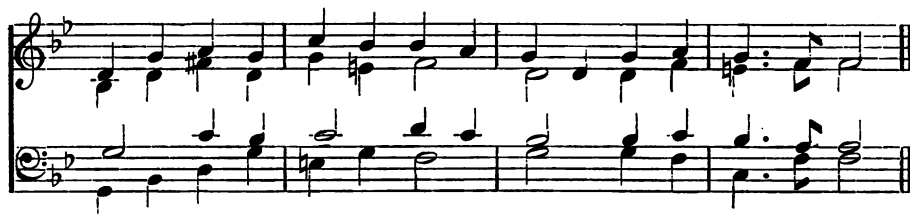
Amen.

General Hymns.

262 "WHEN OF OLD." 8.7.8.7.4.7.

TREBLES IN UNISON.

JOHN HULLAH.



p CHORUS.

1. Gen-tle JE-SUS, Gen-tle JE-SUS, "Suf-fer them to come to Me."
 2, 3, 4. Gen-tle JE-SUS, Gen-tle JE-SUS, Suf-fer us to come to Thee. A-men.

[Alternative Tune No. 239.]

WHEN of old the Jewish mothers
 Brought their little babes to Thee,
 To Thy stern Apostles' chiding
 Thou didst answer tenderly,
 Gentle JESUS,
 "Suffer them to come to Me."

Born again, and made Thy members,
 Little Christian children, we
 Press around to share Thy blessing,
 Plead Thy mercy, full and free;
 Gentle JESUS,
 Suffer us to come to Thee.

By Thy sign upon our forehead,
 When Thy people bowed the knee;
 By the Name above us spoken,
 Of the wondrous Trinity;
 Gentle JESUS,
 Suffer us to come to Thee.

By each prayer, and by each promise,
 When our hearts are full of glee;
 When our little sorrows vex us,
 Thine in all things we would be;
 Gentle JESUS,
 Suffer us to come to Thee. Amen.

General Hymns.

263 "WHEN CHRIST BLESSED THE LITTLE CHILDREN." 8.7.8.7.

E. A.



[Alternative Tune No. 318.]

WHEN CHRIST blessed the little
children,
Took them gently on His knee,
How I wish I had been with them,
That He might have smiled on me.

CHRIST still blesses little children,
In His Arms He takes them now,
When His holy priest baptizes,
JESUS sprinkles each young brow.

And He will not leave you lonely,
Little lambs in life's rough way,
For His Shepherds true shall seek you,
Teach your footsteps not to stray.

In fair pastures they shall lead you
By the living waters bright,
Guide, protect, instruct, allure you,
Watch your progress with delight.

When you stumble they shall raise
you,
Sprinkle you with JESUS' blood,
Comfort give in words absolving,
Strengthen you with Heavenly Food.

O what blessings do they bring us !
Therefore, Christian children, pray
That they may receive from JESUS
Crowns unfading in that Day. Amen.

General Hymns.

264 AQUILO. D.L.M.

REV. L. J. T. DARWALL.

VOICES IN UNISON.



1. Dark ris - ing in the dis - tant sky, The Sa - viour mark'd the tem - pest nigh ;

2. Now breaks the storm the ves - sel o'er, The lightnings flash, the thunders roar—

ORGAN.



VOICES WITH ORGAN.



"Launch out in - to the deep," He cried ; "Fear not, for with you I a - bide."

The fish - ers see the waves roll high, Save, LORD, we per - ish, is their cry.



§ REFRAIN.



When Thy great glo - ry bids us brave The per - ils of the

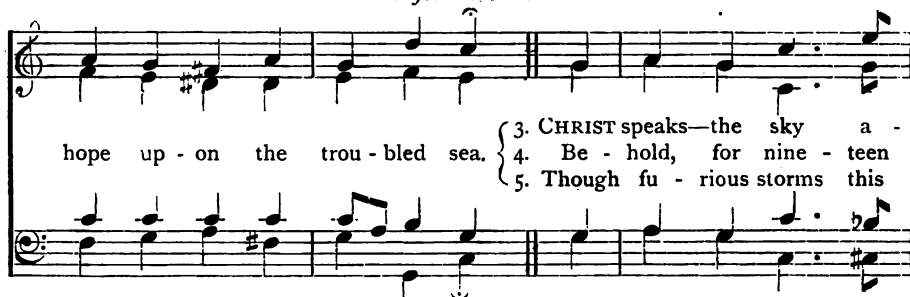


General Hymns.



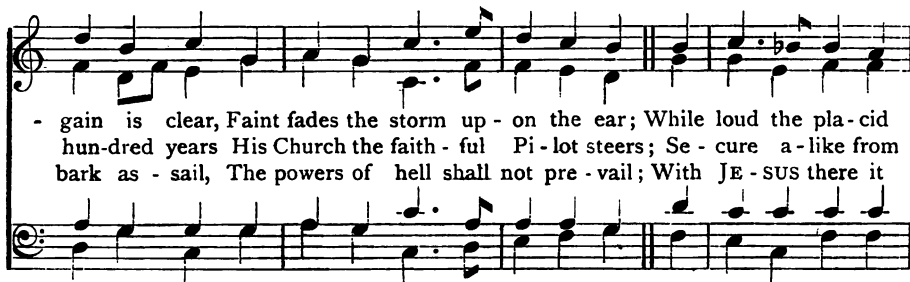
bois - t'rous wave, Thy Cross of vic - to - ry shall be Our

D.C. for Verse 2.



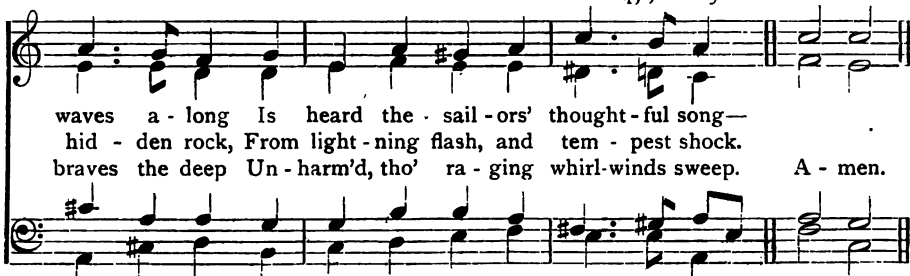
hope up - on the trou - bled sea. {

- 3. CHRIST speaks—the sky a -
- 4. Be - hold, for nine - teen
- 5. Though fu - rious storms this



- gain is clear, Faint fades the storm up - on the ear; While loud the pla - cid
hun - dred years His Church the faith - ful Pi - lot steers; Se - cure a - like from
bark as - sail, The powers of hell shall not pre - vail; With JE - SUS there it

Dal § for Refrain.



waves a - long Is heard the sail - ors' thought - ful song—
hid - den rock, From light - ning flash, and tem - pest shock.
braves the deep Un - harm'd, tho' ra - ging whirl-winds sweep. A - men.

General Hymns.

265 PRINCETHORPE. 6.5.6.5. D.

PITTS.

[Alternative Tunes Nos. 143, 213, 238.]

JESUS, dearest Saviour,
From Thy Throne so bright,
Look on us Thy children
Lost in earth's dark night ;
Guide us through each danger,
Keep us free from sin,
Help us erring mortals,
Peace in Heaven to win.

JESUS, dearest Brother,
Give us yet more grace,
That with greater patience
We may run our race ;
For our steps are weary,
And the way is long ;
Grace will give us courage,
Grace will make us strong.

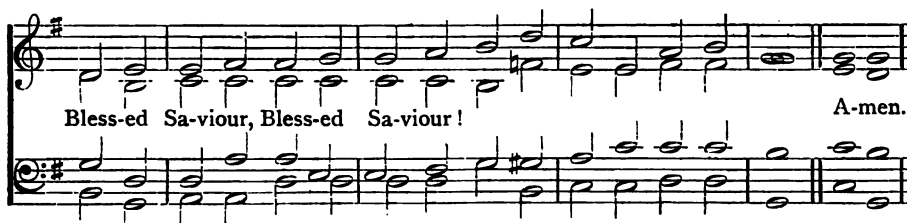
JESUS, dearest Master,
Truly blest are those
Who leave this world's pleasure,
And Thy service choose.
Oh, what other service
Makes us half so free ?
Oh, what other master
Will reward like Thee ?

JESUS, King of Angels,
We forget our woes,
Thinking of the glory
Which Thy love bestows ;
When our course is ended
Let Thine Angels come,
Bid them bear us safely
To our Heavenly Home. Amen.

General Hymns.

266 OWEN (49). 8.7., 6 lines.

REV. R. OWEN.



By permission, from "New Tunes for Hymns Ancient and Modern," by the Rev. Richard Owen.

[Alternative Tunes Nos. 239, 262.]

JESUS is our loving Saviour!
 JESUS is the children's Friend!
 When on earth He loved and blessed
 And He loves us to the end. [them,
 Blessed Saviour!
 Lowly at Thy Feet we bend.

JESUS is our loving Saviour!
 And for us He shed His Blood,
 Died that poor and guilty sinners
 Might be reconciled to GOD.
 Blessed Saviour!
 Bearing thus the sinful load.

JESUS is our loving Saviour!
 "Suffer them," He says, "to come";
 "Feed My lambs, O faithful Shepherds,
 Bring them to their heavenly home."
 Blessed Saviour!
 Never let Thy children roam.

Dearest LORD! Ascended Saviour!
 Now upon Thy glorious Throne,
 Haste the day when every idol
 Shall by Thee be overthrown;
 And the nations
 Shall their great Redeemer own.

Amen.

General Hymns.

267 ASCENSION. D.S.M.

H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus.Doc.

VOICES IN UNISON.

HARMONY.

THY Word, O GOD, shall shine
 A lamp unto my feet,
 Shedding some hopeful ray Divine
 Where paths perplexing meet.
 Is darkness all too drear?
 Thou canst turn night to day,
 "Let there be light," Thy voice rings clear,
 And shadows melt away.
 Thy Word, O GOD, shall burn
 Like some red beacon fire,
 Bidding my soul its dangers learn
 From foes that never tire.
 Is the Unseen forgot?
 Wise fear all cast away?
 That faithful warning fails me not,
 But bids me watch and pray.
 Thy Word, O GOD, shall light
 Life's troubled sea of tears;
 Its moonbeams make a pathway bright
 To calm the sailor's fears.

Does grief like some keen sword
 Strike anguish to my breast?
 "Come unto Me," says that dear Word,
 "And I will give thee rest."
 Thy Word, O GOD, shall bless
 My latest failing breath,
 And I shall not be comfortless
 In the dread hour of death.
 If spirits dark be near
 To work their evil will,
 A Voice shall whisper soft and clear:
 "Lo, I am with thee still."
 To GOD the Father praise,
 Who gave His written Word,
 To guide, instruct, console, upraise
 Our souls unto their LORD.
 Praise unto GOD the Son
 And Holy Ghost to Thee,
 Praise ever to the Three in One,
 The Blessed Trinity. Amen.

General Hymns.

268 DARWALL'S CHRISTMAS HYMN. D.C.M.

REV. JOHN DARWALL.

[Alternative Tune No. 85.]

WE love to raise our voices high
 To praise the Saviour's Name,
 And with the choirs of earth and sky
 His wondrous love proclaim.
 We know He came from realms of light
 Where shining angels dwell,
 And passing through death's gloomy night,
 Redeemed the world from hell.
 We love to lift our voices now
 With Heaven's Seraphic throng;
 We love before GOD'S Throne to bow
 With prayer and holy song.

And oh, that all the world might praise
 The Son of GOD, Who came
 Mankind from sin and death to raise
 To Heaven's bright home again.
 Then loud hosannas we will sing
 To praise the Triune GOD;
 Let earth with joyous anthems ring
 To spread His fame abroad.
 Let every tribe and nation own
 His just and righteous sway;
 And all unite to hasten on
 The great, the glorious day. Amen.

General Hymns.

269 HOLY ROOD. S.M.

ARTHUR H. BROWN.



[Alternative Tunes Nos. 196, 231.]

JESUS, the children's King,
To-day we hymn Thy praise,
To-day in loving harmony
Our hearts and voices raise.

We praise Thee for the love
Which brought Thee down to earth ;
We praise again that Thou didst come
A Child of lowly birth.

We praise Thee for Thy life
Of loving service here ;
We praise Thee for the gentle word
Which drew Thy children near.

We praise Thee for Thy death
Of pain and agony ;
We praise Thee Thou didst rise again
To set Thy children free.

Once more we praise Thee, LORD,
Our King ascended high ;
To GOD "Our Father," now through Thee,
Thy little ones draw nigh.

O CHRIST our Saviour-GOD !
To Thee Thy children sing ;
Do Thou in Heaven Thy dwelling-place
Accept the praise we bring. Amen.

General Hymns.

270 LEWES. 7s., 6 lines.

Old Melody (adapted).

[Alternative Tune No. 181.]

FAR away beyond the clouds
JESUS dwells and reigns on high,
While in dazzling white-winged crowds
Holy Angels gather nigh.
Praise for ever to our King,
Glory to the Lamb they sing.

Down below a feeble strain
Echoes back the Heavenly lays ;
For the Church on earth would fain
Share in Angels' songs of praise.
Christian voices gladly sing,
Laud and honour to our King.

Oh, how blest that happy chorus,
Heaven and earth together meet ;
Join to praise the Lamb victorious,
Lay their homage at His Feet.
Christian voices gladly sing,
Laud and honour to our King.

Now the words of adoration,
Higher, purer, mount again ;
Hear all Heaven in exultation
Joining in the grand Amen,
Holy, Holy, Holy sing,
Glory to our mighty King.

And shall children take no part
In that joyous anthem blest ?
Shall no loving childish heart
Add its music to the rest ?
Let them also glory sing,
Glory, glory, to their King.

Not one voice shall silent stay,
Not one heart shall coldly beat ;
Join we in the glorious lay,
Bring our love-gifts to His Feet.
Children too with Angels sing,
Glory, glory to the King. Amen.

General Hymns.

271 ST. ETHELBERGA. 6.5.6.5. D.

A. E. TOZER.

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[Alternative Tunes Nos. 143, 253.]

SINNER, Christ is calling,
 "Lo, I wait for thee";
 Nay, this blessed summons
 Cannot be for me.
 I have disobeyed Him,
 Often grieved His love;
 'Tis not me He calleth
 From His throne above.

Sinner, stop and listen;
 Who but He would plead
 For a soul so sin-stained,
 Knowing all thy need?
 See, His arms are opened
 With all-pardoning love;
 Let His love and pity
 Thee to sorrow move.

Can it be, O JESUS,
 Thou for me dost call?
 Helpless, weak, and weary,
 At Thy Feet I fall.
 If Thou canst forgive me,
 Then, O blessed Lord,
 Let Thy blood all-cleansing
 On my soul be poured.

Though my feet have wandered,
 Help me now to tread
 With unfaltering purpose
 Where Thy Feet have led.
 Steep the path and weary,
 Yet the end is bright
 With the Saviour's glory,
 With eternal light. Amen.

General Hymns.

272 SALVATION. P.M.

J. H. GOWER.

O boun - ti - ful sal - va - tion ! O life e - ter - nal won !

O plen - ti - ful re - demp - tion ! O Blood of Ma - ry's Son ! A - men.

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WE come to Thee, sweet Saviour,
Just because we need Thee so ;
With Thy counsel bless and guide us,
While we labour here below.

O bountiful salvation !
O life eternal won !
O plentiful redemption !
O Blood of Mary's Son !

We come to Thee, sweet Saviour !
None can help us, **LORD**, like Thee ;
And we want only **JESUS**,
And His grace that makes us free.
O bountiful salvation ! etc.

We come to Thee, sweet Saviour !
It is love that makes us come ;
We are certain of our welcome,
Of our Father's welcome home.
O bountiful salvation ! etc.

We come to Thee, sweet Saviour !
For to whom, **LORD**, can we go ?
The words of life eternal
From Thy lips for ever flow.

O bountiful salvation ! etc.
We come to Thee, sweet Saviour !
And Thou wilt not ask us why ?
We cannot live without Thee,
And still less without Thee die.
O bountiful salvation ! etc. Amen.

General Hymns.

273 GODMERSHAM. II.II.II.II.

REV. G. C. E. RYLEY.

[Alternative Tunes Nos. 238, 265.]

COME, oh come to JESUS, listen to the call,
 He is standing waiting, He will welcome all;
 None so weak and helpless they will be denied,
 None so vile and sinful but for them He died.
 Come, oh come to JESUS, ye who hear His Voice,
 Whilst in health and gladness make Him *now* your choice;
 Give your life to JESUS, take Him for your LORD;
 Sweet will be His service, glorious your reward.
 Come, oh come to JESUS, ye whose hearts are sad;
 How He longs to help you—longs to make you glad;
 How He yearns to give you comfort and relief,
 Let Him bear your sorrows, let Him share your grief.
 Come, oh come to JESUS, ye whose faith is weak,
 Lest ye miss the blessing that ye crave and seek;
 Only trust this promise faithful and secure,
 "I am thy salvation," and your hope is sure.
 Come, oh come to JESUS, ye who careless stand,
 Heeding not the blessings offered at His Hand;
 Let the price they cost Him all your heart subdue—
 Is the Cross of anguish *nothing* unto you?
 Come, oh come to JESUS, come, and come to-day;
 All who come are welcome, none are sent away;
 Bring the sin that hinders, let it be confessed;
 Come *to-day* for blessing, and *to-day* be blessed. Amen.

General Hymns.

274 OAKHILL. 7.6.7.6. D.

W. YOUNG.

[Alternative Tune No. 258.]

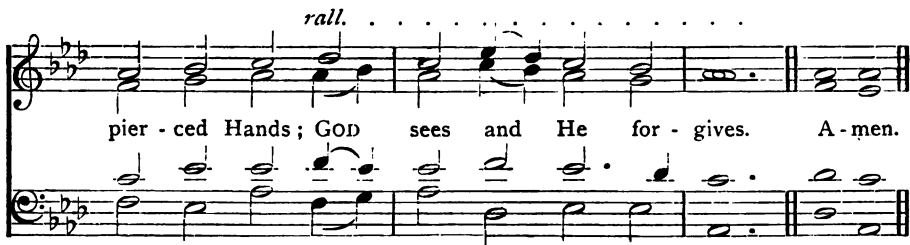
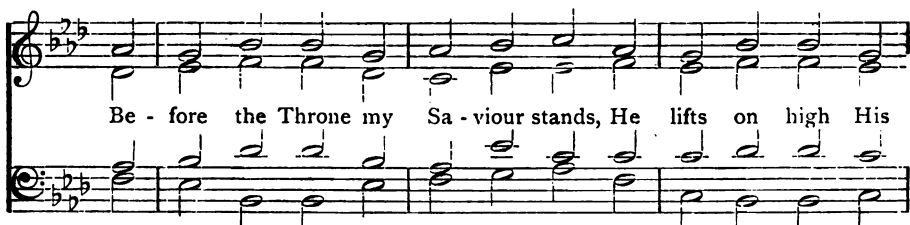
I LAY my sins on JESUS,
The spotless Lamb of GOD,
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursèd load.
I bring my guilt to JESUS,
To wash my crimson stains
White, in His blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.
I rest my soul on JESUS,
This weary soul of mine;
His right Hand me embraces,
I on His Breast recline.

I lay my griefs on JESUS,
My burdens and my cares,
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.
I long to be like JESUS—
Meek, lowly, loving, mild;
I long to be like JESUS,
The Father's Holy Child.
I long to be with JESUS,
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with Saints His praises,
To learn the Angels' song. Amen.

General Hymns.

275 "HOW SHALL I ANSWER?" 8.6.8.6.8.8.6.

Moravian.



HOW shall I answer to my GOD
For all my hands have done?
My soul, how dreadful is the thought,
For answer I have none.
Before the Throne my Saviour stands,
He lifts on high His pierced Hands;
GOD sees and He forgives.
O hands of mine so foul with sin,
Worthy eternal pains,

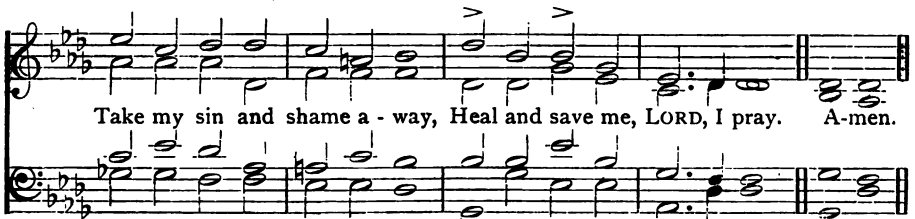
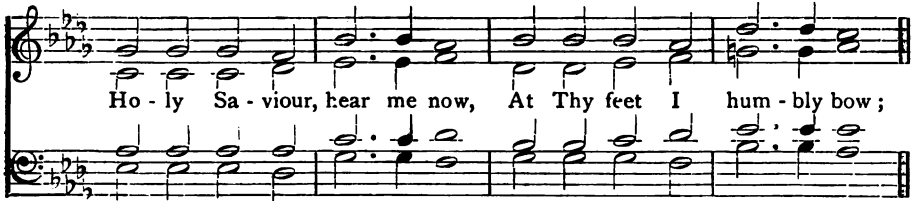
I dare not lift you up to GOD,
Covered with guilty stains.
Before the Throne, etc.

I grieve that my offending hands
Have done Thee such despite,
Henceforth, LORD, grant my hands may do
Works pleasing in Thy sight.
Before the Throne, etc. Amen.

General Hymns.

276 THETFORD.

REV. EDWARD L. HOPKINS.



PEACE and pardon, LORD, I need,
 Oh deliver me !
 Let Thy Passion and Thy Death
 Plead my cause with Thee ;
 Holy Saviour, hear me now,
 At Thy feet I humbly bow ;
 Take my sin and shame away,
 Heal and save me, LORD, I pray.
 Think how my redemption cost
 Toil and agony ;
 Shall that travail all be lost ?
 Oh deliver me !
 Holy Saviour, hear me now, etc.

Only Thou canst make me free
 From the chains of guilt ;
 Thou canst wash me white as snow,
 JESUS, if Thou wilt.
 Holy Saviour, hear me now, etc.

Oh Thou Light of all the world,
 Cast Thy beams on me,
 Peace and pardon let me find
 Looking unto Thee.
 Holy Saviour, hear me now,
 At Thy feet I humbly bow ;
 Take my sin and shame away,
 Heal and save me, LORD, I pray.
 Amen.

General Hymns.

277 ASCENDENS. 8.8.6.8.8.6.

C. H. CELLIER.

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[Alternative Tune No. 134.]

TO endless ages let us praise
 The Precious Blood, whose price could
 The world from wrath and sin ; [raise
 Whose streams our inward thirst appease,
 And heal the sinner's worst disease,
 If he but bathe therein.

Oh Precious Blood, that can implore
 Pardon of GOD, and Heaven restore,
 The Heaven which sin had lost ;
 While Abel's blood for vengeance pleads,
 The Blood of CHRIST still intercedes
 For those who wrong Him most.

Oh ! to be sprinkled from the wells
 Of CHRIST's own Sacred Blood, excels
 Earth's best and highest bliss ;
 The Ministers of wrath divine
 Hurt not the happy hearts that shine
 With those red drops of His !

With songs from all the Angel Host,
 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Our joyful hymns we raise ;
 Oh, louder then, and louder still,
 Earth with one mighty chorus fill,
 The Precious Blood to praise ! Amen.

General Hymns.

278 GERMAN HYMN. 7.7.7.7.

PLEYEL.



[Alternative Tunes Nos. 186, 307.]

POOR and needy though I be,
 GOD Almighty cares for me,
 Gives me clothing, shelter, food,
 Gives me all I have of good.

He will hear me when I pray,
 He is with me night and day,
 When I sleep and when I wake,
 For the LORD my Saviour's sake.

He Who reigns above the sky
 Once became as poor as I,
 He Whose Blood for me was shed
 Had not where to lay His Head.

Though I labour here awhile,
 He will bless me with His smile,
 And when this short life is past,
 I shall rest with Him at last.

Then to Him I'll raise my song,
 Happy as the day is long,
 This my joy for ever be—
 GOD Almighty cares for me. Amen.

General Hymns.

279 "WE ARE MARCHING." P.M.

ALFRED REDHEAD.

f *Tempo di Marcia.*

The first system of the musical score is in 4/4 time. It features a vocal melody on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The melody begins with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4-B4, quarter notes C5-B4, and ends with a quarter note D5. The piano accompaniment starts with a half note G3, followed by quarter notes A3-B3, and then a series of chords and moving lines in the right and left hands.

I. We are marching thro' the des - ert, A - way from E-gypt's strand, We are

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. It includes dynamic markings: *cres.* (crescendo) above the first measure, *dim.* (diminuendo) above the fifth measure, and *cres.* above the eighth measure. The piano part features a triplet of eighth notes in the right hand at the end of the system.

marching thro' the des - ert, To reach the Promised Land. The land we leave be-

The third system concludes the piece. It includes a *cres.* (crescendo) marking above the first measure. The melody and piano accompaniment continue with similar rhythmic patterns.

- hind us Is sin's a-bid-ing place, The land which lies be - yond us The

General Hymns.

Home of JE-SUS' grace. March, march from Egypt's strand, March till we reach the

Happy Land; March, march from Egypt's strand, March till we reach the Hap - py Land. A-men.

2. Before us goes á pillar,
Still changing, yet the same ;
It is of cloud in day-time,
By night it is of flame.
The cloud, it is the Manhood
Of JESUS CHRIST the Word ;
The flame, it is the Godhead
Of JESUS Christ the Lord.
March, etc.

3. Two clear-toned silver trumpets
Are pealing day by day,
One trumpet calls the people,
One cheers us on our way.

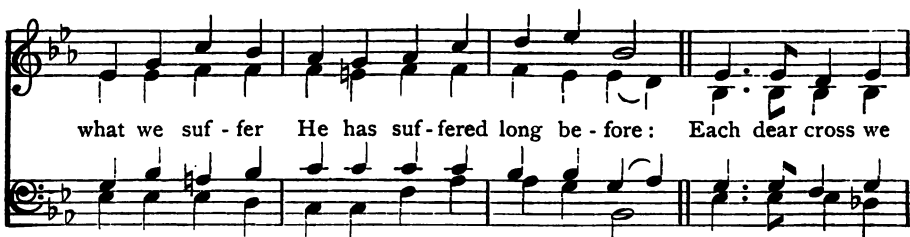
The trumpet of the summons
Is CHRIST's baptismal bath,
CHRIST's Holy Altar service
The trumpet for the path.
March, etc.

4. Then raise aloud the war-cry,
And wide our banners fling,
A shout is heard among us,
The shouting of a King.
March on, march on, straight forward,
Look not to left or right ;
CHRIST JESUS He will lead us,
And we shall win the fight.
March, etc. Amen.

General Hymns.

280 NORWOOD. 8.7.8.7. D.

H. HARFORD BATTLETT.



General Hymns.



[Alternative Tune No. 23.]

AS we tread life's pilgrim journey,
 All we suffer on our way
 We will offer up to JESUS,
 And with hearts submissive say—
 "All for JESUS! what we suffer
 He has suffered long before:
 Each dear cross we bear behind Him
 Only makes us love Him more."

If it is our lot to labour,
 And with toil we feel oppressed,
 We will think of Him Who laboured
 That our labours might be blessed.
 "All for JESUS!" etc.

When temptations try us sorely,
 We shall more than conquerors be,
 Wrestling as our Saviour wrestled,
 Prostrate in Gethsemane.
 "All for JESUS!" etc.

Death for us shall have no terrors,
 He has robbed it of its sting:
 Through its gloom He bids us follow
 To the Palace of our King.
 "All for JESUS," etc. Amen.

General Hymns.

281 CHRISTIAN SOLDIER. 7.6.7.6.

HY. SMITH.



[Alternative Tune No. 17.]

I AM a Christian soldier,
I serve a glorious King,
The helmet of Salvation,
The shield of Faith I bring.

The sharp sword of the Spirit,
The everlasting Word,
Used bravely in the desert
By JESUS CHRIST the LORD.

His Cross is on my forehead,
His Name within my breast,
"For JESUS!" is my watchword,
His Love my only rest.

The blessed Saints are watching
The battle as it goes,
The holy Angels fighting
Against our cruel foes.

The world, the flesh, the devil,
Are terrible and strong—
But JESUS CHRIST is stronger,
And to Him I belong !

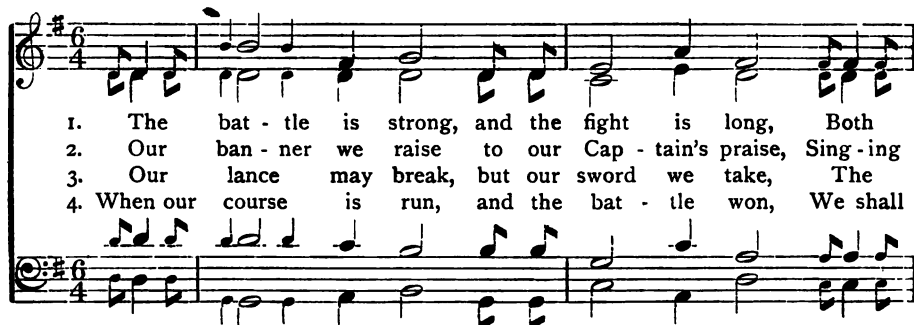
I am a Christian soldier,
Bound for the Holy Land ;
Within the dear King's Palace,
GOD grant that I may stand !

Amen.

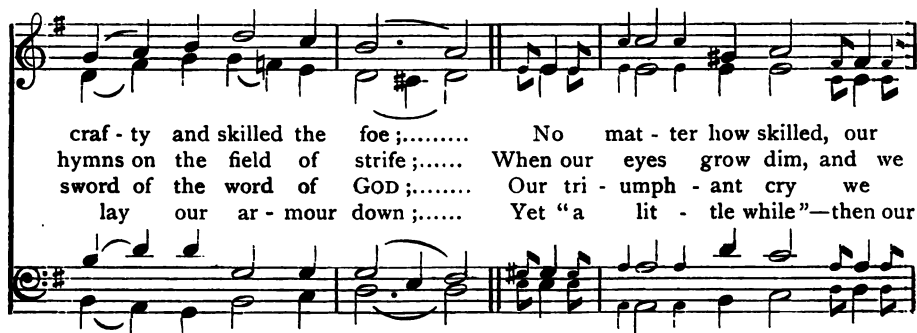
General Hymns.

282 S. KEYNE. 8.7.8.7.

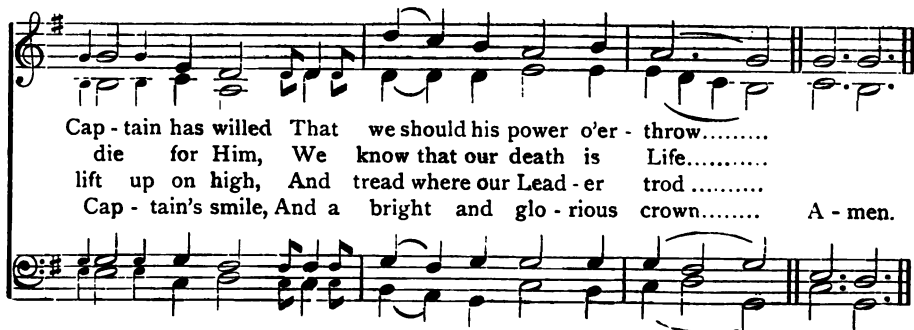
HY. SMITH.



1. The bat - tle is strong, and the fight is long, Both
 2. Our ban - ner we raise to our Cap - tain's praise, Sing - ing
 3. Our lance may break, but our sword we take, The
 4. When our course is run, and the bat - tle won, We shall



craf - ty and skilled the foe ;..... No mat - ter how skilled, our
 hymns on the field of strife ;..... When our eyes grow dim, and we
 sword of the word of GOD ;..... Our tri - umph - ant cry we
 lay our ar - mour down ;..... Yet "a lit - tle while"—then our



Cap - tain has willed That we should his power o'er - throw.....
 die for Him, We know that our death is Life.....
 lift up on high, And tread where our Lead - er trod.....
 Cap - tain's smile, And a bright and glo - rious crown..... A - men.

Small notes and slurs to be used as the words require.

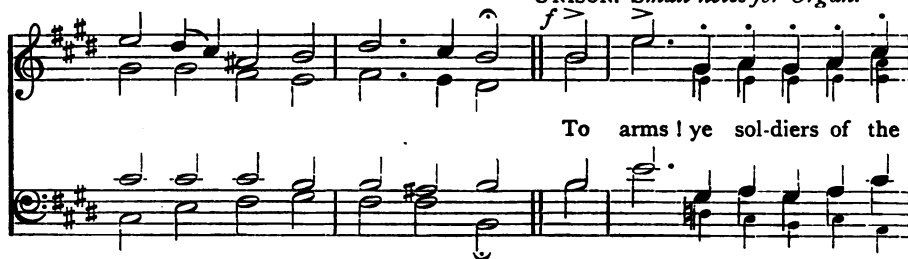
General Hymns.

283 HARBLEDOWN. 8.8.8.8.8.6.8.6.

H. HARFORD BATTLETT.



UNISON. *Small notes for Organ.*



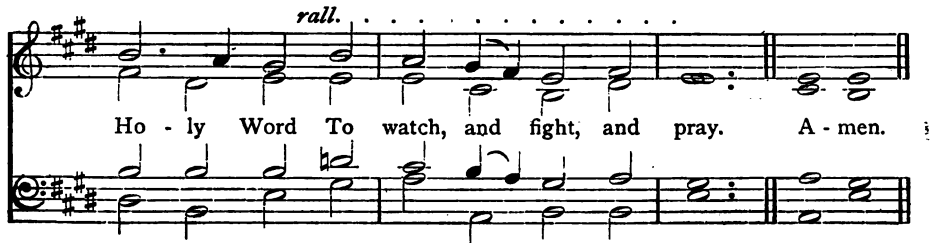
To arms! ye sol-diers of the

HARMONY.



LORD, The cla - rion call o - bey, He bids you in His

General Hymns.



WHEN on our infant brow was signed
 The Cross of Him Who died to save,
 We vowed to fight beneath His flag,
 And be His soldiers true and brave.
 To arms! ye soldiers of the LORD,
 The clarion call obey,
 He bids you in His Holy Word
 To watch, and fight, and pray.

Albeit 'gainst the hosts of Heaven
 The powers of evil are arrayed,
 The armies of the living GOD
 Trust in Him and are not afraid.
 To arms! ye soldiers, etc.

The loyal soldier owns no fear
 Who fights beneath His Captain's eye,
 No craven spirit seeks for rest
 When JESUS sounds the battle-cry.
 To arms! ye soldiers, etc.

From Heaven above CHRIST'S glory streams,
 His blood-red banner waves on high;
 See how the Cross upon it gleams,
 As it leads on to victory.
 To arms! ye soldiers, etc.

LORD, nerve us for the glorious fray,
 And arm us in the awful strife,
 So shall Thy servants win the day
 And enter on Eternal Life.
 To arms! ye soldiers, etc. Amen.

General Hymns.

284 "SOLDIERS OF CHRIST ARE WE." P.M.

W. YOUNG.

The first system of musical notation for the hymn. It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a time signature of 2/4. The bass staff has a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). A tempo marking "♩ = 120." is placed below the treble staff. The music begins with a treble staff melody and a bass staff accompaniment.

The second system of musical notation, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It features the same treble and bass staves with the established key and time signatures.

The third system of musical notation, continuing the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff continues with a steady melody, while the bass staff provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines.

The fourth system of musical notation, concluding the hymn. It includes the lyrics "For GOD and for the Church! Be" written below the treble staff. The music ends with a final chord in both staves.

General Hymns.

this our bat - tle - cry, Till truth shall win the
day And gain the vic - to - ry. A - men.

In the absence of Men's voices the Bass should be given strongly on the Pedals.

SOLDIERS of CHRIST are we !
 Marching to victory,
 Marching to Heaven !
 In His bright armour dressed,
 His Cross our chosen crest,
 And for our food and rest
 His promise given.
 For GOD and for the Church !
 Be this our battle-cry,
 Till truth shall win the day
 And gain the victory.

Though foes our path surround,
 Though toil and care abound,
 Forward we tread.
 Life may seem sad and long,
 All may look dark and wrong,
 Yet we are bold and strong
 In CHRIST our Head.
 For GOD and for the Church ! etc.

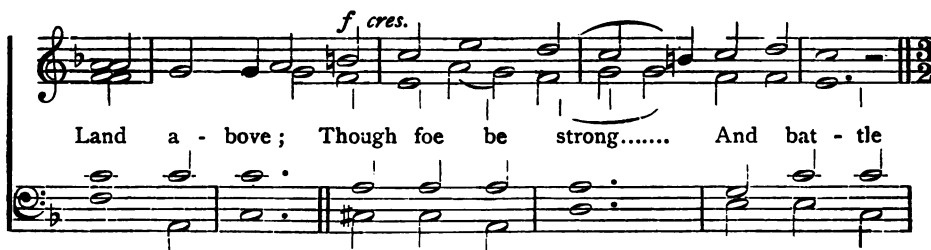
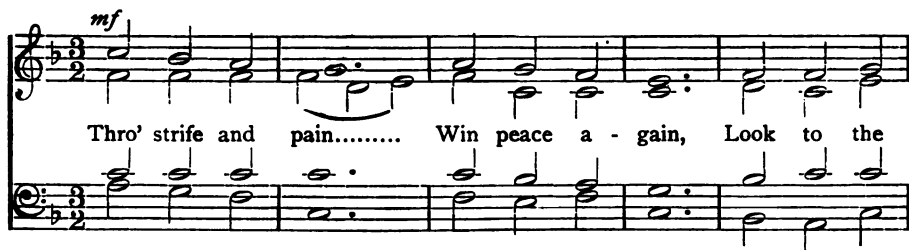
Great Leader of our host,
 Come when we need Thee most,
 Our strength increase :
 And when our strife is o'er,
 Ended the warfare sore,
 Grant us for evermore
 Love, joy, and peace.
 For GOD and for the Church ! etc.

Soldiers of CHRIST are we !
 Truth, light, and liberty
 Soon shall prevail ;
 For in the glorious fight
 Legions of Angels bright
 Join with the sons of light
 Sin to assail.
 For GOD and for the Church !
 Be this our battle-cry,
 Till truth shall win the day
 And gain the victory. Amen.

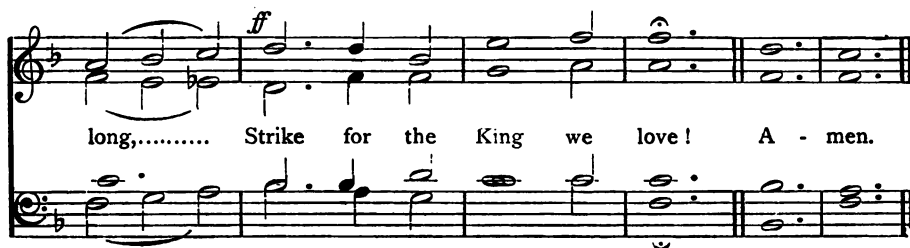
General Hymns.

285 HERNE. P.M.

H. HARFORD BATTLE.



General Hymns.



HASTE, haste, our King is calling,
 Our King with thorn-crowned Brow;
 His warfare claims each soldier,
 Not one may tarry now.
 Through strife and pain
 Win peace again,
 Look to the Land above;
 Though foe be strong,
 And battle long,
 Strike for the King we love!

Lo, fields all white to harvest
 The enemy would spoil;
 Shall we not gladly hasten
 To share CHRIST'S strife and toil?
 Through strife and pain, etc.

If selfish ease would tempt us,
 Or coward heart should fail,
 We have the Master's promise,
 His warriors shall prevail.
 Through strife and pain, etc.

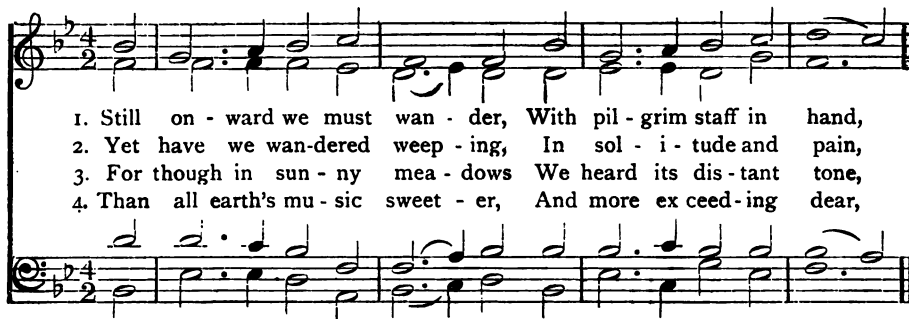
Hark! 'midst the din of battle,
 'Neath storm-clouds' lowering shade,
 His loving Voice sounds clearly:
 "'Tis I; be not afraid!"
 Through strife and pain, etc.

Soon, soon the end of tumult,
 Soon, soon the sword laid down;
 Then Jesus' love and pardon,
 Then Jesus' palm and crown.
 Through strife and pain, etc. Amen.

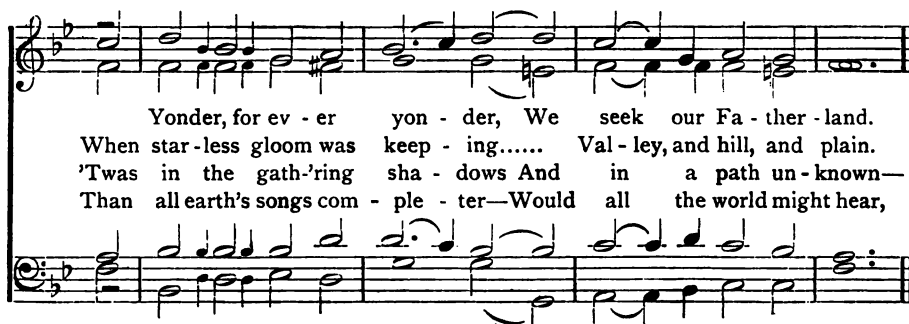
General Hymns.

286 PILGRIMS. P.M.

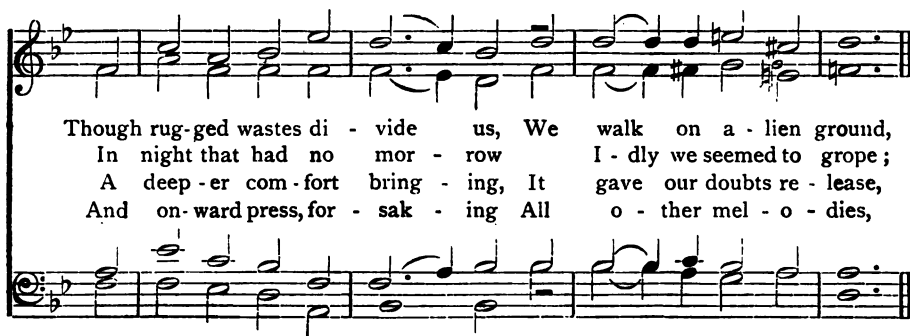
CH. SHELFORD.



1. Still on - ward we must wan - der, With pil - grim staff in hand,
 2. Yet have we wan - dered weep - ing, In sol - i - tude and pain,
 3. For though in sun - ny mea - dows We heard its dis - tant tone,
 4. Than all earth's mu - sic sweet - er, And more ex - ceed - ing dear,

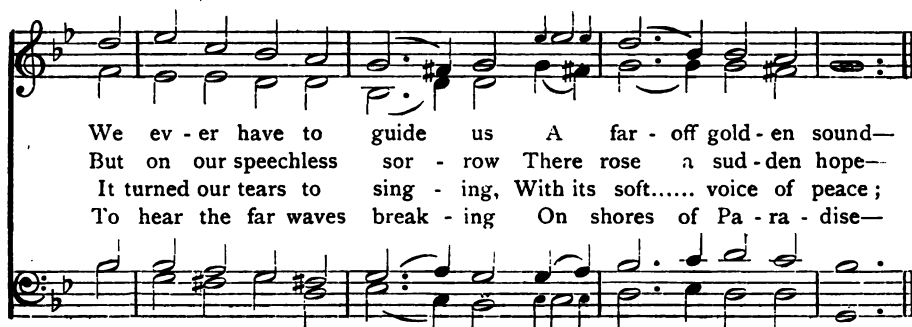


Yonder, for ev - er yon - der, We seek our Fa - ther - land.
 When star - less gloom was keep - ing..... Val - ley, and hill, and plain.
 'Twas in the gath - 'ring sha - dows And in a path un - known—
 Than all earth's songs com - ple - ter—Would all the world might hear,

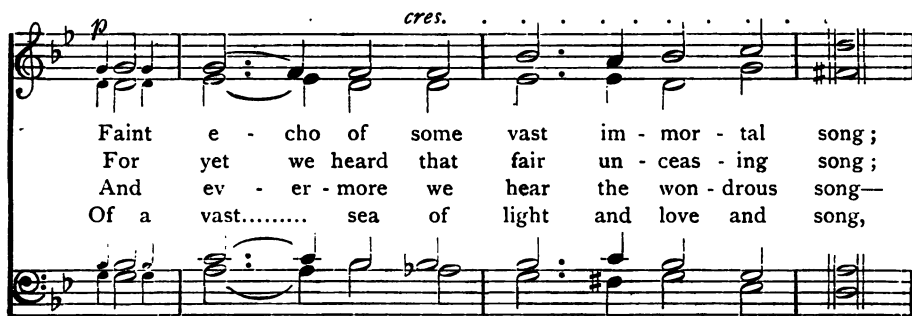


Though rug - ged wastes di - vide us, We walk on a - lien ground,
 In night that had no mor - row I - dly we seemed to grope;
 A deep - er com - fort bring - ing, It gave our doubts re - lease,
 And on - ward press, for - sak - ing All o - ther mel - o - dies,

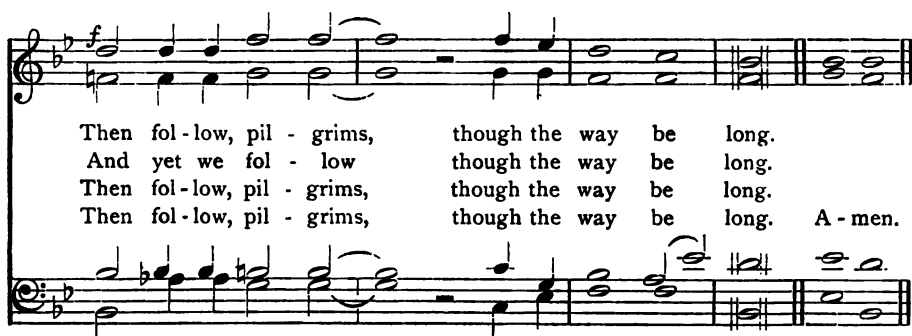
General Hymns.



We ev - er have to guide us A far - off gold - en sound—
 But on our speechless sor - row There rose a sud - den hope—
 It turned our tears to sing - ing, With its soft..... voice of peace;
 To hear the far waves break - ing On shores of Pa - ra - dise—



p Faint e - cho of some vast im - mor - tal song;
 For yet we heard that fair un - ceas - ing song;
 And ev - er - more we hear the won - drous song—
 Of a vast..... sea of light and love and song,
cres.



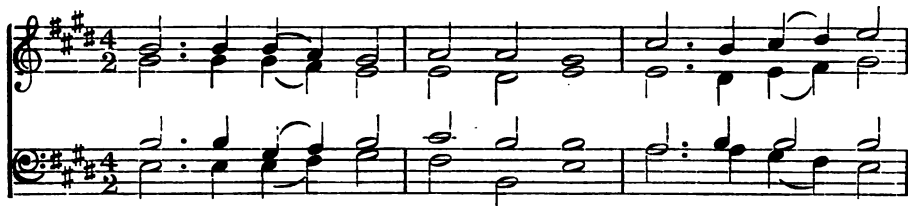
f Then fol - low, pil - grims, though the way be long.
 And yet we fol - low though the way be long.
 Then fol - low, pil - grims, though the way be long.
 Then fol - low, pil - grims, though the way be long. A - men.

The rests, small notes, and slurs, to be used as the words require.

General Hymns.

287 MILES' HOPE. 7.7.7.7.

REV. G. C. E. RYLEY, Mus.Bac.



[Alternative Tunes No. 278, 307.]

CHILDREN of the Heavenly King,
As ye journey sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways.

We are travelling home to GOD
In the ways the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

Shout, ye ransomed flock and blest!
You on JESUS' Throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.

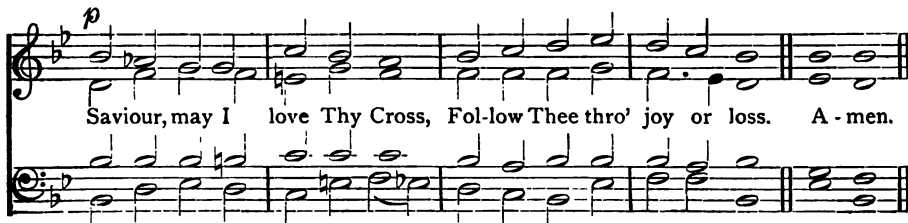
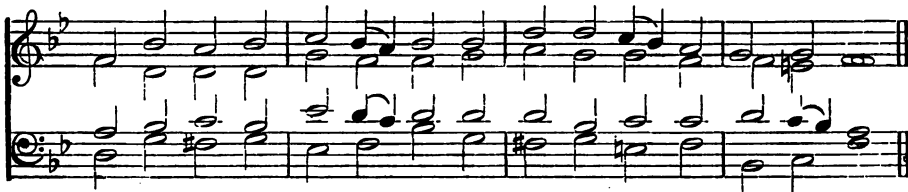
Fear not, brethren! joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
JESUS CHRIST, the Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

LORD, obediently we go
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee. Amen.

General Hymns.

288 OBERLIN. 8.7.8.7.7.7.

German.



[Alternative Tunes Nos. 94. 270.]

IN the Cross of CHRIST I glory,
Standing 'mid the wrecks of time ;
All the light of sacred story
Centres in that Cross sublime :
Saviour, may I love Thy Cross,
Follow Thee through joy or loss.

When life's sorrows overtake us
To the world we're crucified,
Peace and love shall ne'er forsake us,
Near the Cross if we abide.
Saviour, may I love Thy Cross,
Follow Thee through joy or loss.

When the star of hope is shedding
Light upon our pilgrim way,
Safe the path of joy we're treading,
If the Cross be still our stay.
Saviour, may I love Thy Cross,
Follow Thee through joy or loss.

Let the Cross be all our treasure,
JESUS, Saviour crucified ;
All our pain and all our pleasure
By its presence sanctified.
Saviour, may I love Thy Cross,
Follow Thee through joy or loss.

May the Father who has made us,
And the Son who for us died,
May the sanctifying Spirit,
Evermore be glorified.
Saviour, may I love Thy Cross,
Follow Thee through joy or loss. Amen.

General Hymns.

289 OWEN (40). 7-7-7-7.

REV. R. OWEN.



By permission from "New Tunes for Hymns Ancient and Modern," by Rev. Richard Owen.

[*Alternative Tunes Nos. 278, 307.*]

SINCE the day when first we came
To receive our Saviour's name,
We, His sons and servants now,
Have His cross upon our brow.

Never let this mark grow dim,
By it we are signed for Him;
Should it ever fade away,
Who dare face the judgment day?

How it calms us when distressed!
When we faint it gives us rest;
Satan's craft and Satan's might
By the cross are put to flight.

All who now their Saviour see
Bore it bravely—so must we;
Never, never lay it down;
First the Cross, and then the Crown.

Now unto the Father be
Wisdom, might, and majesty,
Equal glory to the Son,
And blest Spirit, Three in One. Amen.

General Hymns.

290 S. CROSS. P.M.

H. HARFORD BATTLE.

Bless-ed are the pure in heart Bless-ed ev-er-more! A-men.

Copyright, by permission, from "Church Militant Hymn Book" (Mowbray).

BLESSED are the pure in heart,
 Blessed evermore!
 With the Saints they have their part
 On th' eternal shore.
 Thorny paths their feet have trod,
 Now they gaze upon their GOD.
 Blessed are the pure in heart,
 Blessed evermore!
 Blessed are the pure in heart!
 Free from sin and stain,
 Satan with his fiery dart
 Tempted them in vain.

For they leant on JESUS' breast
 Like the LORD'S Apostle blest.
 Blessed are the pure in heart,
 Blessed evermore!
 Blessed are the pure in heart!
 Oh that we may stand
 With those fair and spotless ones,
 At the Lamb's right hand:
 Him with perfect love adore
 Follow Him for evermore!
 Blessed are the pure in heart,
 Blessed evermore! Amen.

General Hymns.

291 BURNGREAVE. 7.6.7.6. D.

T. WORSLEY STANFORTH.



[Alternative Tune No. 116.]

General Hymns.

IF I could be an Angel
And with the Angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand ;
O then before my Saviour,
So glorious and so bright,
I'd raise the sweetest music,
And praise Him day and night.

I never should be weary,
Nor ever shed a tear,
Nor ever know a sorrow,
Nor ever feel a fear ;
But blessed, pure, and holy,
I'd dwell in JESUS' sight,
And with ten thousand thousand
Praise Him both day and night.

I cannot be an Angel,
But yet I hope to stand
With all the saints of JESUS
One day at His right hand ;
O then before my Saviour,
So glorious and so bright,
I'll join the shining Angels,
And praise Him day and night.

I know I'm weak and sinful,
But JESUS can forgive ;
And so with Him for ever
I hope in Heaven to live.
Dear Saviour, when I languish,
And lay me down to die,
O send the shining Angels
To bear me up on high. Amen.

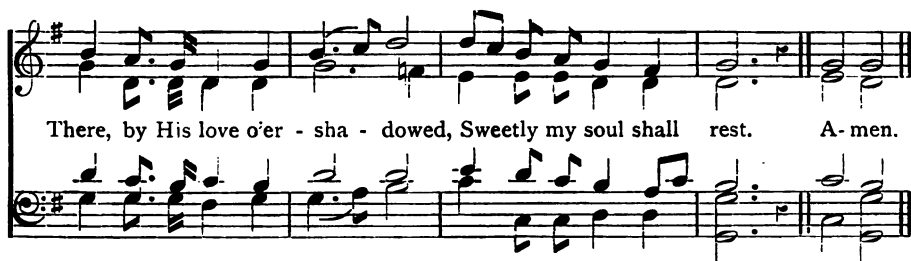
General Hymns.

292 "SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS." 7.6., 12 lines.

W. H. DOANE.



General Hymns.



SAFE in the Arms of JESUS !
 Safe on His gentle Breast !
 There, by His love o'ershadowed,
 Sweetly my soul shall rest.
 Hark ! 'tis the voice of Angels,
 Borne in a song to me,
 Over the fields of glory,
 Over the crystal sea.
 Safe in the Arms of JESUS !
 Safe on His gentle Breast !
 There, by His love o'ershadowed,
 Sweetly my soul shall rest.

Safe in the Arms of Jesus !
 Safe from all grief and care,
 Safe from the world's temptations,
 Sin cannot harm me there.

Free from the blight of sorrow,
 Free from all doubts and fears,
 Only a few more trials !
 Only a few more tears !
 Safe in the Arms of JESUS ! etc.

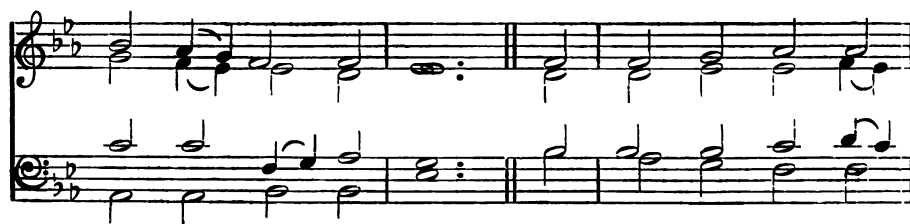
JESUS, my heart's dear Refuge !
 Thou Who hast died for me,
 Firm on the Rock of Ages,
 Ever my trust shall be.
 Here let me wait with patience,
 Wait till the night is o'er,
 Wait till I see the morning
 Break on the golden Shore.
 Safe in the Arms of JESUS !
 Safe on His gentle Breast !
 There, by His love o'ershadowed,
 Sweetly my soul shall rest.
 Amen.

General Hymns.

293 MUNICH. 7.6.7.6. D.

German.

Brightly.



General Hymns.



THERE'S a Friend for little children
 Above the bright blue sky,
 A Friend who never changes,
 Whose love will never die ;
 Unlike our friends by nature,
 Who change with changing years,
 This Friend is always worthy
 The precious Name He bears.

There's a Rest for little children
 Above the bright blue sky,
 Who love the blessed Saviour,
 And to His Father cry—
 A rest from every trouble,
 From sin and danger free,
 There every little pilgrim
 Shall rest eternally.

There's a Home for little children
 Above the bright blue sky,
 Where JESUS reigns in glory,
 A Home of peace and joy ;
 No home on earth is like it,
 Nor can with it compare ;
 For every one is happy,
 Nor can be happier there.

There's a crown for little children
 Above the bright blue sky,
 And all who follow JESUS
 Shall wear it by and by ;
 A crown of brightest glory,
 Which He shall then bestow
 On all who love the Saviour,
 And walked with Him below.

There's a song for little children
 Above the bright blue sky,
 A song that will not weary,
 Though sung continually ;
 A song which even Angels
 Can never, never sing ;
 They know not CHRIST as Saviour,
 But worship Him as King.

There's a robe for little children
 Above the bright blue sky ;
 And a harp of sweetest music,
 And palms of victory.
 All, all above is treasured,
 And found in CHRIST alone ;
 LORD, grant Thy little children
 To know Thee as their own. Amen.

General Hymns.

294 "DAILY, DAILY SING THE PRAISES." 8.7.8.7. D.

REV. R. OWEN.

[Alternative Tune No. 70.]

DAILY, daily sing the praises
Of the City GOD hath made ;
In the beauteous fields of Eden
Its foundation stones are laid :
Oh, that I had wings of Angels
Here to spread and Heavenward fly,
I would seek the gates of Sion,
Far above the starry sky.
All the walls of that dear City
Are of bright and burnished gold,
It is matchless in its beauty,
And its treasures are untold.
Oh, that I had wings, etc.
In the midst of that dear City
CHRIST is reigning on His Seat,
And the Angels swing their censers
In a ring about His Feet.
Oh, that I had wings, etc.

There the meadows, green and dewy,
Shine with lilies wondrous fair,
Thousand, thousand are the colours
Of the waving flowers there.
Oh, that I had wings, etc.

There the wind is sweetly fragrant,
And is laden with the song
Of the Seraphs, and the Elders,
And the great redeemed throng.
Oh, that I had wings, etc.

Oh, I would my ears were open
Here to catch that happy strain !
Oh, I would mine eyes some vision
Of that Eden could attain !

Oh, that I had wings of Angels
Here to spread and Heavenward fly,
I would seek the gates of Sion,
Far above the starry sky. Amen.

General Hymns.

295 BEAUTIFUL LAND OF REST. P.M.

HY. SMITH.

Slow.

Je - ru - sa - lem, Je -
ru - sa - lem, Beau - ti - ful land of rest ! A - men.

JERUSALEM, for ever bright,
Beautiful land of rest !
No winter there, nor gloom of night,
Beautiful land of rest !
The clouds of earth are chased away,
The sun breaks forth in endless day :
Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
Beautiful land of rest !
Jerusalem, for ever free,
Beautiful land of rest !
The soul's sweet home of liberty,
Beautiful land of rest !

The chains of sin, the tears of woe,
The ransomed there will never know :
Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
Beautiful land of rest !
Jerusalem, for ever dear,
Beautiful land of rest !
Thy pearly gates almost appear,
Beautiful land of rest !
And when we tread thy lovely shore
We'll sing the song we've sung before—
Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
Beautiful land of rest ! Amen.

General Hymns.

296 HOVE. P.M.

GEORGE H. WESTBURY.



BRIGHT Heaven is the prize
My soul shall strive to gain !
One glimpse of Paradise
Repays a life of pain.

'Tis Heaven, bright Heaven !
Yes, Heaven is the prize !
'Tis Heaven, bright Heaven !
Yes, Heaven is the prize !

Bright Heaven is the prize !
When sorrows press around
Look up beyond the skies,
Where hope and strength are found.
'Tis Heaven, etc.

Bright Heaven is the prize !
The strife will soon be past ;
Faint not, but raise your eyes,
And struggle to the last.
'Tis Heaven, etc.

Bright Heaven is the prize !
Faith shows the crown we gain ;
Hope lights the way and dies,
But Love will always reign.
'Tis Heaven, etc.

Bright Heaven is the prize !
Death opens wide the door,
And then the spirit flies
To GOD for evermore.
'Tis Heaven, etc. Amen.

General Hymns.

297 SPLENDIDIOR. P.M.

G. F. COBB.

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THERE is a better world they say,
 Oh, so bright !
 Where sin and woe are done away,
 Oh, so bright !
 Where music fills the balmy air,
 And Angels bright and pure are there,
 And harps of gold and mansions fair,
 Oh, so bright !
 No clouds e'er pass along its sky,
 Happy land !
 No tear-drop glistens in the eye,
 Happy land !
 They drink the gushing streams of grace,
 And gaze upon the Saviour's Face,
 Whose brightness fills the holy place,
 Happy land !

Though we are sinners every one,
 Jesus died !
 And though our crown of peace is gone,
 Jesus died !
 We may be cleansed from every stain,
 We may be crowned with bliss again,
 And in that land of pleasure reign :
 Jesus died !
 Then parents, sisters, brothers, come,
 Come away !
 We long to reach our Father's Home,
 Come away !
 Oh come, the time is gliding past,
 And men and things are fleeting fast,
 Our turn will surely come at last—
 Come away ! Amen.

General Hymns.

298 GRANTCHESTER. P.M.

REV. EDWARD L. HOPKINS.



General Hymns.



OH! how my spirit longs for thee,
 Beautiful Home above!
 Where I may rest, from sorrow free,
 Beautiful Home above!
 Within the golden gates of light,
 Arrayed in garments pure and white,
 I'll walk with Angels fair and bright,
 In my Home above.
 Beautiful Home above!
 Beautiful Home above!
 LORD, bid Thine Angels bring me to
 My beautiful Home above.

To reach Thee safe I daily pray,
 Beautiful Home above!
 And travel in the toilsome way,
 Beautiful Home above!

My weary feet are bruised and sore,
 But JESUS' feet were bruised before,
 To bring me to the open door
 Of my Home above.
 Beautiful Home, etc.

Thy shining walls by faith I see,
 Beautiful Home above!
 The Mansion fair prepared for me,
 Beautiful Home above!
 Oh! let me keep my longing eyes
 Intently fixed upon the prize,
 Till Angels bear me through the skies
 To my Home above.

Beautiful Home above!
 Beautiful Home above!
 LORD, bid Thine Angels bring me to
 My beautiful Home above.

Amen.

General Hymns.

299 "ABOVE THE WAVES." P.M.
UNISON.

J. M. BENTLEY, Mus.Doc.

The first system of musical notation for 'Above the Waves' is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The melody in the treble staff begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords. Dynamics include *mp* (mezzo-piano) and *cres.* (crescendo).

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. It features a treble and bass staff. The melody includes a half note D5 and a quarter note E5. The bass staff continues with harmonic support. Dynamics include *mp* (mezzo-piano).

The third system of musical notation includes the lyrics 'My beau - ti - ful Home, my'. It features a treble and bass staff. The melody includes a half note F#5 and a quarter note G5. The bass staff continues with harmonic support. Dynamics include *FULL.* (full) and *f* (forte).

The fourth system of musical notation includes the lyrics 'beau - ti - ful Home, In the land where the glo - ri - fied'. It features a treble and bass staff. The melody includes a half note A4 and a quarter note B4. The bass staff continues with harmonic support. Dynamics include *cres.* (crescendo).

General Hymns.



ABOVE the waves of earthly strife,
 Above the ills and cares of life,
 Where all is peaceful, bright, and fair,
 My Home is there! my Home is there!
 My beautiful Home, my beautiful Home,
 In the land where the glorified ever shall roam;
 Where Angels bright wear crowns of light,
 My Home is there! my Home is there!

Where living fountains sweetly flow,
 Where buds and flowers immortal grow,
 Where trees their fruits celestial bear,
 My Home is there! my Home is there!
 My beautiful Home, etc.

Away from sorrow, doubt, and pain,
 Away from worldly loss or gain,
 From all temptations, tears, and care,
 My Home is there! my Home is there!
 My beautiful Home, etc.

Beyond the bright and pearly gates,
 Where JESUS, loving Saviour, waits,
 Where all is peaceful, bright, and fair,
 My Home is there! my Home is there!
 My beautiful Home, etc. Amen.

General Hymns.

300 "SHALL WE GATHER?" P.M.

R. LOWRY.



General Hymns.



SHALL we gather at the river
 Where bright Angel feet have trod,
 With its crystal tide for ever
 Flowing by the Throne of GOD?
 Yes, we'll gather at the river,
 The beautiful, the beautiful, the river,
 Gather with the Saints at the river,
 That flows by the Throne of GOD.

Ere we reach the shining river
 We shall lay each burden down,
CHRIST our spirits will deliver,
 And provide a robe and crown.
 Yes, we'll gather at the river, etc.

On the margin of the river,
 Washing up its silver spray,
 We shall walk and worship ever,
 All the happy golden day.
 Yes, we'll gather at the river, etc.

Soon we'll reach the shining river,
 Soon our pilgrimage will cease,
 And our happy hearts shall ever
 Breathe a melody of peace.
 Yes, we'll gather at the river, etc. Amen.

General Hymns.

301 "SHALL WE MEET?" P.M.
SOPRANOS OR SOLO (*Question*).

J. M. BENTLEY, Mus.Doc.

First system of musical notation for Sopranos or Solo. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The time signature is 9/8. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. Dynamics include *cres.* and *dim.*.

Second system of musical notation for Sopranos or Solo. The key signature is B-flat major. The time signature is 9/8. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. Dynamics include *cres.*.

TEACHERS (*Answer*).

Third system of musical notation for Teachers. The key signature is B-flat major. The time signature is 9/8. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. Dynamics include *cres.* and *Org. Ped.*.

Fourth system of musical notation for Teachers. The key signature is B-flat major. The time signature is 9/8. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. Dynamics include *dim.* and *f*. The word *FULL.* is written above the staff.

Fifth system of musical notation for Teachers. The key signature is B-flat major. The time signature is 9/8. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. Dynamics include *f*.

General Hymns.

REFRAIN.

The musical score is written for a voice and piano. The key signature has two flats (B-flat major or D minor), and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line is on a treble clef staff, and the piano accompaniment is on a bass clef staff. The melody is simple and repetitive, with the lyrics 'We shall meet!' repeated three times. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes that support the vocal melody.

Vocal Melody:

We shall meet!..... We shall meet!..... We shall

Piano Accompaniment:

We shall meet! We shall meet!

rall. e dim.

Repeat ad lib.

Where..... the surges cease to roll !

meet be-yond the riv - er, Where the sur - ges cease to roll! A-men.

SHALL we meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll,
Where through all the bright for ever
Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?
We shall meet beyond the river,
When our conflicts all are o'er,
And we'll spend the blest for ever
On that bright celestial shore.
We shall meet ! we shall meet !
We shall meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll !

Shall we meet in yonder City,
Where the towers of crystal shine,
Where the walls are all of jasper,
Built by workmanship Divine?
We shall meet, where bliss immortal
Sweeter far than rest can be ;
And before the Throne eternal
Dwell in ceaseless ecstasy !
We shall meet ! etc.

Shall we meet with many a loved one
Who was torn from our embrace?
Shall we listen to their voices,
And behold them face to face?
We shall meet in yonder mansions,
Where our wanderings all shall cease,
There we'll meet our dear companions,
And be crowned with perfect peace!
We shall meet! etc.

Shall we meet with CHRIST our Saviour,
When He comes to claim His own?
Shall we hear His words of welcome,
Calling us to share His Throne?
We shall meet, when, having striven
Faithfully for Him we love,
He has called us to the mansions
Of the glorified above!
We shall meet! we shall meet!
We shall meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll!
Amen.

General Hymns.

302 "EVERY MORNING THE RED SUN." 7-5-7-5-7-7.

W. YOUNG.

p *Moderato.* *cres.*

1. Ev - 'ry morning the red sun Ri - ses warm and bright ;
 2. Ev - 'ry spring the sweet young flow'rs O - pen bright and gay,
 3. Lit - tle birds sing songs of praise All the sum - mer long,
 4. CHRIST our LORD is ev - er near Those who fol - low Him ;
 5. Who shall go to that bright land ? All who do the right :

dim. *f*

But the ev - 'ning com - eth on, And the dark, cold night. There's a bright land
 Till the chil - ly autumn hours Wither them a - way. There's a land we
 But in cold - er, shorter days They for - get their song. There's a place where
 But we can - not see Him here, For our eyes are dim ; There is a most
 Ho - ly children there shall stand, In their robes of white ; For that Heav'n, so

dim.

far a - way, Where 'tis nev - er - end - ing day.
 have not seen, Where the trees are al - ways green.
 An - gels sing Cease - less prais - es to their King.
 hap - py place, Where men al - ways see His Face.
 bright and blest, Is our ev - er - last - ing rest. A - men.

For Unison singing, or Children's voices in Three parts (with Bass *ad lib.*).

General Hymns.

303 S. GENEVIEVE. 6.5.6.5. D.

ARTHUR H. BROWN.

* Small notes (for Organ) may be omitted.

[Alternative Tune No. 143.]

THOSE eternal bowers
Man hath never trod;
Those unfading flowers
Round the Throne of GOD;
Who may hope to gain them,
After weary fight?
Who at length attain them,
Clad in robes of white?

He who gladly barter
All on earthly ground;
He who, like the martyrs,
Says, "I will be crowned;"
He whose one oblation,
Is a life of love,
Clinging to the nation
Of the blest above!

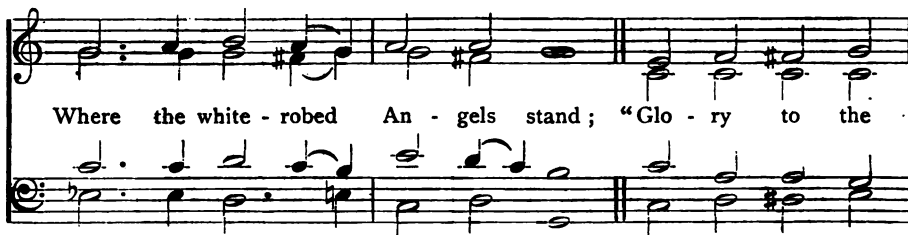
Shame upon you, legions
Of the Heavenly King,
Citizens of regions
Past imagining;
What! with pipe and tabor
Fool away the light,
When He bids you—labour,
When He tells you—fight.

While I do my duty,
Struggling through the tide,
Whisper Thou of beauty
On the other side.
Tell who will the story
Of our *now* distress,
Oh! the future glory!
Oh! the loveliness! Amen.

General Hymns.

304 HARBURY. 8.7.8.7.7.7.7.

C. ASTON.



General Hymns.



FAR away beyond earth's sadness,
 Far away beyond earth's sin,
 There's a land of peace and gladness,
 There no pain can enter in.
 Happy, happy, happy Land,
 Where the white-robed Angels stand ;
 "Glory to the Lamb," they sing,
 "Glory be to CHRIST our King."

Lovelier than earth's loveliest flowers,
 Heavenly lilies blossom there ;
 Never storm-cloud darkly lowers—
 All is calm and all is fair.

Happy, happy, happy Land, etc.

Angry words are never spoken,
 Strife and tumult are not known,
 Perfect peace reigns all unbroken,
 Love is there, and Love alone.
 Happy, happy, happy Land, etc.

Never sound of grief or sighing
 Shall disturb the Angels' lay ;
 Heaven has praise where earth had crying,
 GOD doth wipe all tears away.
 Happy, happy, happy Land, etc.

There nor sin nor time can sever
 Holy bonds of perfect love ;
 Hearts grow cold and alter never
 In the Eternal Home above.
 Happy, happy, happy Land, etc.

Like a dream at our awaking
 Shall life's bitterest sorrows be,
 When the hearts that once were breaking
 Find, dear LORD, their joy in Thee.
 Happy, happy, happy Land,
 Where the white-robed Angels stand ;
 "Glory to the Lamb," they sing,
 "Glory be to CHRIST our King."

General Hymns.

305 WESTBOURNE. L.M.
(1st Tune.)

T. WORSLEY STANIFORTH.



OUR happiest day is quickly past,
And it will come back nevermore ;
The happy day of Heaven will last
For Ever and for Evermore.

Our sweet bright flowers quickly fade,
Their beauty comes back nevermore ;
But other flowers GOD has made
For Ever and for Evermore.

All those on earth we dearest love
Leave us and come back nevermore ;
But life shall be in Heaven above
For Ever and for Evermore.

Sorrow and pain came down on earth,
And they will leave it nevermore ;
Until our King brings heavenly mirth
For Ever and for Evermore.

O JESUS CHRIST, our Heavenly King,
Come down and leave us nevermore ;
Then shall our hearts rejoice and sing
For Ever and for Evermore.

All that is evil, low, and base
Shall be within us nevermore,
When pure in heart we see Thy Face
For Ever and for Evermore. Amen.

General Hymns.

305 MONXTON. L.M.

(2nd Tune.)

REV. EDWARD L. HOPKINS.

OUR happiest day is quickly past,
And it will come back nevermore ;
The happy day of Heaven will last
For Ever and for Evermore.

Our sweet bright flowers quickly fade,
Their beauty comes back nevermore ;
But other flowers GOD has made
For Ever and for Evermore.

All those on earth we dearest love
Leave us and come back nevermore ;
But life shall be in Heaven above
For Ever and for Evermore.

Sorrow and pain came down on earth,
And they will leave it nevermore ;
Until our King brings heavenly mirth
For Ever and for Evermore.

O JESUS CHRIST, our Heavenly King,
Come down and leave us nevermore ;
Then shall our hearts rejoice and sing
For Ever and for Evermore.

All that is evil, low, and base
Shall be within us nevermore,
When pure in heart we see Thy Face
For Ever and for Evermore. Amen.

General Hymns.

306 S. WILFRID.

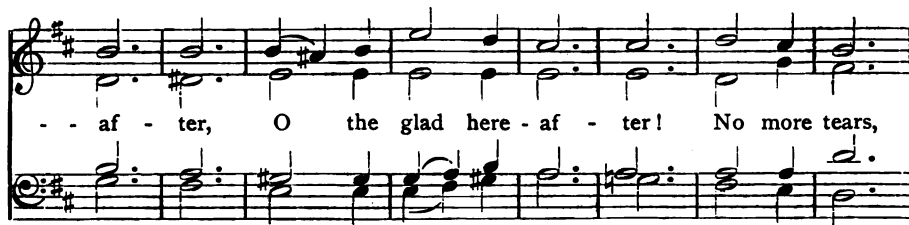
REV. LEICESTER DARWALL.

Not quick (about $\text{♩} = 112$).



REFRAIN.

Quicker (about $\text{♩} = 160$).



General Hymns.



FAITHFUL Christians, come and see
 What hereafter there shall be ;
 Happy saints in Heaven above
 Serving GOD in perfect love.
 O the glad hereafter, O the glad hereafter !
 No more tears, no more fears,
 In the glad hereafter !

Faithful Christians, come and see
 What hereafter there shall be ;
 Gates of pearl and streets of gold,
 Glories which may not be told.
 O the glad hereafter, etc.

Faithful Christians, come and see
 What hereafter there shall be ;
 Glittering bands of Angels bright,
 Shining days that have no night.
 O the glad hereafter, etc.

Faithful Christians, come and see
 What hereafter there shall be ;
 Voices of a mighty throng
 Singing loud a glorious song.
 O the glad hereafter, etc.

Faithful Christians, come and see
 What hereafter there shall be ;
 Nigh at hand and not afar,
 JESUS CHRIST the Morning Star.
 O the glad hereafter, etc. Amen

School Festivals, etc.

307 HART'S. 7.7.7.7.

B. MILGROVE.



[Alternative Tune No. 325.]

L ORD, this day Thy children meet
In Thy courts with willing feet ;
Unto Thee this day they raise
Grateful hearts in hymns of praise.

Not alone the day of rest
With Thy worship shall be blest ;
In our pleasure and our glee,
LORD, we would remember Thee.

Help us unto Thee to pray,
Hallowing our happy day :
From Thy presence thus to win
Hearts all pure and free from sin.

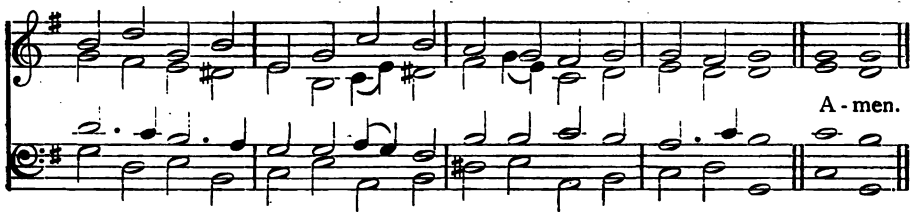
All our pleasures here below,
Saviour, from Thy mercy flow,
But, if earth has joys like this,
What shall be our heavenly bliss :

Make, O LORD, our childhood shine
With all lowly grace like Thine ;
Then through all eternity
We shall live in Heaven with Thee. Amen.

School Festivals, etc.

308 ST. CECILIA. 8.7.8.7.

ARTHUR H. BROWN.



[Alternative Tune No. 247.]

RAISE we now our grateful voices
Unto CHRIST the children's Friend,
May the hymns which we are singing
With the Angels' music blend.

JESUS loves to see us happy,
Loves to see His children gay,
In our midst He stands to bless us
On our festival to-day.

Far above upon Mount Sion
Bands of happy children dwell,
Little ones who died for JESUS,
And whose lips His praises tell.

But on earth come children singing
Sweet Hosannas to their LORD ;
Blessed LORD, on this our feast day
Be our praise like theirs outpoured.

Only hymns—yet Thou dost love them,
They can reach Thy Throne above ;
JESUS, fill our hearts for ever
With the gladness of Thy love! Amen.

School Festivals, etc.

309 "GOD BLESS OUR SCHOOL." 4.8.8.8.4.

W. YOUNG.

GOD bless our school !
 May it the holy doctrine teach
 That JESUS came on earth to preach,
 That we GOD'S Throne at length may reach :
 GOD bless our school !

GOD bless our school !
 May many to the Font be led
 And joined to CHRIST the Church's Head,
 And saved from the Judgment dread :
 GOD bless our school !

GOD bless our school !
 Teach us the word of truth to know,
 Teach us in Christian strength to grow,
 Teach us to serve Thee here below :
 GOD bless our school !

GOD bless our school !
 Fill every heart with heavenly grace,
 Lead us in love to that blest place
 Where we shall see Thee face to Face :
 GOD bless our school ! Amen.

School Festivals, etc.

310 OLD WOOD. C.M.

REV. G. C. E. RYLEY, Mus.Bac.

A - men.

[Alternative Tune No. 321.]

O CHRIST, true Wisdom ! fill our minds
And make them warm and bright ;
Then every heart shall glow with love
And every word with light.

The Law, the Prophets, and the Psalms
Speak each and all of Thee ;
And in the Gospel page set forth
Thy Life, Thy Death, we see.

When Thy disciples sadly walked
To Emmaus one day,
They spoke of Thee, and Thou didst come
To teach them by the way.

O come to us and teach us too,
For we would gladly hear,
And as we learn our hearts shall burn
With love and holy fear. Amen.

School Festivals, etc.

311 ELMON. C.M.

ARTHUR H. BROWN.



[Alternative Tunes Nos. 124. 204.]

WE love Thy blessed Church, O LORD,
 Dear to Thy heart is she,
 And serving her we find in truth
 We are but serving Thee.

Continually within her arms
 New heirs of grace we lay,
 For her to cherish, rule, and train
 In CHRIST'S appointed way.

But foes would take the children's bread,
 Their heritage and due,
 And wrest them from the watchful care
 Of their One mother true.

Rise up, O LORD, and suffer not
 Thy little lambs to be
 Schooled into helpless ignorance
 Of the true Faith and Thee.

But while in earthly knowledge skilled,
 With earth-born wisdom wise,
 May they be filled, as JESUS was,
 With wisdom from the skies. Amen.

Foreign Missions.

312 NOBISCUM DEUS. 7.6.7.6. D.

CHAS. VINCENT, Mus.Doc.

[Alternative Tune No. 106.]

UPLIFT the blood-red banner,
 Unsheathe the Spirit's sword,
 Put on the Christian's armour—
 The armour of the LORD!
 The helmet of salvation,
 And faith's victorious shield;
 Bear them with acclamation,
 To the great battlefield.

Uplift the blood-red banner,
 And shout with trumpet's sound—
 Deliverance to the captive,
 And freedom to the bound;

From sorrow and from suffering,
 From sin and death release;
 Go, tell the wondrous story,
 Go forth to publish peace.

Go forth like saints and martyrs,
 With zeal and love unpriced,
 And teach the Church's message,
 And live and die for CHRIST;
 For CHRIST claim every nation,
 Your banner wide unfurled,
 Go forth and teach salvation,
 Salvation to the world. Amen.

Foreign Missions.

313 RAYLEIGH. S.M.

ARTHUR H. BROWN.



[Alternative Tune No. 231.]

O EVERLASTING LORD,
How shall we see Thy Face,
If we have failed to spread abroad
The Gospel of Thy grace?

But O what joys await
Thy valiant soldiers, LORD,
Who have with faith and zeal advanced
The kingdom of Thy Word!

They will in glory stand,
They will in glory shine,
Bright as the starry firmament;
They will be ever Thine.

By Apostolic lips,
LORD, in all heathen lands [pensed
Thy Word be preached, Thy Grace dis-
By Apostolic hands!

To Father and to Son,
And Holy Ghost, to Thee,
May all the world Hosannas sing,
One GOD in Persons Three. Amen.

Foreign Missions.

314 NORFOLK. L.M.

S. HOWARD, Mus Doc.

A - men.

[Alternative Tune No. 149.]

IN many a distant home to-day
The dark-skinned children laugh and
play ;
They know not of a Saviour's love
Nor of their Father's Home above.

No mother folds their hands to pray,
No teacher points to Heaven the way,
No Church-bell speaks of holy rest
Upon the day that GOD hath blest.

These little ones have never been
Washed in baptismal waters clean,
No Holy Sacrament they own,
But bow to gods of wood and stone.

And when 'tis time for them to die
Upon their bed they trembling lie,
No thought of Heaven to pierce the
gloom,
No hope of life beyond the tomb.

Dear Saviour, from Thy Throne above
Look on these children in Thy love,
And send forth labourers, we pray,
To lead them in the Heavenly way.

And may we all by Thy dear Grace
Rejoice with them before Thy Face,
And ever with the Angel Host
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Amen.

Foreign Missions.

315 CHURCH UNIVERSAL. P.M.

CHAS. VINCENT, Mus.Doc.

f *With dignity.*

1. The Church of CHRIST is u - ni - ver - sal, Wide as the world its

por - tals stand ; To ga - ther in His ho - ly chil - dren From

mp REFRAIN.

ev - 'ry age, from ev - 'ry land. Teach us, O LORD, how

Foreign Missions.

we may la - bour To bring Thy hea - then chil - dren home, And

Slower, and with good declamation.

ev - er pray with deeper fer-vour, Thy Kingdom come, Thy Kingdom come. A - men.

2.

CHRIST willeth not that any perish
Of those for whom He shed His blood,
But calls each pagan son and daughter
To know the truth and own Him GOD.
Teach us, O LORD, etc.

3.

All little ones the Shepherd loveth,
"Forbid them not," He saith, "to come";
These tender lambs His Arms would gather
And bear them to the Church, their
Home.
Teach us, O LORD, etc.

4.

CHRIST wills that, in Baptismal waters,
Each heathen babe should lose its stain;
When older grown, in Confirmation
The Spirit's Seven-fold Gifts obtain.
Teach us, O LORD, etc.

5.

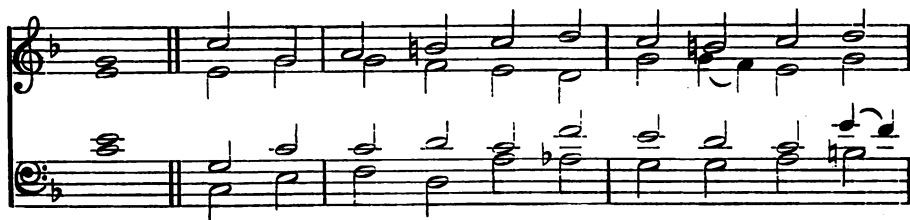
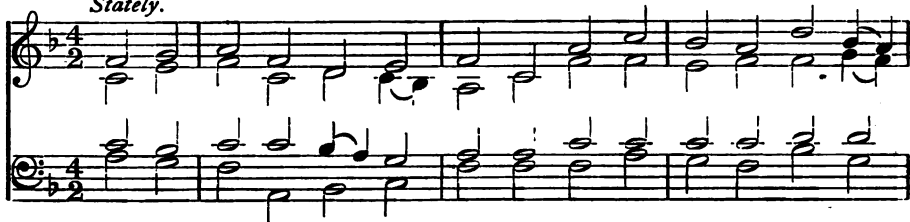
LORD, grant that these Thy blood-bought
children
May serve Thee all their days in love;
Then sing the endless Alleluia
Around Thy glorious Throne above.
Teach us, O LORD, etc. Amen.

Foreign Missions.

316 BULWARK. 8.7.8.7.D.

T. WORSLEY STANIFORTH.

Stately.



Foreign Missions.



[Alternative Tune No. 202.]

THERE are many heathen children
Growing up to sin and shame,
And their youthful hearts have never
Learnt to love their Saviour's Name ;
Though the sun shines brightly o'er them,
Bathing all their land in light,
Yet their souls are full of shadows,
Darker than the darkest night.

But the fields are ripe to harvest,
And the myriad heathen stand,
Waiting for the Church to gather
Saints from out of every land :
And the LORD of all the harvest
Bids us put the sickle in ;
Bids us bear the Gospel tidings
To the nations sunk in sin.

Master, grant us deep devotion,
Faith to give up more for Thee,
That the message of salvation
Reach the lands beyond the sea.
Let the heathen learn to know Thee,
Know the Truth, the Light, the Way,
And their dark delusions vanish
In the Light of Perfect Day. Amen.

Foreign Missions.

317 UPMINSTER. 6. 5., 12 lines.

ARTHUR H. BROWN.

In the morning sun - shine

Hear the call—A - wake!..... Has - ten now to la - bour For the dear LORD's sake, A - men.

[Alternative Tunes Nos. 79, 246.]

IN the morning sunshine
Hear the call—Awake
Hasten now to labour
For the dear LORD's sake.
In His blessed Vineyard
Idlers may not stay,
To your work—GOD given,
Hasten ye away.
In the morning sunshine
Hear the call—Awake!
Hasten now to labour
For the dear LORD's sake.
Fields all white to harvest
Shine with morning dew,
Sadly speaks the Master—
"Labourers are few;
Souls still lie in darkness,

Sufferers comfort need,
Will you leave them sorrowing?
Will you give no heed?"
In the morning, etc.
Who could bear to tarry
When that call rings clear?
Who could stand by idly?
Who could doubt or fear?
Oh, when JESUS speaketh,
Eager hearts shall cry,
Earnest voices answer,
"Master, here am I."
In the morning, etc.
Should the tempter harass
We will persevere,
Follow Thee all boldly,
Never doubt or fear.

Life and youth we offer,
Offer gladly now,
Never let us draw back,
Shrinking from Thy plough.
In the morning, etc.
Praise to Thee, blest Saviour,
Praise for ever be!
We Thy happy servants
Love to work for Thee.
Joyful is such service,
And when toil is o'er,
We with holy Angels
Shall our King adore.
When the eternal morning
Calls us to awake,
CHRIST will crown all labour
Done for His dear sake.
Amen.

Foreign Missions.

318 S. ALBAN (†18). 8.7.8.7.

From S. Alban's, Holborn, Tune Book.

[Alternative Tunes No. 133, 249.]

LORD, Thou callest to perfection
All who seek to follow Thee,
Saying, "Perfect as his Master
Must My true disciple be."

How can we, so frail and sinful,
This blest counsel make our own?
How without it can we ever
Be as faithful servants known?

Our perfection is completeness
In Thy own most holy Will,
'Tis to do our *best* in all things,
Trusting to Thee wholly still.

Gently leads the Shepherd onward
His dear flock who follow Him;
Little ones whose steps are feeble,
Aged ones whose eyes are dim.

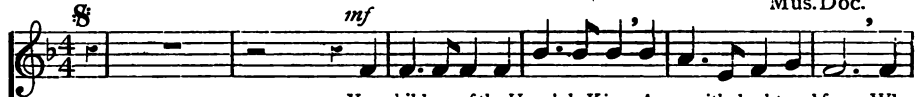
Yet each faltering step is perfect
Which in His by faith they place,
Dim eyes on the Master gazing
In a glass can see His Face.

So good Master in our measure
May we to Thy stature grow,
Till made like Thee in Thy kingdom
We our full perfection know. Amen.

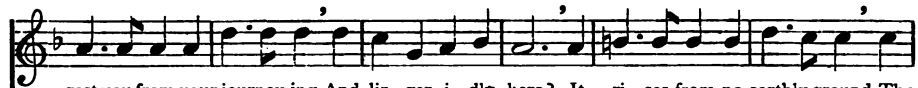
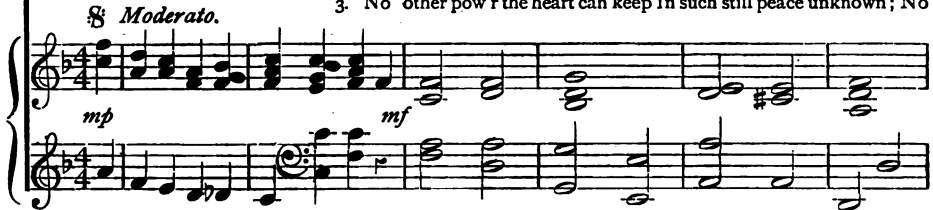
Foreign Missions.

319 "YOU CHILDREN OF THE HEAVENLY KING." P.M.

CHAS. VINCENT,
Mus.Doc.



1. You children of the Heav'nly King, Away with doubt and fear—Why
2. We loit-ter still, the sun is high, And we shrink back dismayed, We
3. No other pow'r the heart can keep In such still peace unknown; No



rest you from your journey-ing And lin-ger i-dly here? It ri-ses from no earthly ground, The
let the noon-day heat pass by, And wan-der in the shade. And lin-ger-ing we half for-get The
o-ther love can be so deep As His, Who waits a-lone. O LORD of all, yet Thou dost wait, If



Ci-ty you would find—You for a fairer land are bound Than aught you leave behind.
land we hope to gain; And One Who waits to guide us yet Has waited long in vain. } There's a
hap-ly we may rise, And e-ven now may find, tho' late, The way to Pa-ra-dise.



Foreign Missions.

surg - ing tor-rent deep and wide With bil - lows foam-ing white— There's a

Cantabile.

gleam - ing path on the o - ther side Leads up to end - less light,

f rit. e alargando. *D.C. §*

Leads up to end - - - less light. A - men.

f rit. e alargando. *D.C. §*

4. With our slow footsteps Thou dost bear—
 Oh patience marvellous !
 That we may all the glory share
 That Thou didst leave for us ;
 That we the City fair may see
 After long wandering,
 Where joy unspeakable must be,
 Because Thou art its King.
 There's a surging torrent, etc.

5. What matter if the waves roll near
 Of that vast awful stream,
 There is a Voice that changes fear
 Into a faith supreme ;
 And we shall see a radiance bright
 O'er those dark waters break,
 And know His love the river spans,
 Who crossed it for our sake.
 There's a surging torrent, etc.
 Amen.

For Orphans.

320 ITALY. 8.7.8.7. D.

Italian Melody.



[Alternative Tunes Nos. 30, 202.]

IN Thy Presence, Holy Father,
We Thy loving children kneel,
With a faith that cannot falter,
To Thy goodness we appeal.
For we have no tender mother
On the earth so waste and wide ;
And we have no earthly father
For our weakness to provide.
Thou wilt guide us, Thou wilt love us
With a Father's tenderest care ;
Though Thou art so high above us
Thou wilt hear the orphan's prayer.
Life's temptations are before us,
We must mingle in the strife ;
If Thy goodness watch not o'er us,
All unsafe will be our life.

So we claim Thee for our Father,
For we have a right to be,
By the gift of our dear Brother,
Loving children unto Thee.
Poor and lowly is our station,
Yet Thou never wilt despise
This our lowly adoration,
On Thy Throne above the skies.
Holy Father, to Thy keeping
All our cares we can confide :
Toiling, resting, waking, sleeping,
We will in Thy love abide.
While Thy shelt'ring wings are o'er us
Fatherless we cannot be,
And we have a Home before us,
Which will last eternally. Amen.

For Orphans.

321 "COME TO ME." C.M.

From ROSSINI.



[Alternative Tunes Nos. 129, 199.]

OUR life was lonely, sad, and poor,
No friends or home had we,
Till JESUS called, and sweetly said,
"My children, come to Me."

He washed us in the Holy Font,
He signed each little brow
With His dear Cross, and thus we know
We are His children now.

He hears the prayers we pray to Him,
He loves the praise we bring,
Our psalms and hymns He holds as dear
As those the Angels sing.

Then let us try with all our hearts
Our daily prayers to say,
And seek in all things great and small
To please Him every day.

A home, a harp, a crown in Heaven,
Our Saviour dear will give
To all those faithful ones who try
In His dear Love to live.

LORD JESUS! make our hearts Thine own,
Draw us more near to Thee;
And grant us in our Home in Heaven
Thy Blessed Face to see! Amen.

For Orphans.

322 S. TEATH. 7.4.7.4. D.

HAROLD B. OSMOND, F.R.C.O.

The musical score is written for four staves, two systems of two staves each. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and bar lines. The piece concludes with the text 'A - men.' written below the final staff.

SETTING forth on life's rough way,
 Father, guide them ;
 For we know not what of harm
 May betide them ;
 'Neath the shadow of Thy wing
 Ever hide them,
 May an Angel-guard, we pray,
 Walk beside them.
 When in prayer they cry to Thee—
 Father, hear them ;
 Sad or lonely though they be,
 Thou canst cheer them :

O'er all quicksands, shoals, and rocks,
 Do Thou steer them ;
 In temptation, trial, grief,
 Be Thou near them.
 To Thy care we give them up,
 LORD, receive them ;
 In the world we know must be
 Much to grieve them :
 Many strive with cruel arts
 To deceive them ;
 Trustful in Thy Hands of love,
 We must leave them. Amen.

Harvest.

323 BETHLEHEM. L.M.

REV. L. J. T. DARWALL.



[Alternative Tune No. 20.]

OUR hearts and voices let us raise
In songs of thankfulness and praise,
Our heavenly Father's love to bless,
Which crowns the year with fruitfulness.

For what Thy bounteous hand imparts
Give us the grace of thankful hearts,
Hearts which their thankfulness may prove
By hymns of praise and gifts of love.

O may we, like a fruitful field,
To Thee a rich abundance yield;
And, as the fields with harvest wave,
Rise from the furrows of the grave.

So when the Angel-reapers come,
And Thou shalt keep Thy Harvest-home,
We in Thy barn may gathered be,
Thy Heavenly Barn, eternally.

Praise to our GOD and Father give,
The Source of love in Whom we live,
Praise to the Son and Spirit be,
One only GOD, in Persons Three. Amen.

Harvest.

324 STODMARSH. 7.6., 12 lines.

REV. G. C. E. RYLEY, Mus.Bac.

8

Come, chil-dren, lift your voi - ces And sing with us to - day,.....

FINE

As to the LORD of Har - vest Our grate - ful vows we pay.

1. We thank Thee, LORD, for send - ing,
2. Come, join our glad pro - ces - sion,
3. May we by ho - ly liv - ing, } etc.

Harvest.



COME, children, lift your voices
 And sing with us to-day,
 As to the LORD of Harvest
 Our grateful vows we pay.
 We thank Thee, LORD, for sending
 The gentle showers of rain,
 For summer suns which ripened
 The fields of golden grain ;
 We thank Thee that Thou givest
 Nuts, apples, plums, and pears,
 And for each precious treasure
 Which field or orchard bears.
 Come, children, etc.

Come, join our glad procession,
 As onward still we move,

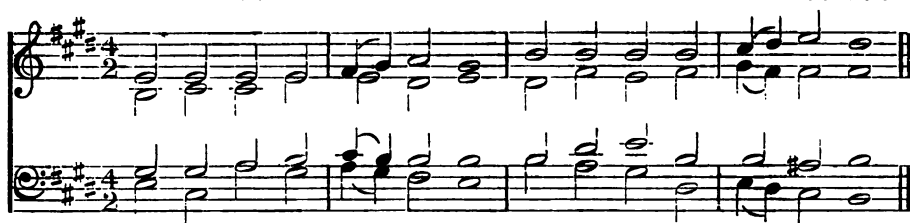
Rejoicing in the tokens
 Of GOD our Father's love ;
 All good is His creation,
 All beautiful and fair—
 Birds, insects, beasts, and fishes,
 Our harvest gladness share.
 Come, children, etc.

May we by holy living
 Thy praises echo forth,
 And tell Thy boundless mercies
 To all the listening earth ;
 May we grow up as branches
 In CHRIST, the one true Vine,
 Bear fruit to Life Eternal,
 And be for ever Thine !
 Come, children, etc. Amen.

Harvest.

325 POSEN. 7.7.7.7.

German.



A-men.

[Alternative Tune No. 307.]

THANKS and praise, O LORD, we send
To Thy glorious heavenly Throne,
For the love that knows no end,
For the kindness all Thine own.

Thou hast sent the golden corn,
Thou hast sent our daily bread,
Every night and every morn
By Thy bounty we are fed.

Thanks and praise, O LORD, be Thine,
For Thy Sacrament so sweet,
Everlasting corn and wine,
Finest flour of finest wheat.

Gracious are the showers of rain,
Dearer still the showers of grace,
Bright the sun o'er hill and plain,
Brighter far Thy glorious Face.

Make us, by Thy Food Divine,
Grow and ripen more and more,
Till the heavenly reapers shine,
Reaping for the heavenly shore! Amen.

Harvest.

326 CORONATION. 8.7.8.7. D.

REV. G. C. E. RYLEY, Mus. Bac.

TO Thee, O LORD, our hearts we raise,
 In hymns of adoration,
 To Thee bring sacrifice of praise,
 With shouts of exultation ;
 Bright robes of gold the fields adorn,
 The hills with joy are ringing,
 The valleys stand so thick with corn,
 That even they are singing.

And now on this our Festal day,
 Thy bounteous Hand confessing,
 Upon Thine Altar, LORD, we lay
 The first fruits of Thy blessing ;
 By Thee the souls of men are fed
 With gifts of grace supernal,
 Thou, who dost give our earthly bread,
 Give us the Bread Eternal.

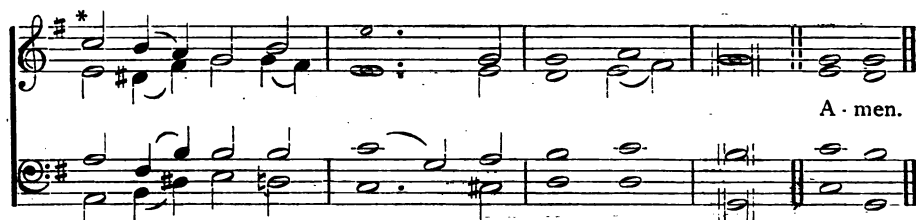
We bear the burden of the day,
 And often toil seems dreary,
 But labour ends with sunset ray,
 And rest comes for the weary ;
 May we, at GOD'S great Harvest-Home,
 Stand at the last accepted,
 CHRIST'S golden sheaves for evermore
 To garner bright elected. *

Oh, blessed is that land of GOD,
 Where Saints abide for ever,
 Where golden fields spread far and wide,
 Where flows the golden river ;
 The strains of all its holy throng
 With ours to-day are blending,
 Thrice blessed is that harvest song
 Which never hath an ending ! Amen.

Harvest.

327 LEYSTERS. 6.6.6.4.

REV. G. C. E. RYLEY, Mus.Bac.



* In verses 1, 3, and 5, line 3 commences here.

BRIGHT are the golden fields,
The harvest fair to see ;
Send forth Thy labourers, LORD,
To reap for Thee.

Bid them at early morn
For service glad awake,
And bear the mid-day heat
For Thy dear sake.

Though scant the ears, and few,
Or harmed by storm or blight,
Still bid them labour on
As in Thy sight.

May-be one garnered ear
Will yield in time to come
A goodly sheaf to grace
Thy Harvest-Home.

Thou, Who dost give the seed,
And dost the increase bless,
Gladden Thy reapers, LORD,
With full success. Amen.

Harvest.

pc 1581

328 HARVEST-HOME OF THE ANGELS. L.M.

HY. SMITH.

1. Ga - ther them in, ga - ther them in ; The
 2. O - pen the gates, o - pen the gates, The
 3. Lift up the voice, lift up the voice, The
 4.* "Lar - gess," we sing, "Lar - gess," we sing, The
 5. "Lar - gess," we sing, "Lar - gess," we sing, The

har - vest will soon be end - ed ; These are they in the
 Mas - ter's Wheat we are bring - ing, Reaped are the fields of
 LORD of the Har - vest greet - ing ; Let all the Hosts of
 Reap - pers' work is com - ple - ted ; Stored is the corn of
 shout of Har - vest rais - ing ; Homeward the Guar - dian

world's dark strife Whom we so care - ful - ly tend - ed.
 fruit - ful earth, Our Home - ward way we are wing - ing.
 Heav'n re - joice, The Guar - dian An - gels meet - ing.
 Heaven's great King, Death is for ev - er de - feat - ed.
 An - gels come, The LORD of the Har - vest prais - ing. A - men.

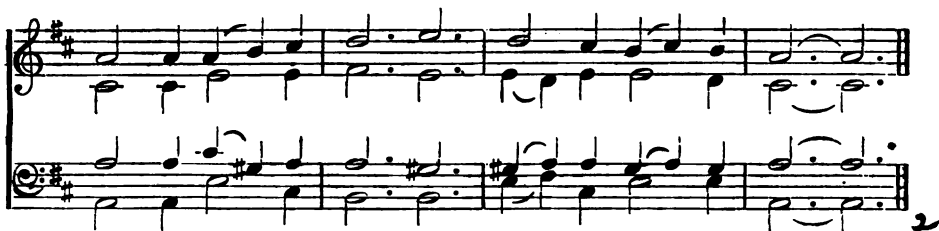
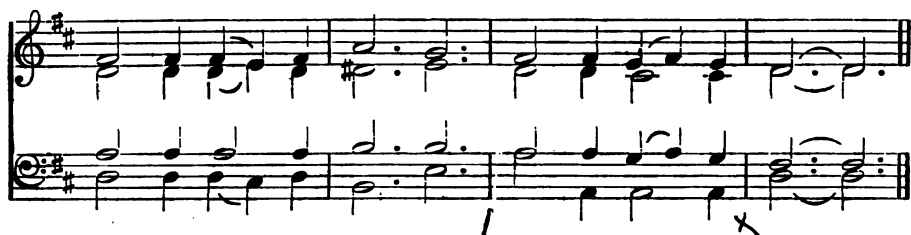
Small notes and slurs to be used as the words require.

* "Largess," the cry of the Norfolk reapers.

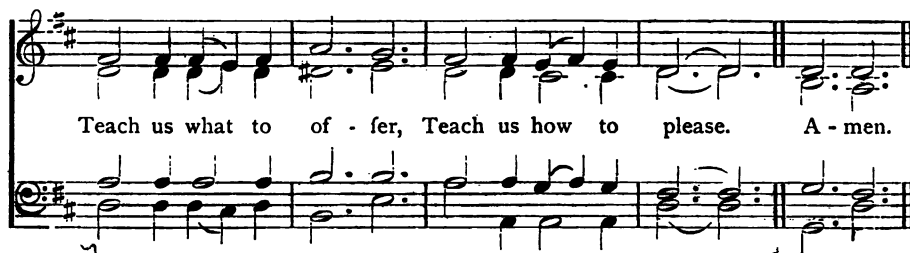
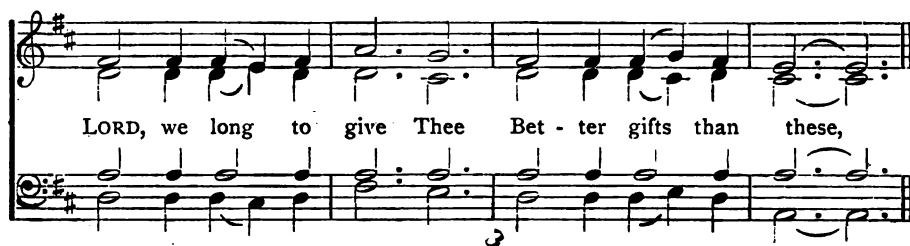
Harvest.

(FOR A FLOWER SERVICE.)

329 S. ALBAN'S (321). 6.5., 12 lines. From S. Alban's, Holborn, Tune Book.



Harvest.



[Alternative Tune No. 240.]

BRING them to the Master,
Lay them at His Feet,
All we have to offer,
Flowers fair and sweet.
Bring them to the Altar,
Where He loves to rest,
Bring whate'er is fairest
To a place so blest.
LORD, we long to give Thee
Better gifts than these,
Teach us what to offer,
Teach us how to please.

Angels stand around Thee,
In Thy heaven above,
They are offering praises
Hymns of joyful love.

We will worship also,
Hearts and voices raise,
JESUS, with the flowers,
See, we bring Thee praise.
LORD, we long to give Thee, etc.

What have we, dear Saviour,
Thou could'st care to take?
Is there any offering
We may dare to make?
LORD, beside the flowers,
See, our hearts we lay,
May we love Thee truly,
From Thee never stray.
LORD, we long to give Thee
Better gifts than these,
Teach us what to offer,
Teach us how to please. Amen

12. 33

Hardest.

330 "GOD WHEN HE MADE THIS WORLD." D.C.M.

ALFRED REDHEAD.

1. GOD when He made this world be - low Pro-nounced it ve - ry

The first system of music features a vocal melody in the treble clef and piano accompaniment in the grand staff. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 6/8. The lyrics are: "1. GOD when He made this world be - low Pro-nounced it ve - ry".

good, And still His gra-cious Hand we trace On mountain, stream, and

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "good, And still His gra-cious Hand we trace On mountain, stream, and".

wood. How beau - ti - ful, how beau - ti - ful, How

The third system concludes the piece. The lyrics are: "wood. How beau - ti - ful, how beau - ti - ful, How". A small number "3" is written at the end of the system.

Harvest.

fair and bright this earth!..... How beau - ti - ful our

GOD must be, From Whom it all took birth! A - men.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2. We thank Thee for the perfume sweet
Of flowers and leaves and trees,
That fills the fragrant summer air,
And floats upon the breeze.
How beautiful, etc.</p> | <p>5. We thank Thee for the sun's glad beams,
The moon's pure silver ray,
The twinkling of the thousand stars,
Like diamonds far away.
How beautiful, etc.</p> |
| <p>3. We thank Thee for the colours rare,
Painted so wondrously,
The green grass underneath our feet,
The blue of sky and sea.
How beautiful, etc.</p> | <p>6. We thank Thee for the plenteous fruits
That ripen all around,
The sweetness and the healthfulness
With which Thy works abound.
How beautiful, etc.</p> |
| <p>4. We thank Thee for the song of birds,
And for their plumage bright,
Filling alike both ear and eye
With treasures of delight.
How beautiful, etc.</p> | <p>7. O GOD of beauty, Who hast made
Thy works so passing fair,
Make us all beautiful within,
Be this our daily prayer.
How beautiful, etc. Amen.</p> |

Hospital Sunday.

331 "FATHER OF ALL." 8.9.8.9.

J. M. BENTLEY, Mus.Doc.

The musical score is written for a treble and bass staff in 3/2 time. It begins with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The first system shows the initial melody and accompaniment. The second system includes a dotted slur over a measure in the treble staff, which the text indicates is for Verses 3 and 6. The third system is marked 'Slower.' and concludes with the word 'A - men.' written below the staff.

The dotted slurs are for Verses 3 and 6.

FATHER all-loving and all-good,
Thy great compassions fail us never,
Before the world was, they began,
And last for ever and for ever.

Earth's suffering children look to Thee,
Upon the Throne of Thy high glory,
And gently moves Thy mercy down,
Soon as they plead their piteous story.

CHRIST, heal the sick, and cheer the sad,
Send help in every troubled hour;
Open the hands that hold, to give,
O touch men's hearts with Thy sweet
power.

Call sick men to Thy wounded side,
And with Thy glorious Passion strengthen;
O let them feed on Thee and live,
Their life to life immortal lengthen.

And when the final hour shall come,
O Thou benign and Holy Spirit!
Show every weary, waiting soul
The blessedness it shall inherit.

To Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Our suffering brethren we commend,
Faithful Creator, keep them all—
All with Thy threefold love attend.

Amen.

For those at Sea.

332 FORDWICH. 7.7.7.
(1st Tune.)

H. HARFORD BATTLE.



LORD, in times of sore distress,
None but Thou can save and bless ;
Lo ! we plead our helplessness.

Out upon the storm waves, there
Ships are struggling in despair ;
LORD, we bow our heads in prayer.

Wind and waves Thy Word fulfil,
Master, if it be Thy will,
Thou can'st whisper, "Peace, be still."

Angry tides Thy Voice shall hear,
Tempest clouds shall disappear ;
No more danger, no more fear.

LORD, stretch forth Thy mighty Arm,
Speak the words that bring a calm ;
Save Thy sailors from all harm.

Let them Thy true servants be,
Teach them still to trust in Thee ;
Thou, the LORD of land and sea.

Let them love Thee more and more,
When life's voyage brief is o'er ;
Bring them safe to heaven's bright shore.

There all joy shall still increase,
Wind and storm for ever cease :
There the tempest-tossed find peace.

Amen.

For those at Sea.

332 "LORD, IN TIMES OF SORE DISTRESS." 7s., 6 lines.

(2nd Tune.)

J. M. BENTLEY, Mus.Doc.

The musical score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of three systems of music. The first system ends with the instruction 'Org. Ped.' below the bass staff. The second system includes dynamic markings 'dim.' and 'f'. The third system includes 'cres.' and 'p' markings, and concludes with the text 'A-men.' below the bass staff.

LORD, in times of sore distress,
None but Thou can save and bless ;
Lo ! we plead our helplessness.
Out upon the storm waves there
Ships are struggling in despair ;
LORD, we bow our heads in prayer.

Wind and waves Thy Word fulfil,
Master, if it be Thy will,
Thou can'st whisper, "Peace, be still."
Angry tides Thy Voice shall hear,
Tempest clouds shall disappear,
No more danger, no more fear.

LORD, stretch forth Thy mighty Arm,
Speak the words that bring a calm,
Save Thy sailors from all harm.
Let them Thy true servants be,
Teach them still to trust in Thee ;
Thou, the LORD of land and sea.

Let them love Thee more and more,
When life's voyage brief is o'er
Bring them safe to heaven's bright shore.
There all joy shall still increase,
Wind and storm for ever cease
There the tempest-tossed find peace.

Amen.

Illness.

333 REST. 8.8.8.8.7.7.

Quite slowly; not faster than ♩ = 76.

HAROLD B. OSMOND, F.R.C.O.

The musical score is written for piano in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. It consists of four systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The tempo is marked 'Quite slowly; not faster than ♩ = 76.' The score begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 6/8 time signature. The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with the bass clef providing harmonic support. The piece concludes with a double bar line and the text 'A - men.' written above the final notes.

SAVIOUR, when in pain and anguish
On my bed I pine and languish,
When my fevered brow is aching,
Sleep my languid eyes forsaking,
Full of tossings through the night,
Longing for the morning light ;

Thou, Who in Thy mercy showest
That our feeble frame Thou knowest,
In Thy patient love uphold me,
Closer to Thy Bosom fold me,
As the suffering babe is pressed
To a loving mother's breast.

In Thy child's affliction sharing,
Pitying and in love forbearing,
Every restless movement stilling,
With Thy peace my spirit filling,
In my sickness make my bed,
And support my weary head.

Quietly and unrepining,
In Thy hands myself resigning,
May I know and feel Thee near me,
With Thy rod and staff to cheer me,
This unfailing comfort mine,
Living, dying, I am Thine. Amen.

Illness.

334 S. MARY MAGDALENE. 7.6.7.6.

German.



'TIS JESUS sends us sickness,
So, when in pain, or ill,
I'll try to bear it meekly,
Because it is His will.

I'll think of Him Who suffered
Upon the Cross for me;
Can I not bear a little,
My blessed LORD, for Thee?

It is Thy love which calls me,
To leave my merry play,
To lie quite still and quiet,
And give up my own way.

LORD JESUS, give me patience,
LORD JESUS, give me love,
And give to me hereafter
A life with Thee above. Amen.

For Funerals.

335 HOLY INNOCENTS. 7.7., and Alleluia.

ARTHUR H. BROWN.

LET no tears to-day be shed,
Holy is this narrow bed.
Alleluia !

CHRIST Eternal Life has given,
Opened wide the gate of Heaven.
Alleluia !

And no peril need we fear
For the child we hold so dear.
Alleluia !

Not salvation hardly won,
Not the need for race well run.
Alleluia !

But the pity of the LORD
Gives His child a full reward.
Alleluia !

GOD, Who loveth innocence,
Hastes to take our darling hence.
Alleluia !

What need to beseech in prayer
For that soul now glad and fair.
Alleluia !

Nay, for us it prays the LORD
That His mercy He accord.
Alleluia !

CHRIST, when this sad life is done,
Join us to Thy little one.
Alleluia !

And in Thine own tender love
Bring us to the ranks above !
Alleluia !

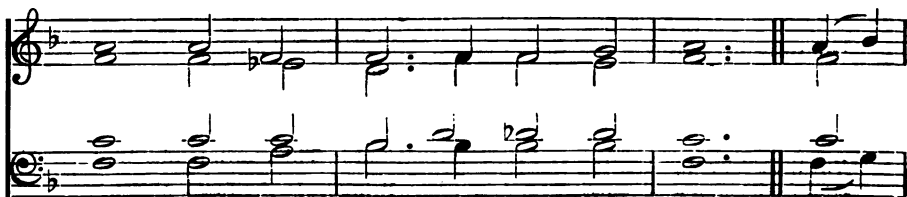
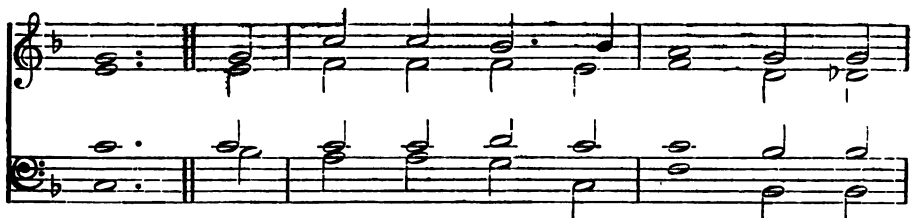
Amen.

2 F

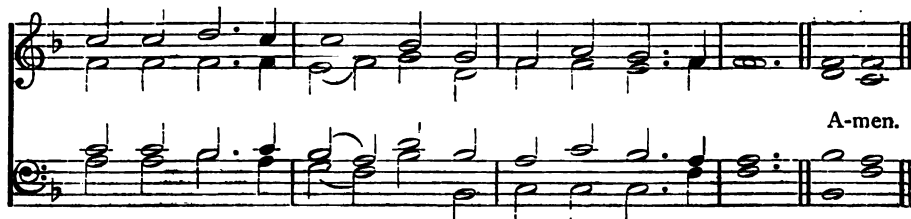
For Funerals.

336 RUTHERFORD. 7.6.7.6. D.

Old Melody.



For Funerals.



THE sorrow and the suffering,
 The pains of death are o'er,
 Our *sister* sleeps in JESUS
 And *she* can die no more!
 With flowers we strew *her* coffin,
 And then look up and sing
 Of CHRIST the Resurrection,
 Of fair and endless spring.

We know our dearest *sister*
 Is living in His sight;
 What looks to us like darkness
 Is Heaven's Eternal Light!
She now beholds in Beauty
 Our loving Shepherd's Face,
 Whom here we see but darkly,
 Whom here we know by Grace.

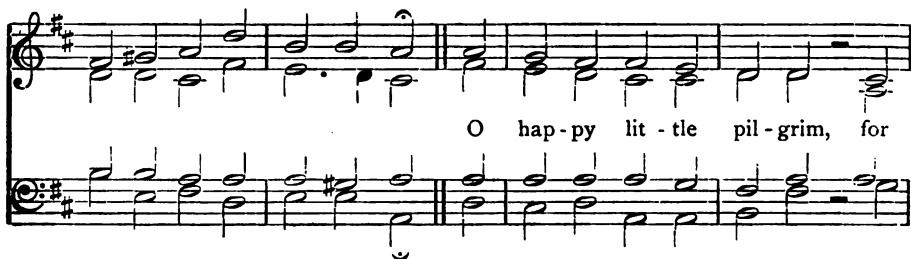
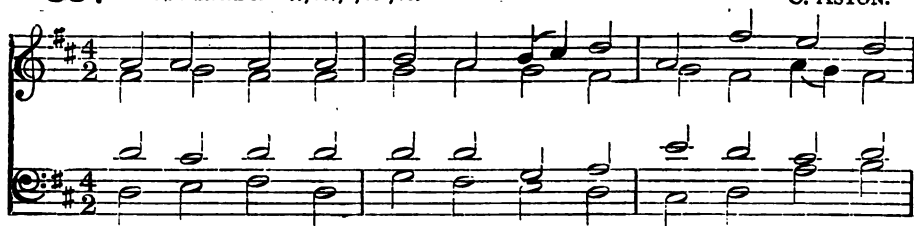
'Twas His dear Voice that called *her*—
 "My love, My fair one, rise"—
 His Angels bore *her* spirit
 To fields of Paradise:
 May *she* with growing nearness,
 O LORD, in Thee be blest;
 Thy Light perpetual grant *her*,
 Thine everlasting rest!

O JESUS, Who hast suffered
 For us the pangs of death,
 Draw nigh to us when dying,
 Receive our parting breath!
 O may we here be steadfast
 In Faith, and Hope, and Love,
 Then share with this our *sister*,
 Eternal joys above! Amen.

For Funerals.

337 WOODLANDS. 8.7.8.7.7.6.7.6.

C. ASTON.



For Funerals.



WHAT is that sweet song of triumph
 Sounding through the courts of Heaven?
 'Tis to greet a little pilgrim,
 Who to gain his crown hath striven.
 O happy little pilgrim, for thee the race is run!
 O happy little pilgrim, for thee the crown is won!

Angels bright speak words of welcome
 As they bear him to the sky;
 Holy Saints go forth to meet him
 Waving palms of victory.
 O happy little pilgrim, etc.

Through the gates of pearl they bear him,
 Lead him down the golden street,
 Past the river clear as crystal,
 Till they reach the Saviour's Feet.
 O happy little pilgrim, etc.

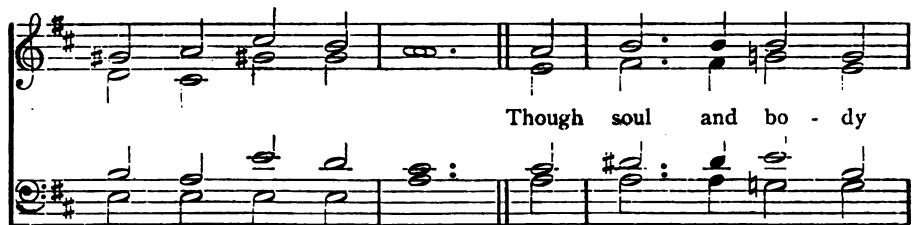
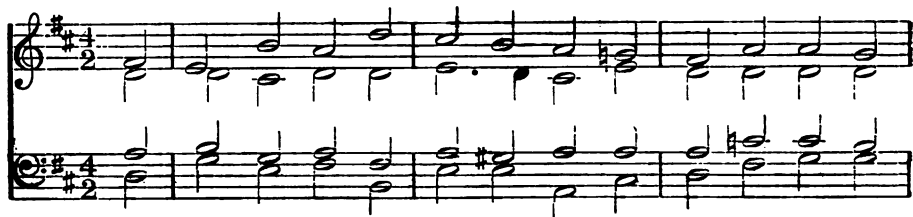
There behold the little pilgrim
 Wrapt in loving ecstasy,
 Kneeling at the Feet of JESUS,
 Gazing on His Majesty.
 O happy little pilgrim, etc.

Who could tell the joy and brightness
 Of his happy, glorious Home?
 May we one day know its sweetness
 When to we that Kingdom come!
 O happy little pilgrim, etc. Amen.

For Funerals.

338 STRETHAM. 8.6.8.6.8.8.

REV. EDWARD L. HOPKINS.



For Funerals.

O LORD of Life by Whom we live,
And at Whose call we die,
O bless the hallowed grave wherein
Thy servant now must lie.
Though soul and body parted be,
Yet in his flesh GOD shall he see.

To-day we lay Thy child in trust
Within his narrow bed,
"Ashes to ashes—dust to dust ;"
Dear LORD, though he be dead—
Though soul and body parted be,
Yet in his flesh GOD shall he see.

O take the precious, trembling soul
Within Thy Mighty Hand,
And bring it safe unto the goal
In the far promised land.
Though soul and body parted be,
Yet in his flesh GOD shall he see.

Body and soul—O happy lot !
Shall meet in wondrous guise,
Where tears and change and death are not,
Under CHRIST'S Holy Eyes.
Though soul and body parted be,
Yet in his flesh GOD shall he see.

LORD, after labours give him rest,
And after pain, great ease ;
And after sorrow, joys most blest,
And after struggle, peace.
Though soul and body parted be,
Yet in his flesh GOD shall he see.

The faith of JESUS he has kept,
The Lamb's Song he shall sing ;
And when his sleep he shall have slept,
His eyes shall see the King !
Though soul and body parted be,
Yet in his flesh GOD shall he see. Amen.

For Funerals.

339 CHILHAM. P.M.

H. HARFORD BATTLE.

The musical score is written for piano in 4/2 time, featuring a treble and bass staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The score is divided into three systems. The first system begins with a piano (*pp*) dynamic and ends with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The second system includes piano (*pp*) and mezzo-piano (*mp*) dynamics. The third system includes mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamics and concludes with the text 'A-men.'.

HUSH, she is only sleeping ! Let us lay
 White roses on her breast,
 For us the burden and the heat of day,
 For her is rest.
 See how her lips still smile, why should we weep ?
 They are well off whom JESUS puts to sleep.

Hush, she is only sleeping ! From on high
 One whom her soul obeyed
 Did come to her and whisper, "It is I,
 Be not afraid."

Then did she rise in rapture and surprise—
 They are well off who wake in Paradise.

Hush, she is only sleeping ! And we know
 Prayer, like some swift-winged dove,
 Will follow her where yet we cannot go,
 Far, far above.
 We trust her to the GOD Whose mercy spares—
 They are well off for whom their Saviour cares. Amen.

For Funerals.

340 LACRIMÆ JESU. 7.7-7.7.3.

REV. G. C. E. RYLEY, Mus.Bac.

$\text{♩} = 60.$

Slower.

JE - - SUS wept. A - men.

JESUS wept at Lazarus' grave,
Wept because He loved us so ;
Wept, although He came to save,
Wept that sin had worked such woe.
JESUS wept.

JESUS wept to see the dead,
But His Life from death sets free ;
"If thou wilt believe," He said,
"GOD's own glory thou shalt see."
JESUS wept.

JESUS wept ! He is the same,
Mighty, loving, now as then ;
As He called, and Lazarus came,
Still He calls the souls of men.
JESUS wept.

JESUS wept ! we praise our GOD
For His great Redeeming Love ;
Take this soul and keep it, LORD,
In Thy treasure-house above.
JESUS wept.

JESUS wept ! O JESUS blest,
Open wide the gates of peace ;
Grant this soul eternal rest
And the Light which shall not cease.
JESUS wept. Amen.

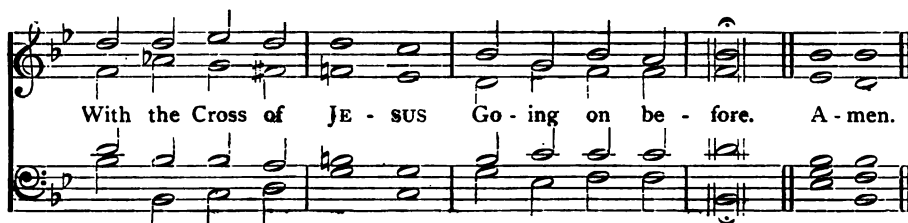
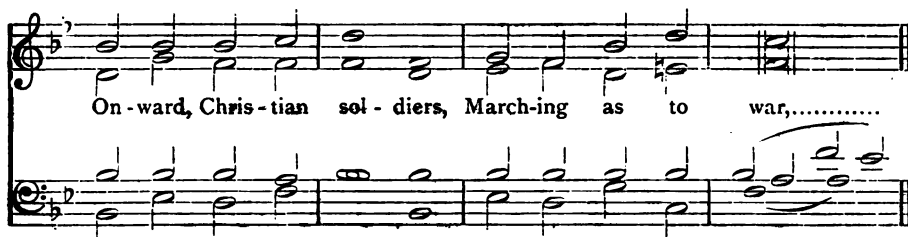
Processional Hymns.

341 WHARNCLIFFE. 6.5., 12 lines.

T. WORSLEY STANFORTH.



Processional Hymns.



[Alternative Tunes Nos. 246, 347.]

ONWARD, Christian soldiers,
 Marching as to war,
 With the Cross of JESUS
 Going on before.
 CHRIST the Royal Master
 Leads against the foe;
 Forward into battle,
 See His banners go.

Onward, Christian soldiers,
 Marching as to war,
 With the Cross of JESUS
 Going on before.

At the sign of triumph
 Satan's host doth flee,
 On then, Christian soldiers,
 On to victory!
 Hell's foundations quiver
 At the shout of praise;
 Brothers, lift your voices,
 Loud your anthems raise.
 Onward, etc.

Like a mighty army
 Moves the Church of God;

Brothers, we are treading
 Where the Saints have trod.
 We are not divided,
 All one body we—
 One in hope and doctrine,
 One in charity.
 Onward, etc.

Crowns and thrones may perish,
 Kingdoms rise and wane,
 But the Church of JESUS
 Constant will remain.
 Gates of hell can never
 'Gainst that Church prevail;
 We have CHRIST'S own promise,
 And that cannot fail.
 Onward, etc.

Onward then, ye people,
 Join our happy throng;
 Blend with ours your voices
 In the triumph song:
 Glory, laud, and honour
 Unto CHRIST the King!
 This through countless ages
 Men and Angels sing.
 Onward, etc. Amen.

Processional Hymns.

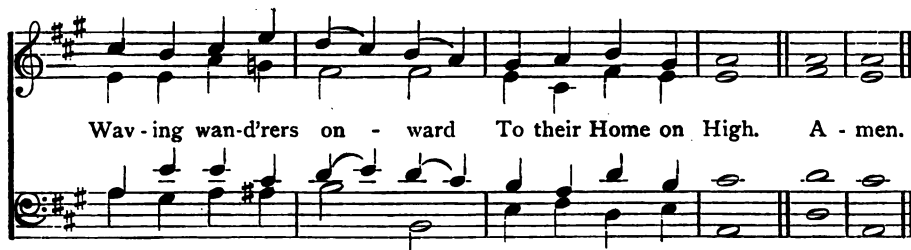
342 APPLETHWAITE. 6.5., 12 lines.

C. H. LLOYD, Mus.Doc.

♩ = 112.

The musical score is written for a four-part setting (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and Organ. It is in the key of D major (two sharps) and 4/4 time. The tempo is marked as 112 beats per minute. The score consists of four systems of staves. The first system shows the beginning of the hymn. The second system continues the melody. The third system includes an organ part marked 'Org.' with a slur. The fourth system also includes an organ part marked 'Org.' with a slur. The organ part is a simple harmonic accompaniment.

Processional Hymns.



[Alternative Tunes Nos. 79, 329.]

BRIGHTLY gleams our banner,
 Pointing to the sky,
 Waving wanderers onward
 To their Home on High.
 Journeying o'er the desert,
 Unto CHRIST we pray,
 And with hearts united
 Take our heavenward way.
 Brightly gleams our banner,
 Pointing to the sky,
 Waving wanderers onward
 To their Home on High.

JESUS! LORD and Master!
 At Thy sacred Feet,
 Now with hearts united,
 See Thy children meet.
 Long, alas! we've left Thee,
 Often gone astray;
 But once more we enter
 On the narrow way.
 Brightly gleams, etc.

All our days direct us,
 Make us meek and mild,
 By Thy childhood's pattern,
 Mary's Holy Child:
 Bid Thine Angels shield us,
 When the storm-clouds lower,
 Pardon Thou, protect us
 In death's solemn hour.
 Brightly gleams, etc.

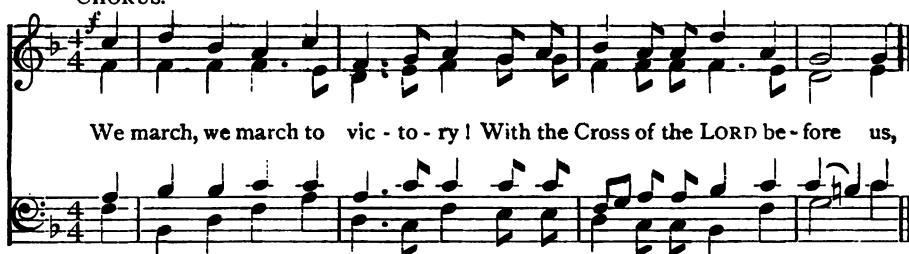
Then with Saints and Angels
 May we join above,
 Offering prayers and praises
 At Thy throne of love.
 When the toil is over,
 Then come rest and peace,
 JESUS in His beauty,
 Songs that never cease.
 Brightly gleams our banner,
 Pointing to the sky,
 Waving wanderers onward
 To their Home on High.

Amen.

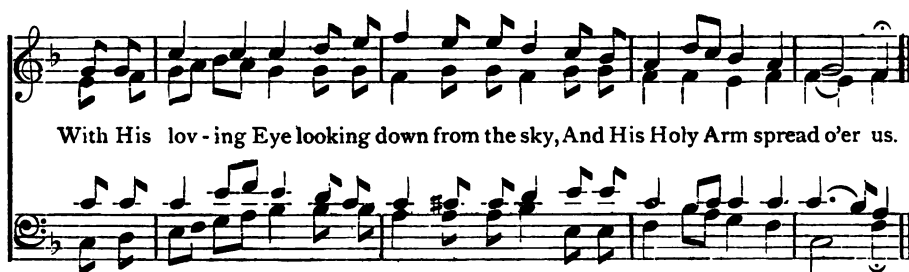
Processional Hymns.

343 DODDINGHURST. P.M.
CHORUS.

ARTHUR H. BROWN.

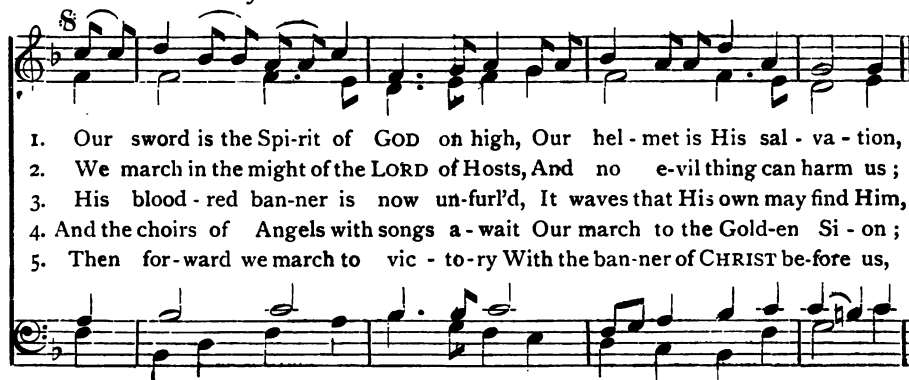


We march, we march to vic - to - ry ! With the Cross of the LORD be - fore us,




With His lov - ing Eye looking down from the sky, And His Holy Arm spread o'er us.

TREBLES ONLY. *mf*




1. Our sword is the Spi-rit of GOD on high, Our hel - met is His sal - va - tion,
2. We march in the might of the LORD of Hosts, And no e - vil thing can harm us ;
3. His blood - red ban - ner is now un - fur'l'd, It waves that His own may find Him,
4. And the choirs of Angels with songs a - wait Our march to the Gold - en Si - on ;
5. Then for - ward we march to vic - to - ry With the ban - ner of CHRIST be - fore us,

Processional Hymns.



1. Our banner the Cross of Cal - va - ry, Our watchword the In - car - na - tion.
 2. For our Captain Himself guards well our coasts, And dan - ger can ne'er a - larm us.
 3. And His soldiers true throughout all the world March in ser-ried ranks be-hind Him.
 4. For our Captain has broken the bra - zen gates, And smitten the bars of i - ron.
 5. With His lov - ing Eye looking down from the sky, And His Ho - ly Arms spread o'er us.




CHORUS.




We march, we march to vic - to - ry ! With the Cross of the LORD be - fore us,



Dal §



With His lov - ing Eye looking down from the sky, And His Holy Arm spread o'er us. A - men.



Processional Hymns.

344 HYMN OF PRAISE. 7.7.8.8.7.7.7.

J. M. BENTLEY, Mus.Doc.

Brisk.

I. Hymns of praise we love to sing, Wor-shipping our LORD and King ; Tell-ing forth with

ju-bi-la-tion How He came for our Sal-va-tion ; How He lived and died that we

Pardoned, pu-ri-fied might be ; How He rose that we might rise To a Home be-

Processional Hymns.

f

- yond the skies. Hearts and voi - ces let us raise, Glad - ly sing - ing

ff

forth His praise ; As the white-robed Angel band Sing throughout the Bet - ter Land. A - men.

2. Faithful service we would yield
On the Christian's battle field ;
* Showing forth by self-surrender
How we love our great Defender ;
Nobly striving for the right
In the midst of error's night,
Till the Church, His Holy Bride,
Comes at the last Easter-tide.
Hearts and voices, etc.

3. Onward then in courage strong,
We to JESUS CHRIST belong,
And to Holy Church our Mother,
Bound to love and help each other ;
One with CHRIST and those above,
One in faith, in hope, and love ;
Till our pilgrimage is o'er,
And upon the Eternal shore
Hearts and voices we shall raise, etc.

Amen.

* In 1st edition of Hymns these 4 lines are misplaced.

Processional Hymns.

345 HINDERCLAY. 6.5.6.5. D.

ARTHUR H. BROWN.

[Alternative Tune No. 64.]

PRAISE our GOD Eternal,
Praise the Mighty LORD,
Let His Name be worshipped,
Honoured, and adored.
Through the whole creation
Let the chorus ring,
Everlasting praises
To our Heavenly King.

Cherubim adoring,
Holy, Holy cry,
Seraphim unceasing
Laud Thy Majesty.
Patriarch and prophet
Join with glad accord,
Martyr and Apostle
Thank and bless the LORD.

Thee the mighty Angels
Endlessly adore,
And their crowns the Elders
Cast Thy Throne before.
Heaven and earth rejoicing
Catch the glad refrain,
And the Church of JESUS
Echoes back the strain.

O Thou Love Eternal,
Wheresoe'er we be,
Make us to be numbered
With Thy Saints in Thee.
Father, Son, and Spirit,
Glorious Trinity,
May we sound Thy praises
Through Eternity. Amen.

Processional Hymns.

(FOR AN ORPHANAGE.)

346 S. AGATHA. 7.6.7.6. D.

HY. SMITH.



HOME Eternal, Home Divine,
 Home of fadeless splendour,
 Where the blessed evermore
 Ceaseless worship render ;
 Thine the joy with which to-day
 Grateful hearts are swelling,
 Thine the praises which our lips
 Thankfully are telling.
 Home, whose gates both day and night
 Open stand in blessing ;
 While the ransomed to thy courts
 Evermore are pressing :
 Would our Home might ever grow
 In thy likeness holy,
 Filled with souls most dear to GOD,
 Zealous, pure, and lowly.
 Father of the fatherless,
 May these walls for ever
 Speak to orphaned hearts of love
 Which can fail them never :

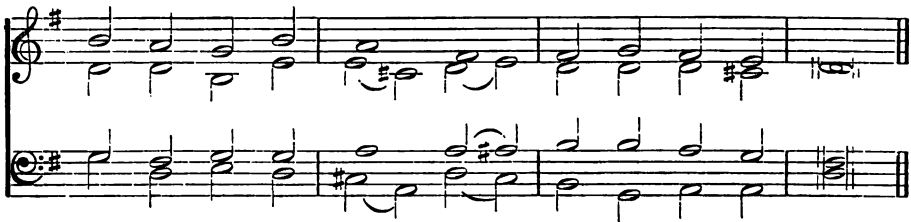
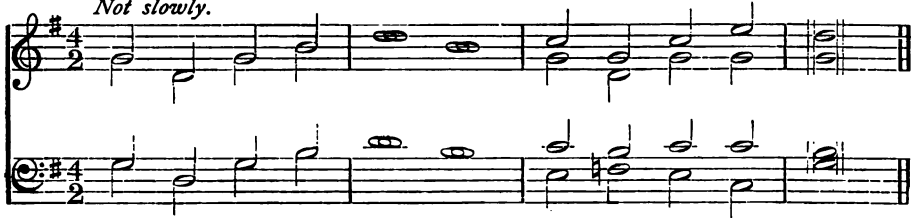
JESUS ! may the tender care,
 These young lives enclosing,
 Draw them to Thy sheltering Arm,
 There in faith reposing.
 Holy Ghost, Celestial Dove,
 Thy blest wings extending,
 'Neath Thy shadow let us find
 Rest and joy unending ;
 May we with unwearied feet
 Heavenwards aye be speeding,
 On the fruit of righteousness
 With deep rapture feeding.
 Shine in every heart to-day,
 Light of lights supernal !
 Reign triumphantly within,
 Kings of kings Eternal !
 Praise our GOD, both small and great,
 Alleluias singing ;
 To the Eternal Marriage-Feast
 Sheaves of glory bringing. Amen.

Processional Hymns.

347 S. MARTIN. 6.5., 12 lines.

H. HARFORD BATTLE, 1879.

Not slowly.



Processional Hymns.

Ho - ly Church of JE - SUS, Sons of thine are we,.....

Bless - ed Faith of JE - SUS, We will cher - ish thee. A-men.

[Alternative Tune No. 246.]

WE are faithful Christians,
 Pledged to keep the faith
 Which the Saints delivered,
 Even unto death.
 What that faith hath taught us
 We must hold as true,
 What that faith commands us
 We are bound to do.
 Holy Church of JESUS,
 Sons of thine are we,
 Blessed Faith of JESUS,
 We will cherish thee.

'Tis not always easy
 In these latter days,
 To be true and steadfast
 To the Church's ways;
 Vaguer creeds and newer
 Wean us from the old,
 Broader paths and fresher
 Tempt us from the Fold.
 Holy Church, etc.

GOD will always honour
 Those who seek His Face,
 But to us is given
 His especial grace:
 In the Church we find it
 Certainly and sure,
 To the Church 'tis promised
 Ever to endure.
 Holy Church, etc.

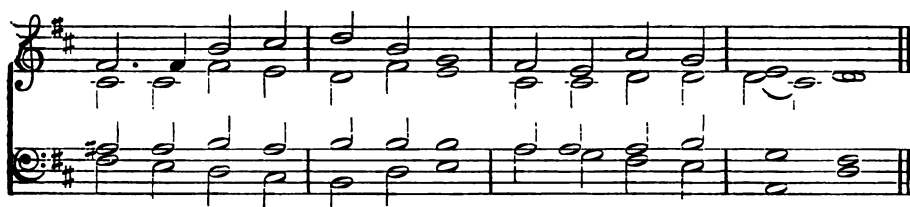
Let Thy tender pity
 Cleanse Thy Church, O LORD,
 And Thy help and succour
 Constantly afford.
 Make us worthy members
 Of that Church of Thine,
 True and living branches
 Of the One True Vine.
 Holy Church of JESUS,
 Sons of thine are we,
 Blessed Faith of JESUS,
 We will cherish thee. Amen.

Litanies of the Holy Childhood.

348 (1st Tune.)

7.7.7.6.

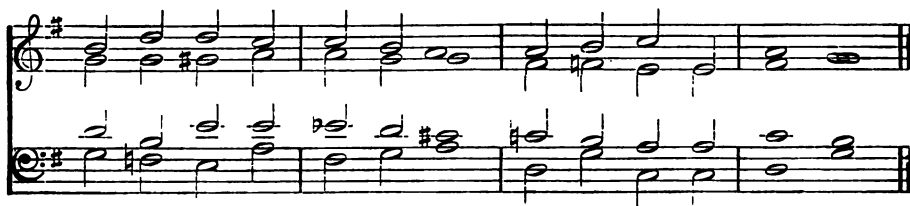
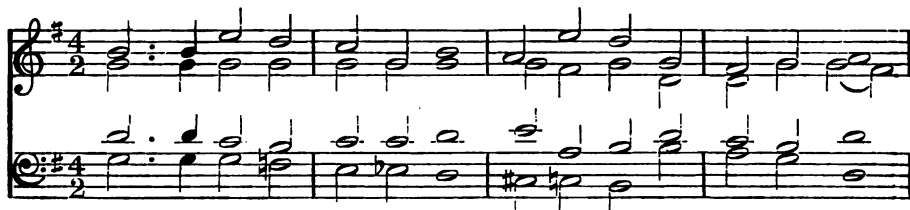
GEO. H. WESTBURY.



348 (2nd Tune.)

7.7.7.6.

HY. SMITH.



[Alternative Tunes Nos. 105, 156, 351, 354, 355.]

Titaxies of the Holy Childhood.

I.

GOD the Father, GOD the Word,
GOD the Holy Ghost adored,
Blessed Trinity, one LORD,
Spare us, Holy Trinity.

JESU, Saviour ever mild,
Born for us a little Child,
Of the Virgin undefiled,
Hear us, Holy JESU.

JESU, by the Mother-Maid
In Thy swaddling-clothes arrayed,
And within a manger laid,
Hear us, Holy JESU.

JESU, at Whose Infant Feet,
Shepherds coming Thee to greet,
Knelt to pay their worship meet,
Hear us, Holy JESU.

JESU, unto Whom of yore
Wise men, hastening to adore,
Gold, and Myrrh, and Incense bore,
Hear us, Holy JESU.

JESU, forced away to flee
By King Herod's cruelty,
In Thy earliest Infancy ;
Hear us, Holy JESU.

JESU, Whom Thy Mother found,
'Midst the doctors sitting round,
Marvelling at Thy words profound ;
Hear us, Holy JESU.

From all pride and vain conceit,
From all spite and angry heat,
From all lying and deceit,
Save us, Holy JESU.

From all sloth and idleness,
From not caring for distress,
From jealousy and greediness,
Save us, Holy JESU.

From refusing to obey,
From the love of our own way,
From forgetfulness to pray,
Save us, Holy JESU.

By Thy coming from the skies,
Here to dwell in mortal guise,
To enlighten darkened eyes,
Save us, Holy JESU.

By Thy birth and early years,
By Thine Infant wants and fears ;
By Thy sorrows and Thy tears,
Save us, Holy JESU.

By those first-shed drops of gore
Which Thou didst for sinners pour,
By the Name we bow before,
Save us, Holy JESU

By Thine own unconquered might,
By Thy never-fading light,
By Thy mercies infinite,
Save us, Holy JESU.

[Continued on next page.]

Litanies of the Holy Childhood.

V.

But deliver us from e - vil. A - men. Unto us a Child is born, } giv - en.
unto us a Son is }

Ry.

Al - le - lu - ia. And the Government } shall be upon His } shoul-der, Al - le - lu - ia.

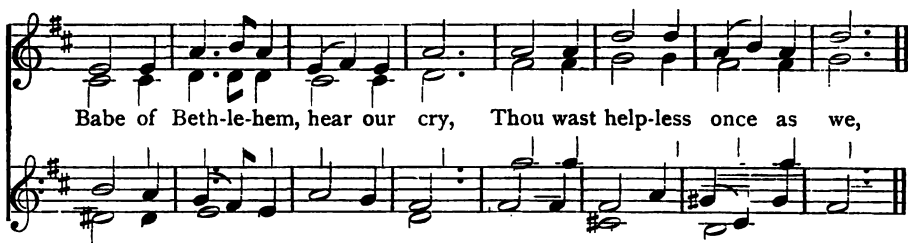
Let us pray.

ALMIGHTY GOD, Who hast given us Thy Only-Begotten Son to take our nature upon Him, and as at this time to be born of a pure Virgin ; Grant that we being regenerate, and made Thy children by adoption and grace, may daily be renewed by Thy Holy Spirit ; through the same our LORD JESUS CHRIST, Who liveth and reigneth with Thee and the same Spirit, ever one GOD, world without end.

A - men.

349 "BY THE WORD." 7.7.7.7. D.

REV. R. OWEN.



[Alternative Tunes Nos. 350, 352, 353.]

Litanies of the Holy Childhood.

II.

BY the word to Mary given,
By Thy first descent from Heaven,
By Thine Infant Form so fair,
Trembling in the midnight air :
Babe of Bethlehem, hear our cry,
Thou wast helpless once as we,
Hear the loving Litany
We Thy children sing to Thee.

By Thy poor and lowly lot,
By the manger and the grot,
By Thy little Feet and Hands
Folded fast in swaddling bands :
Babe of Bethlehem, etc.

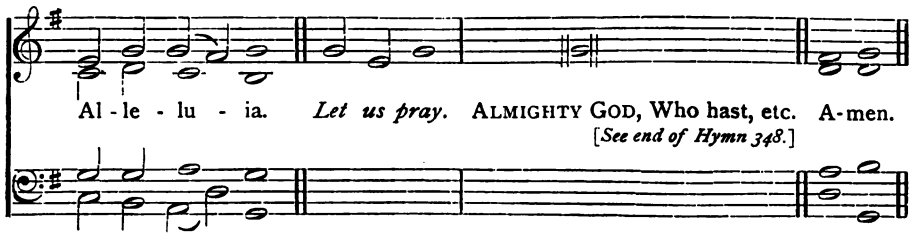
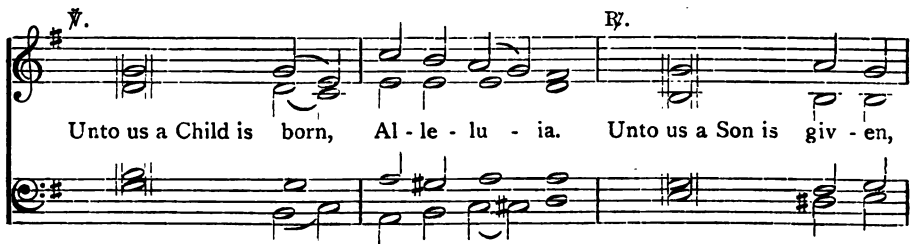
By the worship Shepherds paid,
By the gift that Sages made ;

Gold, and myrrh, and incense sweet,
Laid in homage at Thy Feet :
Babe of Bethlehem, etc.

By Saint Joseph's thought amazed
When He first upon Thee gazed,
And His LORD and Maker saw
Laid upon a bed of straw :
Babe of Bethlehem, etc.

And, oh, more than all the rest,
By the joy of Mary's breast,
When she kneeling first adored
Thee, her Child and yet her LORD :
Babe of Bethlehem, hear our cry,
Thou wast helpless once as we,
Hear the loving Litany
We Thy children sing to Thee.

LORD, have mercy upon us,
CHRIST, have mercy upon us,
LORD, have mercy upon us, } Our Father : *see pages 410 and 441.*



Litanyes of the Holy Childhood.

350
 (1st Tune.)

7.7.7.7. D.

BASIL HARWOOD.

Rather slow.



Faster.



Litanies of the Holy Childhood.

III.

BY the Name which Thou didst take,
Suffering early for our sake,
Name adored on bended knee,
Name of grace and majesty :
Child of Mary, hear our cry,
Thou wast little once as we ;
Hear the loving Litany
We Thy children sing to Thee.

By the joy of Simeon blest,
When he clasped Thee to his breast ;
By the widowed Anna's song,
Poured amid the wondering throng :
Child of Mary, hear our cry, etc.

By Thine Angel-bidden flight
Into Egypt, in the night ;

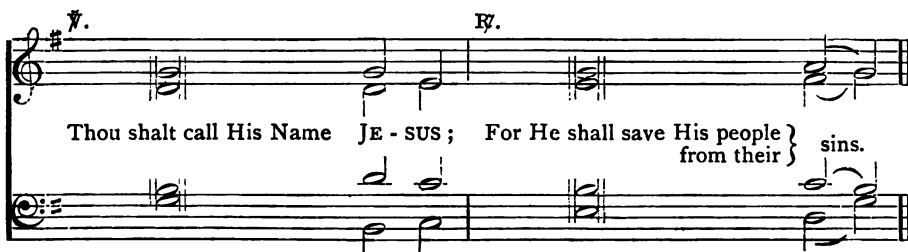
By Thy Home, at Herod's death,
In despised Nazareth :
Child of Mary, hear our cry, etc.

By Thy tender Mother's fears,
By her many sighs and tears,
As she sought Thee night and day,
Turning back upon her way :
Child of Mary, hear our cry, etc.

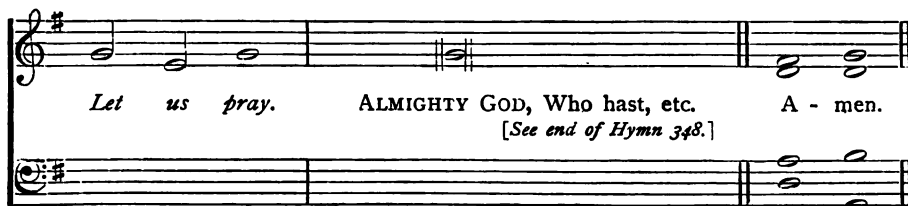
By her wondering love and awe,
In the Temple, when she saw
Thee, her Child, so young and fair,
Wiser than the wisest there :
Child of Mary, hear our cry,
Thou wast little once as we ;
Hear the loving Litany
We Thy children sing to Thee.

LORD, have mercy upon us,
CHRIST, have mercy upon us, } Our Father: *see pages 440 and 441.*
LORD, have mercy upon us,

Tr. *Tr.*



Thou shalt call His Name JE - SUS ; For He shall save His people } sins.
from their }

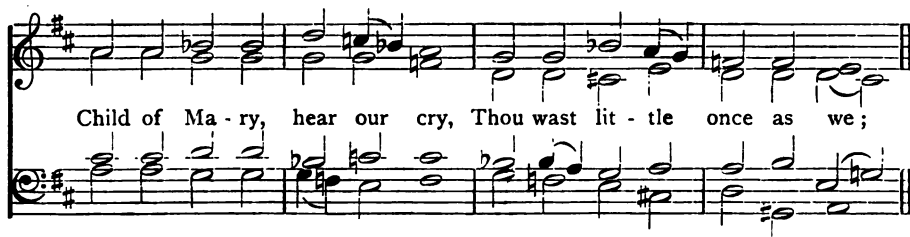
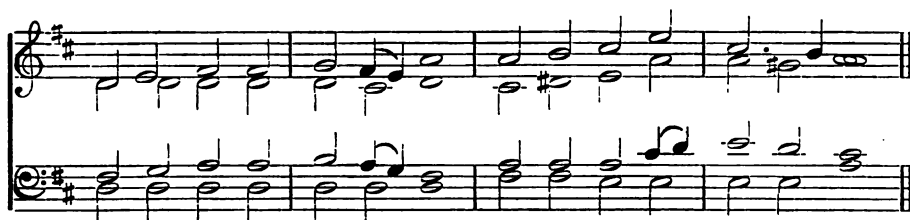


Let us pray. ALMIGHTY GOD, Who hast, etc. A - men.
[See end of Hymn 348.]

Litanyes of the Holy Childhood.

350 WAVENEY. 7.7.7.7. D.
 (2nd Tune.)

R. S. NEWMAN.



[Alternative Tunes Nos. 349, 352, 353.]

Litanies of the Holy Childhood.

III.

BY the Name which Thou didst take,
Suffering early for our sake,
Name adored on bended knee,
Name of grace and majesty :
Child of Mary, hear our cry,
Thou wast little once as we ;
Hear the loving Litany
We Thy children sing to Thee.

By the joy of Simeon blest,
When he clasped Thee to his breast ;
By the widowed Anna's song,
Poured amid the wondering throng :
Child of Mary, hear our cry, etc.

By Thine Angel-bidden flight
Into Egypt, in the night ;

By Thy Home, at Herod's death,
In despised Nazareth :
Child of Mary, hear our cry, etc.

By Thy tender Mother's fears,
By her many sighs and tears,
As she sought Thee night and day,
Turning back upon her way :
Child of Mary, hear our cry, etc.

By her wondering love and awe,
In the Temple, when she saw
Thee, her Child, so young and fair,
Wiser than the wisest there :
Child of Mary, hear our cry,
Thou wast little once as we ;
Hear the loving Litany
We Thy children sing to Thee.

LORD, have mercy upon us,
CHRIST, have mercy upon us, } Our Father : see pages 440 and 441.
LORD, have mercy upon us, }

Thou shalt call His Name JE - SUS ; For He shall save His people } from their } sins.

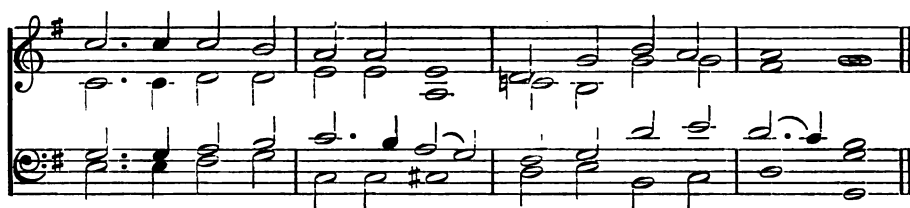
Let us pray. ALMIGHTY GOD, Who hast, etc. A - men.
[See end of Hymn 348.]

Titany of Penitence.

351 (1st Tune.)

7.7.7.6.

Old Melody.



351 (2nd Tune.)

7.7.7.6.

A. W. SMITH.



[Alternative Tunes Nos. 105, 156, 348, 354, 355.]

GOD the Father, GOD the Son,
Holy Ghost, the Comforter,
Ever blessed Three in One :
Spare us, Holy Trinity.

CHRIST, Whose mercy lasts for aye,
Listen as we humbly pray,
Turn not Thou Thy Face away :
Hear us, Holy JESU.

Thou Who leaving Crown and Throne
Camest here an outcast lone,
That Thou mightest save Thine own :
Hear us, Holy JESU.

Thou despised, denied, refused,
And for man's transgressions bruised,
Sinless, yet of sin accused :
Hear us, Holy JESU.

Thou Who hanging on the Tree
To the thief saidst, "Thou shalt be
To-day in Paradise with Me :"
Hear us, Holy JESU.

Thou the Lamb for sinners slain,
Dying on that Cross of pain,
Pardon for our sins to gain :
Hear us, Holy JESU.

LORD, have mercy upon us,
CHRIST, have mercy upon us,
LORD, have mercy upon us,

} Our Father : see pages 440 and 441.

Thou Whose will it is that we
Should from death return to Thee,
And should live eternally :
Hear us, Holy JESU.

Shepherd of the straying sheep,
Comforter of them that weep,
Hear us crying from the deep :
Hear us, Holy JESU.

That we give to sin no place,
That we never quench Thy grace,
That we ever seek Thy Face :
We beseech Thee, JESU.

That denying evil lust,
Living godly, meek, and just,
In Thee only we may trust :
We beseech Thee, JESU.

That to sin for ever dead,
We may live to Thee instead,
And the narrow pathway tread :
We beseech Thee, JESU.

When shall end the battle sore,
When our pilgrimage is o'er,
Grant Thy peace for evermore :
We beseech Thee, JESU.

Wash me thoroughly from my wickedness, And cleanse me from my sin.

Let us pray.

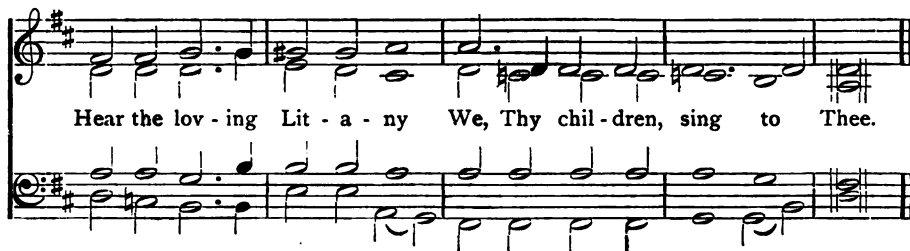
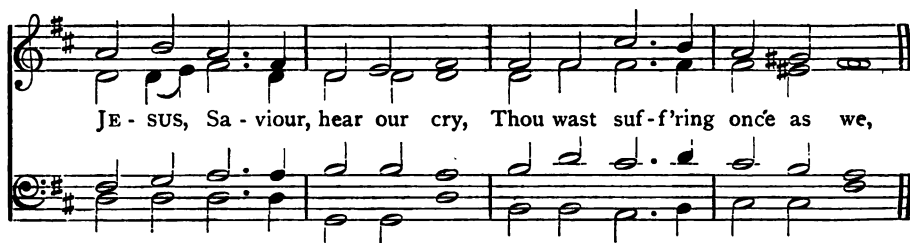
ALMIGHTY and everlasting GOD, Who hatest nothing that Thou hast made, and dost forgive the sins of all them that are penitent; create and make in us new and contrite hearts, that we worthily lamenting our sins, and acknowledging our wretchedness, may obtain of Thee, the GOD of all mercy, perfect remission and forgiveness; through JESUS CHRIST our LORD.

A - men.

Hymn of the Passion.

352 S. EDMUND. 7.7.7.7. D.

REV. J. B. DYKES.



[Alternative Tunes Nos. 349, 350, 353.]

Litany of the Passion.

BY the blood that flowed from Thee
 In Thy bitter Agony,
 By the scourge so meekly borne,
 By the purple robe of scorn :
 JESUS, Saviour, hear our cry,
 Thou wast suffering once as we,
 Hear the loving Litany
 We, Thy children, sing to Thee.

By the thorns that crowned Thy Head,
 By Thy precious Blood then shed,
 By Thy Footsteps, faint and slow,
 Weighed beneath Thy Cross of woe :
 JESUS, Saviour, hear our cry, etc.

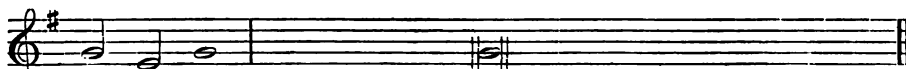
By the nails and pointed spear,
 By Thy people's cruel jeer,

By Thy dying prayer which rose
 Begging mercy for Thy foes :
 JESUS, Saviour, hear our cry, etc.

By the darkness thick as night,
 Blotting out the sun from sight ;
 By the cry with which, in death,
 Thou didst yield Thy parting breath :
 JESUS, Saviour, hear our cry, etc.

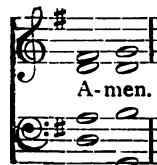
By Thy weeping Mother's woe,
 By the sword that pierced her through,
 When in anguish standing by,
 On the Cross she saw Thee die :
 JESUS, Saviour, hear our cry,
 Thou wast suffering once as we,
 Hear the loving Litany
 We, Thy children, sing to Thee.

LORD, have mercy upon us,
 CHRIST, have mercy upon us, } Our Father : see pages 440 and 441.
 LORD, have mercy upon us, }



Let us pray.

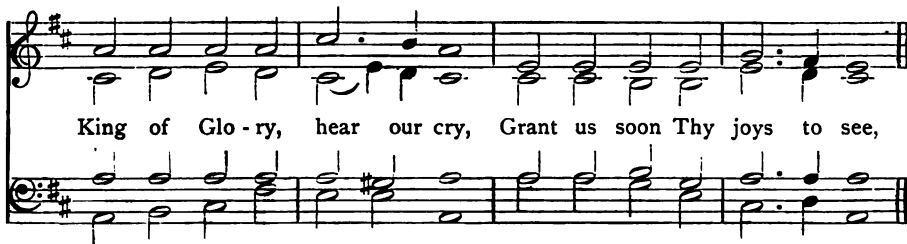
{ ALMIGHTY GOD, we beseech Thee graciously to behold this
 Thy Family, for which our LORD JESUS
 CHRIST was contented to be betrayed, and
 given up into the hands of wicked men, and
 to suffer death upon the Cross, Who now
 liveth and reigneth with Thee and the Holy
 Ghost, ever one GOD, world without end.



Hymn for Easter.

353 BENEVENTO. 7.7.7.7. D.

WEBBE.



[Alternative Tunes Nos. 349, 350, 352.]

Litany for Easter.

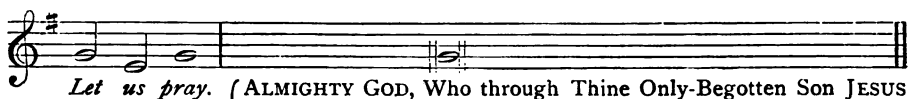
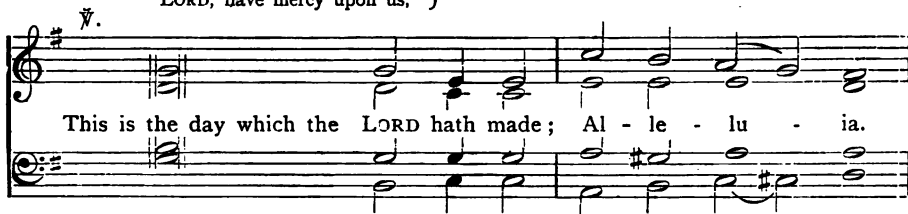
BY the first bright Easter Day
 When the stone was rolled away ;
 By the glory round Thee shed
 At Thy rising from the dead :
 King of Glory, hear our cry,
 Grant us soon Thy joys to see,
 Hear the loving Litany
 We, Thy children, sing to Thee
 By Thy Mother's fond embrace,
 By her joy to see Thy Face,
 When all bright in radiant bloom,
 Thee she welcomed from the tomb :
 King of Glory, hear our cry, etc.
 By the joy of Magdalene,
 When she saw Thee once again,

And entranced in rapture sweet,
 Knelt to kiss Thy Sacred Feet :
 King of Glory, hear our cry, etc.

By their joy who greeted Thee
 'Mid the hills of Galilee ;
 By Thy keys of power Divine
 Given to the priesthood line :
 King of Glory, hear our cry, etc.

By Thy parting blessing given,
 As Thou didst ascend to Heaven,
 By the cloud of living light,
 That received Thee out of sight :
 King of Glory, hear our cry etc.

LORD, have mercy upon us,
 CHRIST, have mercy upon us, } Our Father : see pages 440 and 441.
 LORD, have mercy upon us,



{ ALMIGHTY GOD, Who through Thine Only-Begotten Son JESUS CHRIST hast overcome death, and opened unto us the gate of everlasting life ; we humbly beseech Thee that as by Thy special grace preventing us Thou dost put into our minds good desires, so by Thy continual help we may bring the same to good effect ; through JESUS CHRIST our LORD, Who liveth and reigneth with Thee and the Holy Ghost, ever one GOD, world without end.



Litany of the Holy Ghost.

354 (1st Tune.)

7.7.7.6.

German.



354 (2nd Tune.)

7.7.7.6.

Roman Melody.



[Alternative Tunes Nos. 105, 156, 348, 351, 355.]

SPIRIT blessed, Who art adored
With the Father and the Word,
One Eternal GOD and LORD :
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
Dew descending from above,
Breath of Life, and GOD of Love :
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

LORD of strength and knowledge clear,
Wisdom, godliness sincere,
Understanding, counsel, fear :
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Thou by whom the Virgin bore
Him Whom Heaven and earth adore,
Sent our nature to restore :
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Litany of the Holy Ghost.

Thou on the Baptismal wave
Brooding with Thy power to save,
And from guilt our souls to lave :
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Thou in Confirmation's hour
Coming with Thy strengthening power,
Sevenfold gifts on us to shower :
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Thou by Whom our souls are fed
With the True and Living Bread,
Even Him Who for us bled :
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Spirit showing us the way,
Warning when we go astray,
Pleading in us when we pray :
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Spirit aiding all who yearn
More of truth divine to learn,

And with deeper love to burn :
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

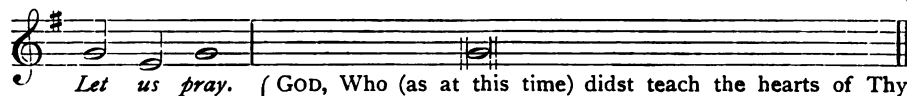
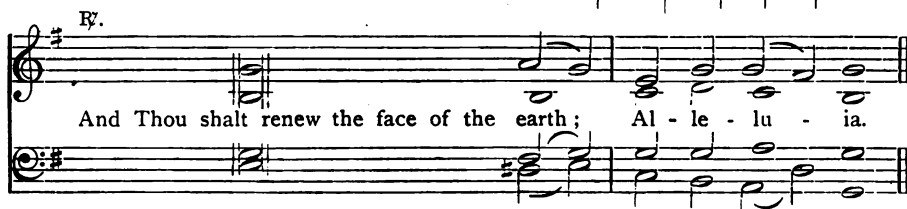
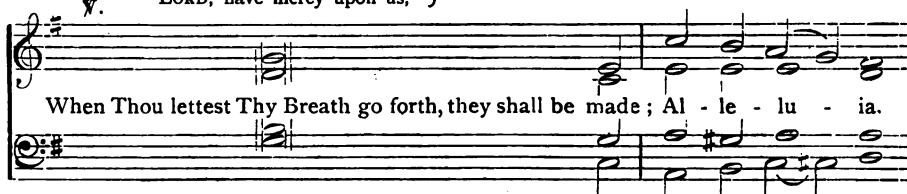
Holy, loving as Thou art,
All Thy Sevenfold Gifts impart,
Never more from us depart :
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

From sin's dark and hopeless night,
From the world and vain delight,
From the devil and his might :
Save us, Holy Spirit.

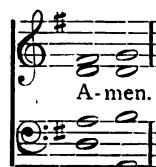
From all pride and heresy,
From all lack of purity,
From the tempter's enmity :
Save us, Holy Spirit.

From resistance of Thy Grace,
From the loss of that blest place
Where shines JESUS' glorious Face :
Save us, Holy Spirit.

LORD, have mercy upon us,
CHRIST, have mercy upon us,
LORD, have mercy upon us, } Our Father : *see pages 440 and 441.*



GOD, Who (as at this time) didst teach the hearts of Thy faithful people, by sending to them the light of Thy Holy Spirit ; grant us by the same Spirit to have a right judgment in all things, and evermore to rejoice in His Holy comfort ; through the merits of CHRIST JESUS our Saviour, Who liveth and reigneth with Thee in the unity of the same Spirit, One GOD, world without end.



Kitany of the Church.

355 (1st Tune.)

7.7.7.6.

G. HELE.



355 (2nd Tune.)

7.7.7.6.

REV. L. J. T. DARWALL.



[Alternative Tunes Nos. 105, 156, 348, 351, 354.]

GOD the Father, GOD the Son,
GOD the Spirit, Three in One,
Hear us from Thy Heavenly Throne :
Spare us, Holy Trinity.

JESU, with Thy Church abide,
Be her Saviour, LORD, and Guide,
While on earth her faith is tried :
Grant it, Holy JESU.

Arms of love around her throw,
Guard her safe from every foe,
Comfort her in time of woe :
Grant it, Holy JESU.

Keep her life and doctrine pure,
Grant her patience to endure,
Trusting in Thy promise sure :
Grant it, Holy JESU.

May her voice be ever clear,
Telling of a Saviour dear,
Warning of a judgment near :
Grant it, Holy JESU.

May she one in doctrine be,
One in truth and charity,
Winning all to faith in Thee :
Grant it, Holy JESU.

May she guide the poor and blind,
Seek the lost until she find,
And the broken-hearted bind :
Grant it, Holy JESU.

Save her love from growing cold,
Make her watchmen strong and bold,
Fence about her threatened fold :
Grant it, Holy JESU.

May her Priests Thy people feed,
Shepherds of the flock indeed,
Ready, where Thou call'st to lead :
Grant it, Holy JESU.

Judge her not for work undone,
Judge her not for fields unwon,

Bless her works in Thee begun :
Grant it, Holy JESU.

Raise her to her calling high,
Let the nations far and nigh
Listen to her warning cry :
Grant it, Holy JESU.

May her lamp of truth be bright,
Bid her bear aloft its light
Through the realms of heathen night :
Grant it, Holy JESU.

May her scattered children be
From reproach of evil free,
Blameless witnesses for Thee :
Grant it, Holy JESU.

May she holy triumphs win,
Overthrow the hosts of sin,
Gather all the nations in :
Grant it, Holy JESU.

May she soon all glorious be,
Spotless and from wrinkle free,
As a Bride adorned for Thee :
Grant it, Holy JESU.

LORD, have mercy upon us,
CHRIST, have mercy upon us, } Our Father: see pages 440 and 441.
LORD, have mercy upon us, }

RV.

GOD is in the midst of her, there- } mov - ed ; GOD shall help her, and }
fore shall she not be re- } that right } ear - ly.

Let us pray.

O LORD, we beseech Thee, let Thy continual Pity cleanse and defend Thy Church ; and, because it cannot continue in safety without Thy succour, preserve it evermore by Thy help and goodness ; through JESUS CHRIST our LORD.

A-men.

Litany of the Church.

355 (3rd Tune.)

7.7.7.6.

BASIL HARWOOD, Mus.Doc.



GOD the Father, GOD the Son,
GOD the Spirit, Three in One,
Hear us from Thy Heavenly Throne :
Spare us, Holy Trinity.

JESU, with Thy Church abide,
Be her Saviour, LORD, and Guide,
While on earth her faith is tried :
Grant it, Holy JESU.

Arms of love around her throw,
Guard her safe from every foe,
Comfort her in time of woe :
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Litany of the Church.

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Grant it, Holy JESU.

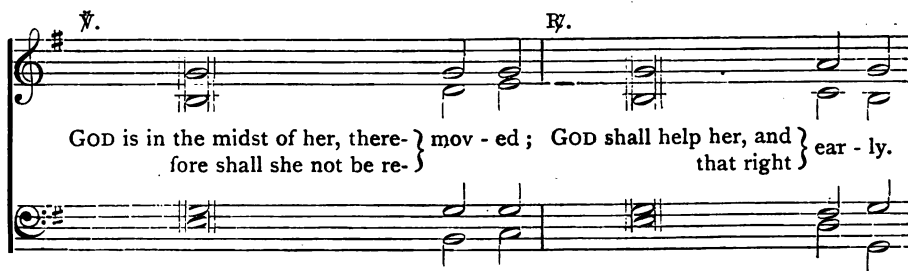
May her scattered children be
From reproach of evil free,
Blameless witnesses for Thee :
Grant it, Holy JESU.

May she holy triumphs win,
Overthrow the hosts of sin,
Gather all the nations in :
Grant it, Holy JESU.

May she soon all glorious be,
Spotless and from wrinkle free,
As a Bride adorned for Thee :
Grant it, Holy JESU.

LORD, have mercy upon us,
CHRIST, have mercy upon us, } Our Father : *see pages 440 and 441.*
LORD, have mercy upon us,

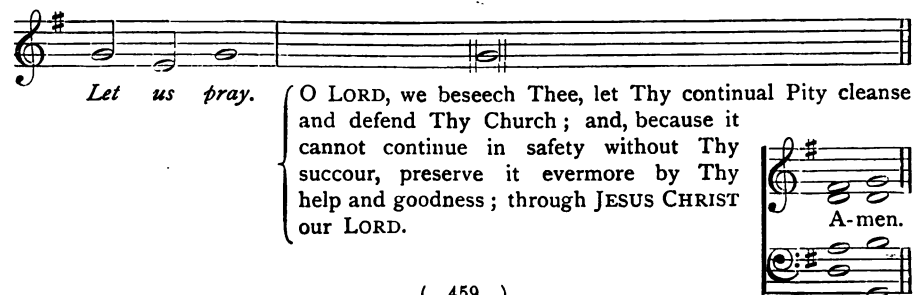
Tr. *By.*



GOD is in the midst of her, there- } mov - ed ; GOD shall help her, and } ear - ly.
fore shall she not be re- } that right }

Let us pray.

{ O LORD, we beseech Thee, let Thy continual Pity cleanse
and defend Thy Church ; and, because it
cannot continue in safety without Thy
succour, preserve it evermore by Thy
help and goodness ; through JESUS CHRIST
our LORD.



A-men.

356

P.M.

CHORUS.

German.

mf SEMI-CHORUS OR SOLO.

GOD the Fa - ther, from Thy Throne, Hear us, we be - seech Thee ;
 GOD the co - e - ter - nal SON, Hear us, we be - seech Thee ;
 GOD the Spi - rit, migh - ty LORD, Hear us, we be - seech Thee ;
 Three in One, by all a - dored, Hear us, we be - seech Thee.

SEMI-CHORUS OR SOLO. *cres.*

p JE - SU ! JE - SU ! *mf* By Thy won-drous In - car - na - tion,

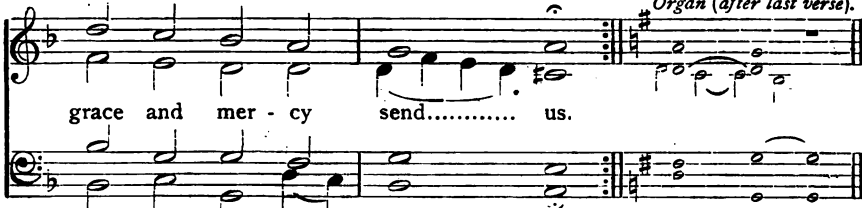
CHORUS.

By Thy Birth for our sal - va - - tion,..... We be -

cres. *mf* - seech Thee, we be - seech Thee, From ev - 'ry ill de - fend us, Thy

Titany of Intercession.

Organ (after last verse).



grace and mer - cy send..... us.

Lord, have mercy, etc., see page 440.

JESU ! JESU !
By Thy Fasting and Temptation,
By Thy nights of supplication,
We beseech Thee, we beseech Thee,
From every ill defend us,
Thy grace and mercy send us.

JESU ! JESU !
By Thy works of sweet compassion,
By Thy Cross and bitter Passion,
We beseech Thee, we beseech Thee,
From every ill defend us,
Thy grace and mercy send us.

JESU ! JESU !
By Thy Blood for sinners flowing,
By Thy Death true life bestowing,
We beseech Thee, we beseech Thee,
From every ill defend us,
Thy grace and mercy send us.

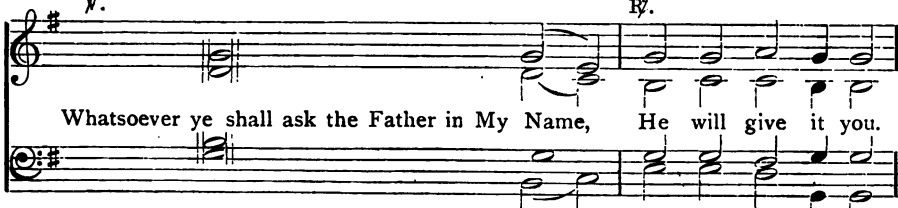
JESU ! JESU !
By Thy glorious Resurrection,
Earnest of our own perfection,
We beseech Thee, we beseech Thee,
From every ill defend us,
Thy grace and mercy send us.

JESU ! JESU !
To the Father's Throne ascended,
All Thy pain and sorrows ended,
We beseech Thee, we beseech Thee,
From every ill defend us,
Thy grace and mercy send us.


JESU ! JESU !
Advocate for sinners pleading,
With the Father interceding,
We beseech Thee, we beseech Thee,
From every ill defend us,
Thy grace and mercy send us.

LORD, have mercy upon us,
CHRIST, have mercy upon us,
LORD, have mercy upon us, } Our Father : see pages 440 and 441.

W. *Ry.*



Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in My Name, He will give it you.



Let us pray.

ALMIGHTY GOD, the Fountain of all wisdom, who knowest our necessities before we ask, and our ignorance in asking ; we beseech Thee to have compassion upon our infirmities, and those things, which for our unworthiness we dare not, and for our blindness we cannot ask, vouchsafe to give us, for the worthiness of Thy Son, JESUS CHRIST our LORD.

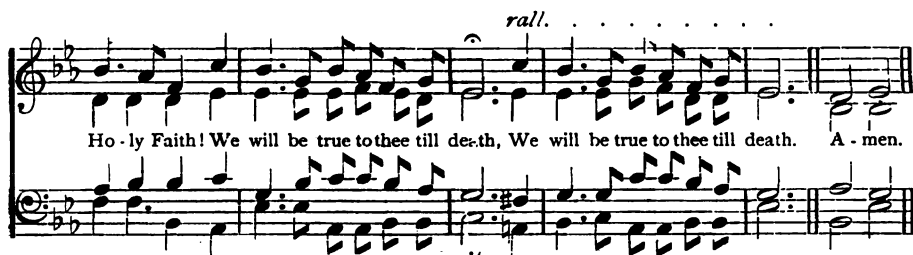


A-men.

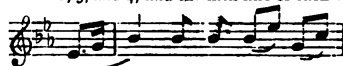
The Church.

201 S. ALBAN'S (301). 8s., 6 lines.
(2nd Tune.)

From S. Alban's, Holborn, Tune Book.



The first line of verses 1, 3, and 4, and the fifth line of each verse, to be sung thus :—



Faith.... of our fa - thers ! etc.

FAITH of our fathers ! living still,
In spite of dungeons, fire, and sword,
Oh, how our hearts beat high with joy
When'er we hear that glorious word—
Faith of our fathers ! Holy Faith !
We will be true to thee till death.

Our fathers, chained in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free,
How sweet would be their children's fate
If they, like them, could die for thee !
Faith of our fathers, etc.

Faith of our fathers, faith and prayer
Have kept our country brave and free,
And through the truth that comes from
GOD
Her children have true liberty !
Faith of our fathers, etc.

Faith of our fathers ! we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife ;
And preach thee, too, as love knows how.
By kindly words and virtuous life.
Faith of our fathers, etc. Amen.

Another Tune for the above Hymn will be found on page 252.

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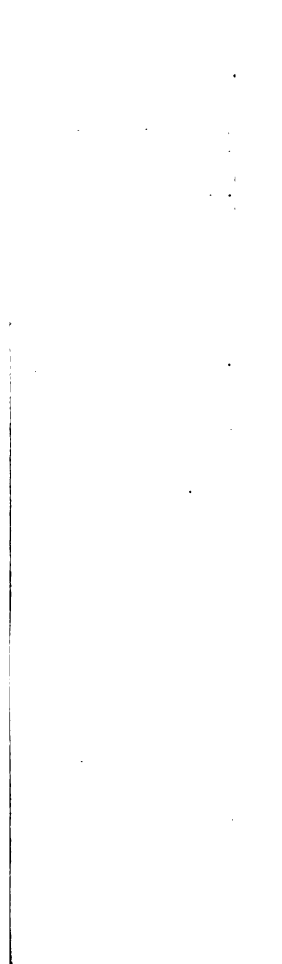
M2136 J-100 1007

Hymns for the children of the church
Andover-Harvard

AFL2905



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M2136 J.100 1007

Hymns for the children of the church
Andover-Harvard

AFL3005



3 2044 017 195 967